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the languages in which the volumes they arrange on their shelves are composed. Mr. Fischer has resided nine years at Decima, and, in the year 1822, attended the president of the factory as secretary, on his journey to the metropolis. That he was zealous in his endeavours to profit by his opportunities for amassing information is proved by the volume before us, as well as by a splendid collection of Japanese curiosities which he succeeded in conveying to Amsterdam, and which, having lately been purchased by the king of Holland, is, we believe, like other similar possessions of that most munificent and judicious royal collector, open to the public at the Hague.

If the difficulty of learning anything about Japan excite our curiosity, what we do learn of it is no less calculated to raise our wonder, and in some respects even our envy. Situated apart from either continent, between the old world and the new, it enjoys an immunity from almost the possibility of foreign aggression. It is true that tradition, and what to the European eye seems a strong resemblance, point to the main land of China as the primitive source of its language, religion, and customs, and that the introduction of these must imply conquest, if not discovery and original occupation. But these are events lost in the night of antiquity; and it appears that from the commencement of its annals, whenever an attempt at invasion has been made, the natural difficulties of access have been a sufficient protection; the current, the shoal, and the typhoon, have spared the Japanese Drakes and Effinghams all occasion for exhibiting their valour against the Tartar armadas of times within the record of history.\* A country, for whose natural features Mr. Fischer finds his nearest European comparison in the Maggiore, Como, and Luganos of northern Italy—cultivated like a garden to the summit of its hills; a climate under which the principal productions of the tropics grow side by side with those of southern Europe; a territory indented by seas, and intersected by lakes and rivers, swarming with every animal production of the water; a soil on which the radish attains the Brobdignag weight of sixty pounds, and the blossom of the plum expands to the size of an English cabbage rose;—and all this tenanted by thirty-four millions of people, living under a despotism, and that despotism not the will of an individual, but the fiat of rigid but steadfast, severe but immutable law, which, for at least two centuries past, has kept the community as free from civil dissension as from foreign invasion:—

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\* This was the case in 1281, when the Japanese rejected the yoke of the Tartar conqueror of China, Che Tsou. He fitted out an expedition of 100,000 men from Corea, but his fleet was dashed on the island of Firando, and not a tenth part of his ships escaped destruction.

such is the picture presented to us by the most recent visitors to the shores of these *fortunate islands*. Do they not deserve the name, and ought even we, in the pride of our hearts, to spurn the fanciful parallel which some writers have drawn between Japan and Great Britain? The comparison can, indeed, be pursued little further than respects the magnitude of insular sovereignty, the difficulties in the way of invasion from without, and a threefold geographical demarcation, extant, indeed, more distinctly in the case of the three islands of Nipon, Sicoco, and Kishu, than in that of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Where, however, in the well ordered empire of Japan Proper can we find the counterpart of Ireland? Where is the Japanese Connaught? Which of her sixty-eight peaceful provinces represents Tipperary? When has a Buddhist been insulted by a follower of Sinto? What voice has been raised to repeal the union between Nankaydoo and Saykadoo, or to pronounce that Tookaydoo shall no longer contain the centre of government for both?

It would be idle, however, to suppose that, upon closer observation, darker features in the condition of these islands should not present themselves; nor is it to be imagined that the state of prosperous stagnation which all accounts concur in describing as the result of their social institutions, can be purchased except by a large sacrifice of mental freedom, and almost every prospect of further advancement. The summary which is to be gathered from these volumes of the *history* of Japan contains little that is not to be found in Kämpfer. There are points connected with that history, on which the archives of the Dutch factory might be supposed to have preserved information of some interest; but they are subjects on which, even in that case, Dutch writers may be excused (if any *suppositio veri* be excusable) for avoiding to dwell—we mean the expulsion of the Portuguese, and the bloody extermination of Christianity. Few portions of the religious history of the world would be more interesting than a faithful record of these events. In the annals of Christianity, few examples have occurred of a triumph so rapid, followed by destruction so complete. Whether the force of circumstances *compelled* the Jesuits, who were agents of that great conversion, to associate themselves with a party in the civil feuds which then distracted Japan, or whether they did so voluntarily and in pursuance of the alleged practice of that order—of which their first apostle Xavier was a joint founder with Loyola—may be doubtful; certain it is that in an evil hour they took their part in the dispute, and perished. Japanese tradition attributes to them as a cause and justification of their fall, their rapacity and sensuality. This we doubt—those vices are usually the attendants of long and undisputed possession, rather

rather than of the circumstances in which these missionaries of a religion struggling into life were placed. It is likely that the hostility of their Dutch rivals may have magnified individual instances of such errors, and that the zeal of triumphant persecution may have perpetuated the imputation. It is also clear that the conduct of the Dutch, in conveying the fatal intelligence of the alleged designs of the Jesuits, was influenced rather by commercial jealousy, than by any indignation at the errors of their doctrine or the vices of those who preached it. Mr. Fischer admits that the Dutch were compelled to join in the persecution against the stubborn remnant of the Christian host, who, after the expulsion of the Portuguese in 1637, took refuge in the province of Sinabara. The siege, however, being converted into a blockade, the vessel furnished by the Dutch was, as they allege, allowed to return. The Christians preferred death to surrender, and 40,000 men are said to have perished on both sides before the extermination was effected. The magnitude of the holocaust affords some measure of the depth and tenacity with which Christianity had struck its roots into a soil, where it would now appear that little less than miracle can ever replant it.

From some of the Dutch accounts, we gather that the Hollanders, in the ardour of their rivalry with the Portuguese, nearly overreached themselves; for the latter, when they found that Christianity was placed under ban, informed the government, to its great surprise, that the Dutch themselves were *Christians*.\* How the Protestant Hollanders escaped being thus forcibly absorbed into the bosom of the Romish church and sharing the honours of martyrdom, does not exactly appear, but we suspect that some of the tales, however often contradicted, of compulsory insults to the cross, had their origin in real events of this period. It is certain that the Dutch have ever since been confined to the area of the fanlike Decima, and that an imperial order is still read to them, on the great occasions of meeting between the governor of Nagasaki and the president of the factory, enjoining them to refrain from all communication with the Portuguese—a trifling circumstance, which proves satisfactorily to our minds the happy ignorance of the Japanese as to the modern politics of Europe; or, perhaps, a still wiser resolution, to affect an utter ignorance about them. In 1673, when an English ship was sent to attempt a revival of intercourse with Japan, the first question asked was whether it was long since the English king had married a daughter of the king of Portugal. This alliance was made the pretext of

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\* See Valentyn—Description of the Old and New East Indies, vol. iv. article Japan.

the total refusal of the Japanese to permit any revival of English intercourse.

It appears that the religious opinions of Japan may be classed under two great divisions, the Sinto and Boedso, the former being the sect which has been *established* from time immemorial in the country, the latter being understood to include the numerous *routes* of religious belief which have been imported from other countries. Mr. Meylan divides it into the Brahminical doctrine of Xaca, and the Chinese as established by Confucius. We cannot follow Mr. Meylan through his curious sketch of the various sects into which the followers of the Boedso are again subdivided, but we quote some of his remarks on the fact of the total and entire absence of religious dissension in a country containing some dozen established Churches, of which the one of the highest acknowledged antiquity bears but a small numerical proportion to the others, if we can judge, by the ecclesiastical statistics of Nagasaki, of those of the empire at large. Out of sixty-one temples in that city and its environs, only seven belong to the Sinto persuasion.

‘Never,’ says Mr. Meylan, ‘do we hear of any religious dispute among the Japanese, much less discover that they bear each other any mutual hate on religious grounds. They esteem it, on the contrary, an act of courtesy to visit from time to time each other’s gods and do them reverence. While the Koehoe sends an embassy to the Sinto temple at Tsie, to offer prayers in his name to the invisible God, he assigns, at the same time, a sum for the erection of temples to Confucius; and the spiritual emperor allows strange gods imported from Siam or China, to be placed for the convenience of those who may feel a call to worship them, in the same temples with the Japanese. If it be asked whence this tolerance originates, and by what it is maintained: I reply from this, that worshippers of all persuasions in Japan acknowledge and obey one superior, namely, the Dayrie or Spiritual Emperor. As the representative and lineal descendant of God on earth, he is himself an object of worship, and as such, he protects equally all whose object it is to venerate the Deity; the mode of their so doing being indifferent to him. Let it not be thought that I prize this tolerance too high, nor let the cruel persecutions of the Christians in Japan be objected to me: I ask whether this toleration was not one of the causes which so far facilitated the introduction of Christianity there; but that which with me is conclusive is, that could the preachers of the gospel in Japan have been tolerant as the Japanese; had they not abided in the fast conviction that the belief in Christ was the only true road to salvation; and had they not in that conviction mocked and despised the gods of the country; could it have been possible that the bishops chosen from the first missionaries should have receded from insisting on their right of total independence, and could they have consented to place themselves under the protection of God’s representative on earth, which the Japanese acknowledge

knowledge in their Dayrie; lastly, could they have forbore to meddle in affairs of politics and government, then would no persecution of Christianity, in all human probability, have taken place, and perhaps, at this moment, the more perfect doctrine of Jesus would have triumphed over that of Confucius.—p. 79.

Whatever may be the merits of the plan thus, somewhat late indeed, suggested by our philosophical Oppenhoofd, we owe our surprise that the Jesuits did not hit upon it, except, perhaps, as far as abstinence from politics is concerned.

Before we quit this subject we must advert to a statement which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere than in the *Sketches* of Mr. Meylan. He relates that a faith usually classed among those of Brahminical origin, and which had once been nearly universal in Japan, has, from its near resemblance in its doctrines to the form of Christianity introduced by the Portuguese, been involved in one and the same ruin. Its doctrines appear to have comprised the *existence, death, and resurrection of a Saviour born of a virgin*, with almost every other essential of Christianity, including the belief in the Trinity. If this be a true statement and correct description, and if we then add to it the tradition that this form of religion was introduced under the reign of the Chinese emperor Mimi, who ascended the throne in about the fiftieth year of the Christian era, can we avoid admitting the conclusion that some early apostle reached the eastern extremity of Asia, if not the islands themselves of Japan?

The allusion in the foregoing passage to the person of the Dayrie, otherwise called the Mikaddo, the *spiritual emperor* of Japan, brings us to the consideration of its government; and it must be admitted that institutions which, for more than two centuries, have afforded some thirty-six millions of men the blessings of profound peace, accompanied by security of property, and a considerable share of the other elements of worldly prosperity, are not an unworthy subject of contemplation. For imitation we cannot, indeed, propose them to European readers. Whatever may be our opinion of the existing state of things, under the reform bill and the present administration, we cannot look forward to the establishment of Lord Durham as Koeboe at St. James's, or the installation of Dr. Maltby as Dayrie of Canterbury, enjoying the spiritual supremacy of the Protestant, Roman Catholic, Unitarian, and Jewish Churches, to be held by him and his heirs for ever. It is well known, however, that a form of government bearing a near resemblance to the result of such a proceeding as the above, is established in Japan on a footing which seems to set at defiance all speculation as to its probable continuance. The system, indeed, is not, we are told, based on long

long prescription, and its apparent stability is to be ascribed solely to the success of its working and the wisdom with which its foundations were laid. From the close of the sixteenth century, when the Japanese *maire du palais* Tayko Sama separated the empire into its two lay and spiritual divisions, civil war has ceased, the pageant of government has been played on without interruption by the two principal actors and their subordinates, and the operations of the real executive have been continued with all the regularity and precision of machinery. The founder of these institutions must surely have been no ordinary legislator. The sceptre which he wielded has indeed become a bauble in the hands of his descendants, for the koeboe or lay emperor, equally with his spiritual counterpart, wears out his life in one long dream of ideal sovereignty; and so profound and subtle is the spell of habit, custom, and etiquette which wraps them in that charmed sleep, that it is impossible to anticipate the period of its dissolution, or the process by which it can be broken.

Mr. Fischer, indeed, hazards the conjecture, that by a quarrel between the koeboe and the dayrie, and by such an event alone, can any innovation or revolution ever take place in the existing political institutions of Japan. His conjecture, however, does not extend to the nature of the contingency which could ever bring about the collision. If apprehension, indeed, imply the existence of danger, and if caution indicate that apprehension, the frailty of those institutions might well be inferred; for suspicion and distrust prevail through every link of the social chain, and the precautions against foreign aggression, so apparent in their treatment of the only nations with whom intercourse is permitted, the Dutch and Chinese, are fully equalled by those adopted against innovation or disturbance within. A system of espionage extends itself throughout the empire, which embraces not only every public functionary, including the emperor himself, but every component part of society, down to the divisions of five families, into which—somewhat after the fashion introduced into England by our own great Saxon legislator—the population is everywhere divided. The Dayrie resides a perpetual prisoner in his palace in the city of Miako, except on the rare occasion of a visit to the temple of Tsiwainjo. Mr. Fischer doubts the tales in circulation of his being precluded from setting his foot to the earth, or allowing the sun to shine upon him; but that so old a sojourner and so close an observer should only *doubt* on such a subject, and not be able at once to contradict these stories, seems to us confirmation strong that such, or still closer restrictions, prevail. He is allowed, we are glad to learn, the solace—shall we call it?—of a wife and twelve concubines, and such diversion as music, poetry, and study can afford.

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His pipe is smoked but once, and the dishes from which he has eaten are broken, like the tea-cup which Dr. Johnson threw into the fire; but Mr. Fischer adds, that these articles are economically provided of the simplest manufacture, and it is reported that no great substantial expense is permitted for the support of this shadow of sovereignty. When he dies, the event is sedulously concealed till his successor is fully installed in office, and the cry is raised of 'Live the Dayrie!' without even the preliminary half of the old French formula, 'the Dayrie is dead.' The court is formed of a long hierarchy of spiritual officials. Among these are the kwanbaki, who represents the Dayrie's person and executes his functions. From this office the koeboe is excluded. To the third spiritual office in rank, or sadayzin, he—the temporal sovereign—is sometimes admitted, as was the case with the reigning koeboe in 1822, on the occasion of his having completed fifty years of sovereignty. It ranks him with the gods, and no layman, from the time of Tayko Sama, had been before so honoured.

This lay emperor is, like the dayrie, shut up in the palace of Jeddo, in itself a city equal in size to Amsterdam. On the supposition that the affairs of his subjects are beneath his notice and dignity, he is surrounded by a circle of guards and ceremonies, which effectually prevent him from employing his royal leisure in any such ignominious pursuit. All other places of residence must appear mean and unworthy in comparison with the royal palace, and he is therefore never allowed to leave it.

The real executive is in the hands of seven councillors or ministers of the first class, six of the second, and two other ministers of the nature of inquisitors, whose peculiar province it is to guard against the slightest revival of the Christian religion in the empire. This council is presided over by a prime minister, and in case of irreconcilable difference of opinion among its members, the question is submitted to the arbitration—not of the emperor, but—of his three nearest relations, including always the heir apparent. With this council communicate the governors of the sixty-eight provinces into which Tayko Sama divided the empire, or rather the two secretaries of the said governors, to whom the real administration is confided. The nominal governments are hereditary, and are usually so burthensome and expensive to the occupant, that he takes the opportunity of committing his office to his son, the moment the latter arrives at years of discretion. It is necessary, therefore, in practice, to commit the real power to more experienced hands. The two secretaries take alternate turns of annual residence at the seat of their government and at the palace of Jeddo, their wives and families constantly remaining as hostages in the latter. While in their provinces, they are surrounded by



by the strictest precautions of etiquette and ceremony, are compelled to abstain from all intercourse with the other sex, and their hours of rising, eating, sleeping, going out, &c., are prescribed by rigid and invariable rule. Besides these provincial governments or counties with their lord-lieutenants and secretaries, the empire contains a certain number of royal cities under separate governors subject to similar regulations. 'The spies of the government are selected from every class of society, and it is said that Fouché or Savary might have studied with advantage in this vast seminary of secret intelligence. Mr. Meylan, who professes to confine his reports principally to the city of Nagasaki, and 16 facts which have come under his personal observation, devotes one of his most interesting sketches to the local administration of that place, which is one of the above-mentioned imperial cities. Here we find the system of espionage pervading the minutest divisions of society, to an extent, perhaps, never paralleled in any other country of the globe. c

'Not only,' says Mr. Meylan, 'is the head of every family answerable for his children, his servants, and the stranger within his gates, but the city being divided into collections of five families, every member of such division is responsible for the conduct of the others, and in consequence, that which, according to European ideas, would be the height of indiscretion, becomes here the duty of every man, for every extraordinary occurrence which falls out in an household is reported by four curious witnesses to the members of the civil administration. House arrest is usually the penalty of the irregularities thus reported, and a severe one. The doors and windows of the offender's house are closed, generally for a hundred days, his employments are suspended, salary, if any, stopped, and the friend and the barber alike forbidden entrance. Every household is held bound to produce a man capable of bearing arms; a division of five constitutes a company; twenty-five such companies are arrayed under an officer, and constitute a brigade of six or seven thousand men; and thus the force of the city, apart from the regular military, or police, can be presently mustered. Guard-houses are established in every street, in which a guard is on duty every night, and on occasions of festivity or other cause of popular concourse, by day; each street has a rail or barrier at its issues, and can consequently be cut off from communication with the rest of the city at a moment's notice.'

On the effects of this highly artificial system as to the prevention of crime, Mr. Meylan does not profess to decide, but he states that property and person are singularly secure, and that corporal punishment is rare. The latter circumstance, however, he is inclined to attribute to three causes; viz. to the severity of the law, its strict execution where guilt is proved, and the reluctance

tance—there being, no public prosecutor—of individuals to come forward as complainants in cases of a graver description.

The national character of the Japanese, as represented by our authors, is such as we might anticipate of a people largely endowed with the good things of this world, and utterly secluded from the remainder of the globe. Pride, sensuality, and ignorance are its marking features, and this people and the Chinese reverse our western adage of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, or substitute for the latter the word *ignobili*: for the profound ignorance of the rest of the world which involves these two great branches of the Tartar family appears to produce nothing but a complaisant assurance of their own superiority, and the most unmitigated contempt for the nations whose existence is darkly known to them. Over the Chinese, indeed, the Japanese possess one great advantage, in the access, which their learned men obtain and cultivate, to one language at least of modern Europe, the Dutch, which we suspect is better understood at Jeddo than in Paris; but in every other respect their communications with that nation can only tend to exalt their national arrogance, by the contemplation of the humble and abject posture which the Dutch are satisfied to assume in their dealings with them. It is probable, also, that the information their curiosity may occasionally extract from such a source as to other nations, tends to mislead rather than instruct. This national attribute of pride is also based on the universal belief that they are directly descended from the gods. With respect to their sensuality, it appears such as might be expected from a country which affords every means of indulgence, and where religion presents no check, nor custom any impediment of disguise. Nagasaki affords, we are told, for a population of 70,000 souls, sixty temples, and seven hundred tea-houses or public brothels; but were we to apply the same relative statistical test to the Christian capitals of Holland and England—we say nothing of the more decorous but extensive profligacy of Paris—would the result be more favourable? In Japan, at least, custom admits, after a season, the female inmates of these haunts into the bosom of society, and they become, it is said, exemplary wives and mothers. From this source, also, the inhabitants of the European factory obtain a certain class of female servants, who are said to attach themselves with strict fidelity to their masters for the time being.

Our readers are probably aware that the life of the Dutch resident is otherwise one of professed celibacy, no female being allowed to arrive on board of the annual vessel. Neither are any of the Japanese, who may be hired as male servants, allowed to remain in the factory between sunset and sunrise. “How then,” asks Mr. Meylan, with innocent naïveté, “could the Dutch resident

dent otherwise manage to procure any domestic comfort in the long nights of winter, his *teh*-water, for instance, were it not for these *inmates*?' The argument is, we admit, unanswerable, as to mere menial offices, but, as to the more tender services, which are hinted at, we suspect that the wives left behind in Holland or Batavia would *not* concur in its cogency—nor do we suppose that Mr. Meylan would extend to those ladies a similar indulgence even though they could affect a similar excuse.

The great feature of the social polity of Japan is the hereditary nature of all employments, avocations, and situations in life, and the consequent absence of most of those incentives of ambition which form the life blood of European society. The population is divided into eight classes:—1. The reigning princes or governors. 2. The nobility. 3. The priests. 4. The military. 5. The civil officers, in which class Mr. Meylan includes the polite circles, &c. 6. The traders. 7. The handicraftsmen. 8. The labourers. Among all these there is but one profession, which, like the *Parias* of India, appears to remain under ban, or stigma, viz. that of the tanners. All intercourse with these is shunned and forbidden, and the executioners are chosen exclusively from their ranks. The three first lay classes claim the honourable but somewhat cumbersome privilege of wearing two sabres; the fifth, which includes surgeons, physicians, and generally those who practise what we call a liberal profession, are obliged to content themselves with one sample of that favourite weapon. Their soldiers for the two last centuries have fortunately had little occasion to try its edge, but they, in common with the great mass of the classes who wear it, are said to be tremendously expert in its use. The manufacture of the article is also brought to a degree of excellence which Damascus itself in its best days could hardly surpass, and which Birmingham may despair to equal. This may be judged of from specimens in the museum of the Hague. If the Turk boast of being able to cut off the head of a camel with this two-handed engine, it is said that the Japanese professors can divide a fellow-creature through the middle at a blow. A favourite weapon is preserved as an heir-loom for ages, and a good one on sale frequently reaches the price of a thousand florins, or little short of a hundred pounds. This weapon is regarded with a kind of superstitious reverence. It is the constant companion of every individual of the classes entitled to wear it, even from his fifth year, when the Japanese youth is solemnly invested with it. When laid aside at meals or on other domestic occasions, it is always deposited close to the person of the owner, and he is careful neither to stumble against nor step over it. Fencing, the *mauège*, and archery, are a part of the education of the upper classes, and in the

the latter they excel. With respect to 'other appliances of war,' they are said to have acquired little knowledge or use of artillery, previous to the general pacification of the empire, and little advance can have been since made in the art of the gunner, the engineer, or the tactician. Their fortified defences are hence far superior to any means of attack, which, in the event of renewed civil war, could be brought against them. The specimens of their arms which the Dutch have found means to export, have been so obtained in evasion of a strict prohibitory law. The museum at the Hague contains a very fine suit of mail, with a vizor or mask of steel, the exact resemblance of the face of a Punchinello, and adorned with mustachios of bristles. We have seen another such in a museum at St. Petersburg. The barrels of their fire-arms are of equal excellence and beauty, but they are all matchlocks; their powder is very indifferent.

From our author's accounts we should rank the Japanese among the

'Souls made of fire and children of the sun,  
With whom revenge is virtue.'

Forgiveness of an injury Mr. Meylan asserts to be unknown, or only known to be stigmatized as a weakness or a sin. Of their courage it would be hard to speak, the article not having been tested on a large scale for two centuries. Mr. Meylan states, that in the armies of the ~~great~~ Dutch East Indian Company were many Japanese soldiers, who did excellent service, and he believes them to be far braver than the other nations of the East. Suicide is frequent; and the duellist of Europe, however desperate, is far excelled, in our judgment, by the Japanese, who, in the presence of applauding, and frequently imitating relations and friends, rips up his own abdomen to escape dishonour. This was the conduct and fate of the governor of Nagasaki in 1808, when an English frigate found an entrance into that harbour, detained as prisoners the Dutch who boarded her, and demanded—in that ignorant and wanton violation of the religious law of the country which we regret to say so often marks the conduct of British adventurers—fresh beef as their ransom. The beef was supplied, but the governor, as soon as the Dutch under his protection were relanded, anticipated disgrace and ruin by the suicidal process above mentioned, and, as we have heard, others of his house swelled the sacrifice. We cannot too seriously inculcate upon our countrymen the folly and injustice of which they are too often guilty in endeavouring to subject the nations they happen to visit to their own very peculiar habits and practice. Mr. Meylan concludes that, in the case referred to, the governor deemed himself too weak to attack the vessel. It is certain that he was taken by surprise,

surprise, for access to the harbour for a ship without a pilot is considered next to impossible, and the Dutch annual vessel is always towed in by native boats. We have heard, however, that the English captain, warned of his danger by the Dutch whom he had thus unjustifiably detained, only escaped in time, for that within a few hours fourteen thousand armed men were mustered on the coast, and that more than a hundred<sup>c</sup> junks had been collected for the purpose of being sunk in the only channel by which the frigate could regain the open sea.

Among the better features of the Japanese character, that of filial piety appears to be conspicuous. The domestic virtues of the women are also highly extolled. In virtue of one of those laws established by the stronger party, while the man is allowed *concubines ad libitum*, adultery in the female is punished with death; but it is not for chastity alone, thus terribly enforced, that the Japanese wives are praised by Mr. Fischer, but also for their patience and ability as managers in households, which the pride of the husbands, rejecting all means of livelihood but the employment to which they have succeeded by birth, frequently reduces to extreme difficulty. For the rest, the station of the female in Japan is that which is allotted to her in Europe. She presides at the feast and adorns the social meeting. The *samsie* or guitar is even more invariably a part of female education than the piano in England; its touch is the signal for laying aside ceremony and constraint—and tea, *sakki*,\* and good fellowship, become the order of the evening.

If we assume the perfection of the arts of tillage and manufacture as a test of civilization, Japan may at least compete with any oriental nation. Mr. Meylan places it higher than any. He extols their field cultivation; but they appear to neglect their great opportunities for horticulture, as far as the kitchen and the dessert are concerned. As florists they are conspicuous, and the beauty of the productions of the soil in this department is known to every possessor of a greenhouse and proprietor of a camelia. The singular art of producing miniature samples of the larger products of vegetation, unknown, we believe, in Europe, is practised by them to an extraordinary degree.† Mr. Meylan speaks as an eye-witness of a box offered for sale to the Dutch governor, three inches long by one wide, in which were flourishing a fir-tree, a bamboo, and a plum-tree, the latter in blossom. The price demanded was twelve hundred florins. Sharing with the Indian the religious prejudice

\* A spirit distilled from rice, the principal or only intoxicating beverage of Japan.

† For the mode of effecting this as practised in China, the reader may consult an interesting work lately published—'Wanderings in New South Wales, &c.' by J. Bennett, vol. ii. chap. 5.

against the slaughter of the cattle tribes, and indeed against the use of butcher's meat in general, pasturage and all its products they totally neglect; but the buffalo is used for tasks of burthen, and when it dies a natural death, its horns and hide are applied to the purposes usual among other nations. This perhaps is the source of the degradation in which the tanners are held. They have an aversion to fat or grease, which strongly distinguishes their cookery from that of the Chinese, and we may add the Tartar family in Europe. Poultry are much cultivated; pheasants and various sorts of game afford the squires of Japan ample occupation in their pursuit. The staple of their animal food, however, is afforded by their seas and rivers; and every product of both, says Mr. Meylan, from the whale to the cockle, is turned to account, down even to the whalebone itself, which is scraped and powdered into a ragout. This dish, as well as the raw dolphin, eaten with soy, sakki, and mustard, although Mr. Fischer speaks favourably of it, we can spare without envy to the Japanese and the gentlemen of the factory. The stork, a bird which somehow has contrived to ingratiate itself with a large portion of the human race, for its domestic habits and services and general social character, is respected here as in Holland and Calcutta.

'In a memorandum,' says Mr. Meylan, 'laid before the Dutch governor-general at Batavia, in 1744, is contained a calculation, from which it appears that in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the trade with Japan was an open one, the export of gold and silver was ten millions of Dutch florins per annum.' (about 840,000*l.*) This export was first contracted, and in 1680 finally forbidden. The same calculation goes on to say, that in the course of sixty years, the export of gold and silver must have amounted to the enormous value of from three to six hundred millions (from twenty-five to fifty millions sterling). If we consider that, in addition to this gold and silver, Japan produces a large quantity of copper, of which the Dutch have in some years carried off from thirty to forty thousand pekuls;\* and if we add to this a large quantity of steel and iron; but above all, that all these metals are everywhere esteemed for their high degree of purity; we must conclude that the Japanese are not altogether unskilled in the arts of the miner, the smelter, and the refiner. They appear, however, to be open to the imputation of working their mines in a careless and extravagant manner, and are believed to have now reduced them to a state of great exhaustion. This circumstance is said to have been made use of by a pretended friend to the Dutch, in the councils of the *kochoe*, to bring about the limitation of their trade in 1790. 'The cause of our friendship with the Hollanders,'

\* The pekul is about 133*lbs.*

said he, 'is trade, and the trade is supported by copper. If the one be exhausted, the other must fail. Is it not wise, then, to perpetuate our friendship by allowing only so much copper to be issued as our mines may be able for ever to afford? The mines are not like the hair of men, which being cut off groweth again, but, on the contrary, resemble his bones, which, if taken away, cannot be replaced.' These arguments produced a restriction from two annual ships to one, which, however, in 1820, was mitigated, and the number of vessels and amount of copper again increased. In addition to the national manufactures, for many of which Japan has been long so famous with us, and one of which bears the name of the empire that furnishes it, the Japanese now imitate many of the finer works of European skill: telescopes, thermometers, and clocks, are manufactured at Nagasaki. One of the latter, by the description of Mr. Meylan, manufactured there as a present for the emperor, in 1827, must have rivalled those complicated productions of German chronometrical art, which usually tell us everything but the hour. It was five feet in length and three high; it exhibited a varied landscape, and a golden sun; on the striking of the hour a bird clapped its wings, a mouse issued from a cave and climbed the mountain, a tortoise crept forward to point the hour on the dial. Alas! that the bird should, with oriental inattention to perspective and proportion, have been bigger than the tree on which it sat! Alas! that the mouse should have climbed in an instant the representative of a mountain many thousand feet high!

Of the art of design as practised among them Mr. Fischer observes:—

'This art appears to have developed itself, to a certain degree, in very early times. Many screens and decorated walls in their temples bear the marks of remote antiquity, although it is hardly possible to ascribe any of them, as do the Japanese, to the eleventh century.

'I have never heard of a good portrait-painter in Japan, and am of opinion that a reluctance exists among their artists to devote themselves to this branch of their profession, founded on superstitious feelings. In all such works their attention is principally directed to accuracy in the details of costume and general air; the face is never a likeness.'

Their Tartar brethren of St. Petersburg, whose criticism on the noble portrait of Alexander, by Lawrencé, was first directed to the great painter's delineation of his Imperial Majesty's epaulettes, crosses and ribbons, displayed similar feelings with respect to the fine arts.

The illustrations of Mr. Fischer's book, all copied from the productions of artists at Nagasaki, would alone be sufficient to prove that

that their painters are enabled to give their works much of that exquisite beauty of finish which delights the Dibs in our illuminated missals, the offspring of monkish leisure. Of their lacquered ware, which bears with us the name of the country that produces it, we need only say that the specimens which reach Europe are rarely such as would be considered of anything but very inferior quality in Japan. The royal collection at the Hague bears witness equally to the dexterity of their artisans in many various departments. We remember observing that the common chests which had been used to pack the articles for conveyance to Europe, and made of camphor wood, were equal in the finish of their execution to the finer cabinet work of the Gillows and Morells of London.

Theatrical entertainments are much followed, and they are far superior to those of the Chinese in respect to scenery and decorations. Their plays admit a Shakspearian mixture of the tragic and comic in the same piece, and an equally licentious—as the old French school would say—violation of the unities.

‘Their leaders of the orchestra,’ says Mr. Fischer, ‘if they deserve the name, are usually blind. They belong to a certain union or fraternity of blind persons, who bear the name of Fekis.’

The founder of this society, tradition says, was a Prince Senimar, who wept away his sight for the loss of a mistress. There is, however, another equally romantic version. Their theatres are much frequented, but the player’s profession lies under that disrepute to which the irregularities of conduct incident to his mode of life have more or less condemned it in most countries, and from which the talents and virtues of many of its members have been insufficient among us fully to rescue it. The Japanese ladies take an advantage of the opportunities for display afforded by a side-box, which we suggest to the milliners of London and their fair customers, as worthy of introduction during the Opera season.

‘The ladies,’ says Mr. Fischer, ‘who frequent the theatre, make a point of changing their dresses two or three times during the representation, in order to display the richness of their wardrobe; and are always attended by servants who carry the necessary articles of dress for the purpose.’

Printed programmes of the piece under representation are always in circulation, and we doubt not that a Japanese playgoer, descending from his *norimon* at the box entrance, for they have three tiers, is saluted with an invitation to buy a book of the play, which Mr. Mathews, if he could once hear it, would imitate with his usual ludicrous fidelity.

They are altogether a gay and social people, and their somewhat cumbrous modes of politeness and their addiction to compliment



appear but to promote good fellowship. Witness this description of Mr. Fischer:—

‘In the great world the young ladies find delight at their social meetings in every description of fine work, the fabrication of pretty boxes, artificial flowers, birds and other animals, pocket-books, purses, plaiting thread, for the head-dress, all for the favourite use of giving as presents. Such employments are in use to wile away the long winter evenings. In the spring, on the other hand, they participate with eagerness in all kinds of out-door and rural amusements. Of these the choicest are afforded by the pleasure-boats which, adorned with the utmost cost and beauty, cover their lakes and rivers. In the enjoyment of society and music they glide in these vessels from noon till late in the night, realizing the rapturous strain of the author of *Lalla Rookh*:—

Oh best of delights as it everywhere is,  
To be near the loved one, what a rapture is his,  
Who by moonlight and music thus idly may glide  
O’er the lake of Cashmeer with that one by his side !

Mr. Moore will be pleased to find that his music has charms even for the Batavian exiles of Decima.

‘This,’ continues his admirer, ‘is an enjoyment which can only be shared under the advantages of such a climate and scenery: viz. the climate of Nice and the scenery of Lugano. Their lakes and rivers are after sunset one blaze of illumination, as it were, with the brightly coloured paper lanterns displayed in their vessels. They play meanwhile that game with the fingers, which has been perpetuated from classic times in Italy. A floating figure is also placed in a vase of water; as the water is stirred by the motion of the boat, the figure moves. The guests sing to the guitar the strain “*Anatoya, modamada,*” “He floats, he is not still,” till at last the puppet rests opposite some one of the party whom it sentences to drain the sakki bowl, as the pleasing forfeit of the game. All this stands out in cheerful contrast to the dull debaucheries of the men, and the childish diversions of the women, among other oriental nations. The female sex, at least, have greatly the advantage over the scandal of the Turkish bath; and the man has equally with the Turk the resource of his pipe, in the intervals of those better enjoyments which the admission of the female sex into society afford him, and which are prohibited to the Mussulman.’

Foreign commerce being forbidden, their vessels are limited by law to such a construction as suits a coasting voyage, and necessitates them to run for one of their numerous harbours on the appearance of bad weather. The largest are described by Mr. Fischer as about one hundred Dutch feet in length, from twenty-five or thirty beam, and drawing six feet of water. Mr. Gutzlaf reports that he saw three Japanese barks lying in the harbour of Loo Choo, whose crews were anxious for communication with the strangers, which was only prevented by the mandarins of the island.

It

It is probable that these islands and the coasts of the inhospitable Yesso are the usual limit of their navigation. Although, however, that navigation be by law confined to their own coasts, or a few islands not far distant, voyages of discovery have occasionally taken place by express command of the emperor. It appears from Valentin's work (vol. v. part 2, p. 20), that, in the year 1686, a junk having sailed on such a voyage to the eastward, returned, after long absence, to Nagasaki. Its navigator would appear to have entertained a notion that he had reached the coast of New Holland, for hearing that, among the servants of the Dutch factory, there were some who had been born there, he sought for and interrogated them as to the manners and appearance of the natives. The parties could but imperfectly understand each other, but it was gathered from the Japanese captain's narration, that after sailing for many days eastward, and finding the sea still open, he had determined to put about. A storm, however, drove him farther on his original course, till he reached a land, which his description led the Dutch to conclude to have been the coast of America, between the 40th and 50th degrees of north latitude. This is the last enterprise of the kind on record. We should like to see the Memoirs of some Japanese Basil Hall, who should have discovered the mouths of the Seine and Thames, and given some account of the barbarians who inhabit those distant regions.

Corea, a country far less known to us at present than Japan, was once under the acknowledged dominion of the latter. That dominion having fallen into abeyance during the Japanese civil wars, was reclaimed towards the end of the sixteenth century, but appears now reduced to some slight relations of commercial intercourse and feudal tribute. Tsushima, an island situated midway between the two countries, has a Japanese garrison; and it is there that the ambassadors of Corea are received, on the occasion of the accession of a new sovereign to the throne of Japan. Mr. Fischer had opportunities of seeing at Nagasaki some of the Corean barks which are occasionally driven on the southern coast of Japan. He describes the appearance of their crews, and the construction of their vessels, as indicative of a very low state of civilization. The state of this country and that of Yesso is well calculated to confirm the Japanese in the notion of their superiority over other nations. The latter island was partially subdued in the year 1443, and was then nominally divided into provinces, but the interior has probably never been penetrated. It is tenanted by a hunting population, and, extending northwards into Kamtschatkadale latitudes, is wrapt in Cimmerian barbarism. It appears to form a link of occasional communication with the Kurile islands under the dominion of Russia. It was to the principal commercial establish-

ment on this island, Matzmai, that the Russian captain, Golovnin, was conveyed a prisoner in 1811. He was not liberated till full and formal satisfaction was obtained under the seal of the governor of Irkutsk, disavowing the proceedings of the Russian lieutenant, Chowstoff, who had committed some acts of plunder and incendiarism on the Japanese coast of Segalien. The Dutch assert that to the strangers in general whom stress of weather or obvious accident drives upon their coast, the Japanese show every hospitality consistent with a strict surveillance during their necessary stay and the facilitation of their departure. Mr. Gutzlaf is certainly right in stating, that, though the good will of China might open a wide field of eastern commerce to Great Britain in Loo Choo, Corea, and Cochin China, their consent would be no passport to Japan. Such an approximation could in fact only increase the jealousy of the latter, and would perhaps occasion the final exclusion of the Dutch.

The works of our authors being inaccessible to the generality of English readers, we regret the more that we can give but a brief notice of their remarks on the literature and scientific progress of the Japanese. Mr. Fischer has himself tope much for future knowledge in the particular of their language, in recovering the traces of a work, the produce of long labour during the period when the war with England had cut off the Dutch residents from intercourse with Europe. We allude to the Dictionary of Mr. Doef, prepared with the permission of the Japanese government, and the assistance of ten native interpreters. This circumstance is the more remarkable, as the study of the Japanese language is generally forbidden to foreigners. A perfect copy was lost on the voyage to Europe; another exists much prized and honoured in the imperial library at Jeddo. Mr. Fischer, however, in 1822, discovered at Decima the original notes, and in 1829 had finished the work of restoration. We shall be glad to hear of its safe arrival in Europe.

Astronomy, or at least the inspection of the heavenly bodies and their movements, is, as usual with nations residing under a clear atmosphere, much pursued. Whether they have profited by their intercourse with Dutch literature, so far as to adopt a correct system of the science, Mr. Fischer does not state, but they are familiar with our chronometers, telescopes, and other instruments of observation, and measure their mountains with the barometer. In medicine their proficiency is small, and their prejudices forbid the study of anatomy. We have, however, condescended to borrow from them the use of the moxa, and, as we believe, the practice of acu-puncturation. Education, such as it is, is extended in public schools to all classes, and in no country in the

the world, perhaps, is the art of writing so universally diffused. It is strange that a nation which possesses over the Chinese the inestimable advantage of an alphabet, should waste time in the study of the language of those neighbours, considering it as the learned one. They are great collectors of articles of rarity, both natural and artificial, and their dilettanti rival our own in their pursuits of coins and pictures. The governor of the province of Tamba possesses a fine collection of European coins, and, in Jeddo, Mr. Fischer saw a collection of old European engravings, which had been preserved one hundred and fifty years in the family of the proprietor. Their museums contain many specimens of fictitious monsters, mermen, serpents with the feet of birds attached, &c. One of the said monsters, made up of a salmon and a monkey, was not long since exhibited as 'a merman' in Piccadilly. Their taste in jewellery extends only to the metals, and their precious stones are rarely polished, or applied to the purpose of ornament or exchange.

There are at present, as Mr. Fischer informs us, but eight of his countrymen living who have personally visited the capital of this vast empire. We have already observed that the strict adherence of the Japanese government to precedent and usage, with respect to the quadriennial embassy from the Dutch factory to Jeddo, makes each visit a mere repetition of the former; and the circle of ceremony and precaution, which ever surrounds the travellers, allows to the most acute little means of adding to the observations of his predecessors. Some extracts, however, from Mr. Fischer's Narrative of his Fifty Days' Journey may not be unwelcome to our readers. We must premise that the embassy took place in the year 1822, and consisted of the Dutch president of the factory, M. J. Cock Blomhoof, our author, who accompanied it as secretary, and Dr. Tullugh, physician to the factory. They started on the 6th of February, attended, as usual, by an *opper bunjoost*, or superior Japanese officer, with three subordinates, three interpreters of different ranks, and a train of baggage-bearers, amounting to about one hundred men, and twenty horses; the latter being principally loaded with the bedding of the persons of rank, who themselves travelled in the easy and convenient litters of the country, called *nommons*. Additional baggage and provisions, not wanted for immediate use, were sent forward some days before, by sea, as far as Osacca on the principal island. The embassy was constantly preceded by two Japanese cooks, one to prepare the dinner at some convenient point of the day's progress, the other the supper at the resting-place for the night.

'On the 15th,' says Mr. Fischer, 'at Sinogi, we visited the hut of an old man, who from his youth had taken delight in beholding the passage

sage of the Dutch. He was nearly ninety, and had seen our countrymen pass by upwards of forty times, and seemed to think himself fortunate in having lived to witness the transit of another embassy.'

They reached, on the 12th, Kehura, a sea-port town on the channel which separates the great island of Nipon from that on which Nagasaki is situated, and distant about 180 miles from the latter city. They crossed, on the 13th, to Simnaseky, the westernmost point of Nipon; from which, after waiting till the 22d for a favourable wind, they pursued their voyage along the coast eastward, for 117 miles, to the city of Moero, where they landed. After passing through many great and populous towns, among others Osacca, where, however the press of the curious and the enforcement of etiquette prevented them from leaving their litters to make their observations on foot, as they wished, they reached, on the 7th of March, Foegimie, the last stage preceding Miako, the residence of the spiritual emperor.

'From Foegimie,' says Mr. Fischer, 'to Miako, a distance of two leagues, we passed through a continuous street of shops and manufactories. The magazines of earthenware, of grain, of game, and poultry, the tea-houses, sakki breweries, &c. are not to be numbered; and the animation caused by the crowd of passengers made this part of our journey most interesting. In Miako we were better lodged than in Osacca, and received an equally interminable number of visits. Miako, sometimes called Kioto, is the seat of the Dayrie, and is computed to contain 400,000 inhabitants. The temples are beautiful: as well as the aspect of the river, which flows through the city, and the fertile environs. The women of this place are accounted the handsomest of the empire; and the arts and sciences are held in the first estimation. It is the place of rendezvous for strangers from all parts of the empire, who flock to it for the purpose of pilgrimage to the temple of Tsie, or to make their provision of the manufactures of the place. It is accounted the Paradise of Japan, and specially famed for its salubrity.'

The travellers appear to have been treated with respect by all whom they encountered on the road, and generally at their halting-places with the cordial and good-humoured hospitality which attends a welcome guest. The access of numerous visitors seems to have been nowhere impeded by any jealousy on the part of the government. In some places their entertainment was of a particularly affectionate description.

'On the 20th,' says Mr. Fischer, 'our journey lay through a very hilly district, and the ways were steep and difficult. The traveller is more agreeably surprised to find, in this fatiguing part of his course, resting-places, from which damsels, as amiable as they are comely, run forth to offer him spring-water, tea, and other refreshments, and to compel him to a few moments of repose in their abodes.' We halted

on the mountain in one of these tea-houses, where the privileges common to other travellers fell to our lot; and could not but concede to our Japanese friends, that the reputation of the fair sex for beauty in this district was fully borne out. Reason enough, there as usually, to grace our fair entertainers with the souvenir of a ring, a hair-pin, or other trifle. It is from this place that we obtain the first view of the renowned Fozie mountain, which raises its snow-clad summit above its fellows, and hides it in the clouds.

This mountain is elsewhere described as between 11,000 and 12,000 French feet in altitude, and as a volcano which has been for not more than a century quiescent. It is held in great affection by the Japanese, and constantly figures in the works of their artists and the pages of their poets and romance-writers; a distinction well merited by the beauty of its scenery and the fertility of its environs.

The embassy, which had left Nagasaki on the 6th of February, on the 27th of March reached Sinagawa, the Kensington or Kentish Town of the Japanese capital; which reminds the author, by the animation of its streets, and the multitude and splendour of its shops, of London.

Long before we reached Sinagawa, we advanced, through the press of a crowded population, along broad streets, which may all be considered as belonging to Jeddo; and our progress to our resting-place occupied about two hours, at a steady and rapid pace. Nagasakya, the place appointed for our lodging, is situated close to the imperial palace, which forms the centre of the city. The diameter of the latter may be reckoned at from five to six leagues in extent.

Once arrived here, the travellers found themselves much in the situation of state-prisoners—permitted, indeed, to receive official visits, but allowed to issue from their residence only on the occasion of their audience of the emperor, and surrounded in their abode by spies in various shapes and disguises. Among these visitors were some who understood Dutch—viz., the imperial under-interpreter, several physicians, and the imperial astrologer, who rejoiced in the apposite name of Globius. These eagerly availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them for obtaining scraps of European information, and the strangers doubtless equally laboured to increase their knowledge of Japan. This intercourse with the natives, although under constant supervision and regulation on the part of the government, was so far unrestrained, that the lodging of the embassy was usually crowded with guests till a late hour of the night; and though the letter of the Japanese law forbade the female sex to enter its precincts, that ingenuity of curiosity which in England has penetrated behind the throne in the House of Peers, and insinuated itself into the

the ventilator of the Commons, triumphed equally at Jeddo. It sometimes happened that a single male visitor came attended by six ladies—a circumstance which Mr. Fischer states by no means tended to protract the consumption of certain stores of liquors and confectionary which such occasions brought into play. Presents were interchanged according to the rank of the parties. A Dutch word or two written on the fan, as a substitute for an album, satisfied many of small pretensions. The secretaries of the government of Sadsuma brought an offering of twelve beautiful birds, fifteen rare plants, two lapdogs, two rabbits, with silks and other articles, conveyed in cages and cases which in value and beauty far exceeded their contents.

On the 6th of April, the great purpose of the mission was accomplished in the formal audience—to which the head of the embassy alone is admitted—of the emperor. The president is, however, attended to the threshold of sovereignty by his two European companions. After entering the palace, and waiting for an hour in a saloon, where they were exposed to the only circumstances savouring of impertinence or insult of which Mr. Fischer has, in his entire narrative, to complain, they entered the hall of audience, which he thus describes:—

‘It is very large, but simple, and without pomp of decoration. They pointed out to us, facing the entrance, an elevated spot destined for the appearance of the emperor; on its left hand, the places for the princes of the blood, and the imperial councillors, according to their rank. Although every part of the palace, seen by us, is remarkable for elaborate and beautiful construction, as well as for a general air of grandeur in comparison with other buildings, this part of it is too particularly set apart for public occasions to allow of much display of pomp and luxury. The proportions of the doors and shutters are colossal, and the Japan work, gilding, and carving, rich, yet simple. When we returned to the ante-chamber a heavy storm arose, which fortunately lasted but for a moment, as otherwise the audience would probably have been postponed, seeing that his imperial majesty has a great dread of thunder. At eleven o’clock the president was summoned to his audience, from which he returned in about half an hour. The whole ceremony consisted in his making his compliment in the Japanese fashion from the spot appointed, and remaining, for a few seconds, with his head bowed to the matted floor, till the words “Capitan Hollanda” were cried aloud. A deep silence reigned, only interrupted by a gentle murmur, with which the Japanese express profound reverence. The governor of Nagasaki, and the chief interpreter, were the only persons who accompanied the president, and gave him the signal of permission to depart, which is effected, like his entrance, in an inclined posture, so that the party is aware indeed of the presence of a number of persons, but, without violating the rules of Japanese politeness, cannot look about him,

or

or indulge his curiosity as to surrounding objects which might deserve it.

On the whole, though occasionally oppressed with visits, and once exposed to a scientific examination from a whole faculty of royal astrologers (as was the physician of the embassy to a five hours' interrogatory from sixteen of his brother professors), Mr. Fischer speaks in the highest terms of the kindness and hospitality with which he was treated during his stay at Jeddo. Some of his friends put his visible faculties to the test by the compliment of appearing at his quarters in Dutch apparel, of ancient and various date and fashion.

We wish we could afford more of our pages to this remote and remarkable people ; but for the present we must stop. We leave them to the complacent enjoyment of the conviction, that they are the first of nations, and the eldest descendants of the Deity. We leave them satisfied of their absolute and universal excellence, wanting no change—'least of all, such change as we could give them,'—and tenacious of the maxim, 'that the commands of their emperor are like the sweat of man's body, which once exuded, returns not again to its source;' and we only further subjoin the well-balanced summary of their character with which Mr. Meylan closes his interesting volume:—'Cutting, polite, suspicious, reserved, sensual, impatient, haughty, superstitious, revengeful, cruel in cold blood, on the one side ; on the other, just and honest, patriotic, exemplary in the relations of parent and child, firm friends, and *probably* not deficient in courage.'

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ART. II.—1. *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth.* A new Edition. In 4 vols. Longman and Co.

2. *Selections from the Poems of William Wordsworth.* 1 vol. 12mo. Moxon. 1834.

MR. WORDSWORTH'S prefatory theories have been for many years sufficiently vexed and controverted ; and the time seems to have come when, if we are to pause at all upon this threshold of his works, it should be with a view rather to a statement of results than to a continuance of the disputation. In point of opinion the result has been, we should say, as to the matter of poetic diction, a very general admission that no real elevation can be given to poetry by the use of phrases which are no otherwise poetical than as not being met with in prose. In point of practice, the result might have been equally decided, if certain results of a different character had not been thrown up at the

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the same time from other sources. Some reforms have been effected, however. The poetical vocabulary in use precedently to Mr. Wordsworth's prefaces has been expurgated; Poetry is, in some particulars, more plain-spoken than she was then used to be; and some things are now called by their right names which were then considered to be more favourably presented to the poetical reader under any other denominations than those which belong to them in the language of real life. Thus the bird commonly known by the name of the nightingale is now so called in poetry; whereas before Mr. Wordsworth's time no poet could be content to give it an appellation less poetical than, 'Philomel,' or 'tuneful bird of night;' and the luminary which was formerly graced with some such titular distinction as 'Bright Phœbus,' or 'Apollo's golden fire,' is now to be met with in a volume of poetry under the same name as that which is given to it in the almanac.

So far the prefaces did their work; but hardly was it accomplished, when there sprang up a new growth of abuses; and whilst some of these bore a very close resemblance to their predecessors, others, though having their root in the same soil, tended more dangerously to the corruption of style, inasmuch as they were of a more covert and surreptitious nature. A bald misnomer like that of 'Philomel' or 'Bubul,' 'Albion' or 'Erin,' is sure to be shortly weeded out of the language to which it does not belong; but there are ways at the present time of falsifying genuine English words for purposes supposed to be poetical, which are more insidious, inasmuch as they carry with them not merely a confusion of tongues, but a confusion of ideas; and often also, by really conveying a sentiment, give some colour to their pretext of conveying a sense.

If we look through some volume of current poetry for one of those words which seem to be considered eminently poetical at the present day—the adjective 'wild' for example—and consider it closely in the many situations in which it will be found to recur, we shall in general find it to be used, not for the sake of any meaning, definite or indefinite, which it can be supposed legitimately to bear, but—in a manner which Mr. Wordsworth's prefaces will be found to explain—for the sake of conjuring up certain associations somewhat casually connected with it. It has been originally, perhaps, employed with propriety, and with distinguished success, in some passages conceived in the same mood of mind, and pointed to the same effects which are aimed at by its subsequent employers; the word takes, as it were, the colour of these original passages; becomes a stock-word with those who have more of the feeling of poetry than of discrimination in the use of language, and is employed thenceforward with a progressively diminishing

diminishing concern for its intrinsic significancy, or for the propriety of the applications which are made of it. The adjectives *bright, dark, lonely*, the nouns *light, dream, halo*, and fifty other words, might be instanced, which are scattered almost at random through our fugitive poetry, with a sort of feeling senselessness, and convey to the congenial reader the sentiment of which they are understood to be the symbols, without either suggesting to him any meaning, or awakening him to the want of it. In some instances it does not seem to be necessary that the word should be otherwise than misplaced, even in the passage which may have first given the impulse which led to the indiscriminate use of it. 'The mind, the music *breathing* from her face,' is suggestive of as much false metaphor as could well be concentrated in a single line; but it conveyed some vague impressions of beauty and fervour, and was associated with the feelings with which Lord Byron's writings were usually read; and 'to breathe' became thenceforth, amongst the followers of Lord Byron, a verb poetical which meant anything but respiration. Indeed, the abuse seems to have spread to a circle which might be supposed to be remote from Lord Byron's influence; for a book was published two or three years ago with the title of '*Holy Breathings*.'

These errors, when they shall have become old and tiresome, will probably give way, like those which preceded them, on the one hand, to more fresh and fashionable faults, and on the other, to a renewed application of Mr. Wordsworth's principles of poetic diction. Natural good sense and good taste will always conquer at last, though they will never be in want of new worlds of error to oppugn; and upon the sense and taste of the natural human understanding Mr. Wordsworth's principles will be found to rest, if they be accepted with the modifications which may be considered to have fairly resulted from the discussion that they have undergone. So accepted, they would teach the poet, not to draw his language exclusively from that of common life, nor indeed to reject, from some kinds of poetry, language of a highly scholastic and composite structure; but in general to use the same language which is employed in the writings and conversations of other men, when they write and discourse their best—to avoid any words which are not admissible in good prose or unaffected conversation, whether erudite or ordinary—and especially to avoid the employment of any words in a sense which is not their legitimate prosaic sense. The more these rules are observed, the more benefit will accrue to the writers and readers of poems: at least to those writers who can afford to deal in clear ideas, and to those readers who have so far exercised their faculties as to be desirous to understand a meaning in poetry.

If the influence of Mr. Wordsworth's works has (as we believe it has) added largely to the number of those who cultivate poetry with this aim, it is saying nothing in derogation of what he has done for his art—more than must be said of the greatest artists that ever existed—to acknowledge that the generation of false tastes and foolish phrasologies proceeds *pari passu* with their destruction, and that Mr. Wordsworth has not, any more than any poet ever did before, cut off the succession of readers who are capable of receiving, through catch-words appealing to their poetical susceptibilities, a pleasure which would be dissipated if any demand were made upon their understandings.

‘*Ut sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos*’—

If the true tastes of mankind are permanent, and the false deciduous, there are nevertheless those elements of false taste permanently inherent in human nature, which will perpetuate the kind and quality of bad poetry, however speedy may be the oblivion of the successive products. Let Mr. Wordsworth, or

‘Let Hercules himself do what he may,’

poetry always will have, no doubt, as it always has had, its meretricious professors, its vicious admirers, and its bastard language.

Perhaps, however, the progress of Mr. Wordsworth's principles has been more aided by his poems than by his prefaces—by his practice than by his theory; for whilst the consideration of the latter is still we believe confined to disciples and students, the poems have made a rapid advance to popularity—more especially in the last ten years. A marked change may be observed in the tone taken upon the subject by those who float upon the current of society, and make themselves the mouth-piece of its opinions. We recollect the time when the mention of Mr. Wordsworth's name would have been met by any one of these gentlemen with some excellent joke about Peter Bell or the Idiot Boy: but of these pleasantries mankind has by degrees grown weary; and there are few societies in which they would not now be received as denoting that the party from whom they proceeded was somewhat behind the world in these matters.

We cannot but think that it is in a great measure Mr. Wordsworth's own fault that he has been thus late in winning the ear of the public at large. He knowingly and wantonly laid himself open to ridicule at a period when criticism was infected by a spirit of sarcasm—which, ignorant and shallow as it was, was not ill calculated to please the popular appetite, was attended therefore with eminent success, and brought a blight, as of a poisonous insect, upon the growth of every thing that was great and noble. Criticism and poetry, which ought to flourish together, as members  
of

of the same family of art, were then hardly ever in friendly relations with each other: the former, on the contrary, growing beside the latter like a mildewed ear, 'blasting its wholesome brother.' At this period, Mr. Wordsworth, challenging and defying, as it were, the evil spirit which was abroad, persisted in throwing out, from time to time, effusions which he must have known to be the very matter which that spirit would most delight to fasten upon, and could turn to the best account. He seemed to brave the contempt of the children of this world, and to take a pleasure in provoking the scoffs of their blind guides, as one who was resolved that his followers should be a peculiar people, and who would have said to them with John Wesley—'God forbid that we should not be the laughing-stock of mankind!'

We know not why this should have been done, or what was the compensation which it brought for the disadvantage, which it must unquestionably be esteemed by any poet, to have his influence—in this instance, it may be said, his purifying, fertilizing, and exalting influence—so long checked and retarded; thereby rendering him, though not ultimately less illustrious, yet certainly less useful in his day and generation.

If we are called upon, as no doubt we shall be by some of Mr. Wordsworth's more enthusiastic disciples, to specify in what instances Mr. Wordsworth did wantonly expose himself to injury from the buffoons of criticism, we answer—that, with all the reverence which we entertain for Mr. Wordsworth, as the greatest poet and philosopher of his age, we shall not decline any unacceptable office which a spirit of free inquiry shall seem to impose. We quote, therefore, the commonly quoted instance of the 'Idiot Boy;' and we allege, that the announcement of a serious moral purpose in this poem, namely, that of 'tracking the maternal passion through many of its more subtle windings,' and the choice of the incidents through which this purpose was to be accomplished, namely, the illness of Susan Gale—Betty Foy's difficulty in finding any one to go for the doctor—her determination to send her son the idiot upon a pony—his losing himself on the way—Betty's distressful search for him, and ultimate success;—we allege, that this end could not be announced, and these means employed, without producing such a sense of contrast as must, of necessity, suggest ludicrous ideas, and favour the attempt to direct upon the author the sentiment of ridicule so provoked. Human ingenuity cannot invent that amalgam of the trivial and the grave, of the imaginative and the familiar, which should succeed in giving congruity of effect to such a narrative, seriously related and set forth with the details which Mr. Wordsworth has not omitted to delineate. Will it be said, then, that the relation

is meant to be comic?—a comic narrative, merely adumbrating such matter of serious thought as all truth is pregnant with, when regarded with a philosophic mind. But if the poem is to be so considered, then the comic effect, resulting as it does chiefly from the narration in verse of matters of fact, which when there introduced appear ridiculously insignificant, must be said to be wanting in vivacity, unity, and predominance. Passages of poetic beauty occur,\* and appear to demand of the reader that he should regard the whole as a serious performance, and there is no such decided and unmixed drollery as might dissipate his perplexity, and assure him that it was the poet's intention to excite his merriment.

The faults, of which we cite the 'Idiot Boy' as exhibiting an example, are in our opinion attributable also, in a more or less degree, to several others of Mr. Wordsworth's earlier minor poems, and to portions of 'Peter Bell.' As experiments, or as intellectual freaks or vagaries, there was no reason why he should not have written these poems, except that, as we have said above, they afforded to the clowns and harlequins of criticism an opportunity of 'setting on a certain quantity of barren spectators to laugh.' But, bearing in mind that this was sure to be the result, and that this result was calculated to repress the admiration which must otherwise have been rendered to his works at large, we cannot but think that he would have done well to temper with more of worldly discretion, in these in our view intrinsically unimportant particulars, the independent exercise of his genius.

There are some other particulars, in which we concur in the censures which have been passed upon several of Mr. Wordsworth's earlier poems. His theory of poetic diction was perhaps urged further in practice than it would have been, had it not been a sort of theory militant—a theory which had to prevail against popular error in the opposite extreme, and to establish itself in spite of the hostility of critics. He was perhaps more afraid than was needful of indulging in the weakness of concession.

'I am sensible,' he says in the Preface to the second edition of the

\* Take for instance the following:—

'By this the stars were almost gone,  
The moon was setting on the hill,  
o      So pale you scarcely looked at her:  
      *The little birds began to stir,*  
      *Though yet their tongues were still.'*

Poets have always delighted in describing times by their incidents; and 'The Hours' have each received, from poet or painter, or both in one, their characteristic garb and emblem: but we hardly know of any passage in which the poetical faculty is made thus delicately, and, as it were, with a minute-pointer, to indicate the time of day.

Lyrical Ballads, 'that my associations must have sometimes been particular instead of general; and that, consequently, giving to things a false importance, sometimes from diseased impulses, I may have written upon unworthy subjects; but I am less apprehensive on this account, than that my language may frequently have suffered from those arbitrary connexions of feelings and ideas with particular words and phrases, from which no man can altogether protect himself. Hence I have no doubt that, in some instances, feelings, even of the ludicrous, may be given to my readers by expressions which appeared to me tender and pathetic. Such faulty expressions, were I convinced they were faulty at present, and that they must necessarily continue to be so, I would willingly take all reasonable pains to correct. But it is dangerous to make these alterations on the simple authority of a few individuals, or even of certain classes of men; for where the understanding of an author is not convinced, or his feelings altered, this cannot be done without great injury to himself: for his own feelings are his stay and support; and if he sets them aside in one instance, he may be induced to repeat this act till his mind loses all confidence in itself, and becomes utterly debilitated.'

We scarcely think that Mr. Wordsworth's mind, deeply founded as it was by nature, could have run any risk of this kind from a more ready compliance with public tastes, on points which were material no otherwise than in the unfortunate particular of leading to conflicts. Whether from the impulse of this unyielding *antagonism*, or from giving too much way to thought and theory in the choice of his phraseology, and thus losing the guidance of natural impressions, he was frequently, we think, betrayed into the use, in serious poetry, of language not only plain but colloquial; of phrases not only divested of adventitious association, of the poetical kind, but charged with opposite associations; and his style, in certain portions of his earlier writings, lay open to the objection that, whereas the end it had in view was a perfect simplicity of effect, it did not in point of fact accomplish that object, nor appear to the majority of readers to be the style which it was natural for an educated writer to use, whose chief care was to convey his meaning distinctly. It is always to be borne in mind that simplicity in poetry is the result of art, and that the '*ars celare artem*' is peculiarly requisite to this grace of style. In some of Mr. Wordsworth's earlier poems, the art employed to this end was consummate; in others, it was, we venture to think, apparent.

We will here present our readers with an example in each kind. The following stanzas appear to us to betray the devices by which the effect of simplicity is sought to be obtained:—

'Beneath the clear blue sky, he saw  
A little field of meadow ground;

But

But field or meadow name it not;  
 Call it of earth a small green plot,  
 With rocks encompassed round.  
 The Swale flowed under the grey rocks,  
 But he flowed quiet and unseen;—  
 You need a strong and stormy gale  
 To bring the noises of the Swale  
 To that green spot, so calm and green!—vol. ii. p. 121.

In those which we are next to extract, on the contrary, it appears to us that art—occult art—could not be more successfully exercised in simplifying the language of poetry. An old man, of a mirthful temperament, is lying with the poet, on a summer's day, by the side of a fountain, and replies to a request that he would sing one of his lively songs, in a strain of transitory sadness, such as is often evoked by a summons to be gay:—

Down to the vale this water steers—  
 How merrily it goes!  
 'Twill murmur on a thousand years,  
 And flow as now it flows.  
 And here, on this delightful day,  
 I cannot chuse but think  
 How oft, a vigorous man, I lay  
 Beside this fountain's brink.  
 My eyes are dim with childish tears,  
 My heart is idly stirred,  
 For the same sound is in my ears  
 Which in those days I heard.  
 Thus fares it still in our decay,  
 And yet the wiser mind  
 Mourns less for what age takes away  
 Than what it leaves behind.  
 The blackbird in the summer trees,  
 The lark upon the hill,  
 Let loose their carols when they please,  
 Are quiet when they will.  
 With nature never do they wage  
 A foolish strife; they see  
 A happy youth, and their old age  
 Is beautiful and free:  
 But we are pressed by heavy laws;  
 And often glad no more,  
 We wear a face of joy, because  
 We have been glad of yore.  
 If there be one who need bemoan  
 His kindred laid in earth,  
 The household hearts that were his own,  
 It is the man of mirth.—vol. iii. p. 235.

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To language so exquisitely simple as this, so graceful, so thoughtful, we doubt if the corrupted taste of any age, however dazzled with false adornments, could refuse admiration; and if the simplicity of all Mr. Wordsworth's earlier poems had been neither more nor less than this, his works would probably have been as popular from the first as they have lately begun to be. Yet how few, comparatively, of his now voluminous works are those from which many thoughtless persons have been used to infer the character of the whole; and how genuine is the simplicity of style in nine-tenths of his writings, in all that he has written subsequently to the period of his earlier and more theoretical taste! In truth, those who refer to the 'Idiot Boy,' as a characteristic specimen of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, after having really read his works, might be equally expected, after reading those of Lord Bacon, to quote, as characteristic of that great man's philosophy, the portion of his medical writings in which he recommends, as good for the digestion, 'whelps and healthy young boys applied to the stomach.' Few or none are the minds of great activity which are not subject to these occasional aberrations and lapses.

Idle misapprehensions of this kind are not the only ones which have retarded Mr. Wordsworth's popularity. Readers of a very different class from those who fell into these errors—able men and laborious students—have been accustomed to deliver it as their opinion, that Mr. Wordsworth is more eminently a great *thinker* than a great poet; and the belief has been disseminated, that it is necessary to climb to the heights of a new system of philosophy, in order to reach an appreciation of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry and find a pleasure in it. It appears to us that those from whom this opinion has taken its rise are men who, from the nature of their studies and the bent of their minds, apprehend more readily what is intellectual than what is poetical, and see all that there is of thought in what they read, and not all that there is of poetry. Undoubtedly Mr. Wordsworth is a philosopher; but those who are repelled from his writings by this consideration must need to have it explained to them in what sense he is so; and one or two of our pages may not be misemployed in the endeavour to afford them this explanation.

Mr. Wordsworth then, in our estimation, is a philosophic writer in the sense in which any man must be so, who writes from the impulses of a capacious and powerful mind, habituated to observe, to analyse, and to generalise. So far forth was Shakspeare likewise a philosopher. But it does not follow from this that he should be supposed to have invented any peculiar ethical or metaphysical system, or to have discovered any new principles upon which such a system could be built. What is new and peculiar

in him as a philosophic thinker is not his view of the primary principles of psychological philosophy, nor the trains of ratiocination by which he descends to those which are secondary and derivative: it consists not so much in reasoning as in judgment; not so much in the exposition of abstract truths, as in his manner of regarding the particulars of life as they arise, and of generalising them into one truth or another, according as the one or the other harmonises with his moral temperament and habitual and cherished states of feeling.

If a poet have any peculiar philosophy of his own, it must be mainly through this modification of the judgment by individual temperament; the affinities of such temperament drawing round him and giving predominant influence to some truths, whilst others are merely not rejected in deference to the reason. Nor is it to be supposed that a judgment so modified, and a philosophy into which sensibility thus enters, are therefore fallacious. Such a supposition will be entertained, we are aware, by those who have imagined to themselves such a mere fiction as the contemporaneous discernment of all moral truth. The real state of the case being, however, that truth can only be shown piecemeal in its component parts, and that poetry, at all events, can do no more than cast partial lights upon it, it is saying nothing in derogation of any man's philosophy, still less of his poetical philosophy, to affirm, that, in so far as it is peculiar to himself, it is so by dealing with that *portion of truth* of which his temperament gives him the most lively consciousness. By his individual temperament it is that Mr. Wordsworth's philosophic perceptions of truth, various and composite as they are, come to have a certain unity of drift, which has given to his writings the character of embodying a peculiar system of philosophy. We shall best explain our view of what that philosophy is, by a commentary upon some of the passages in which it comes to light.

The lines left upon a yew-tree seat, after describing the life of mortification led by a neglected man of genius—

'Who with the food of pride sustained his soul  
In solitude'—

conclude with the following moral:—

'If thou be one whose heart the holy forms  
Of young imagination have kept pure,  
Stranger! henceforth be warned; and know that pride,  
How'er disguised in its own majesty,  
Is littleness; that he who feels contempt  
For any living thing, hath faculties  
Which he has never used; that thought with him  
Is in its infancy. The man whose eye

Is ever on himself, doth look on none,  
 The least of Nature's works, oh, who might move  
 The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds  
 Unlawful ever. Oh be wiser, thou!  
 Instructed that true knowledge leads to love,  
 True dignity abides with him alone  
 Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,  
 Can still suspect, and still revere himself,  
 In lowliness of heart.'—vol. iii. p. 211.

Let the stranger who is addressed in this passage be supposed to be another Wordsworth, another philosophic poet, or rather a pupil apt for becoming such, and then the injunctions which it contains are admirably calculated to train him in the way that he should go, although it may be possible to represent them as requiring to be received with some qualification by others. The nature of these qualifications will present a key to some of the peculiarities of Mr. Wordsworth's moral views.

It is undoubtedly essential not only to the philosophic character, but to the moral elevation of any man, that he should regard every atom of pride which he may detect in his nature as something which detracts from his dignity, inasmuch as it evinces some want of independence and of natural strength. When Burns breaks out into fiery expressions of contempt for the rich and the great, we recognise the man of genius, but not the man of an independent nature. If in his real feelings he had been independent of the rich and the great, they might have gone their way and he would have gone his, and we should have heard nothing of his scorn or disdain. These were dictated, not as they professed to be, by a spirit of independence, but by that which, wheresoever it exists, comes in abatement of independence—by pride. A keen desire of aggrandisement in the eyes of others, a sensitive apprehension of humiliation in their eyes, are the constituents of pride, and though it may manifest itself in divers forms, leading a man, perhaps, to avoid a *practical* dependence upon others, and even leading him, as in the case which is the subject of Mr. Wordsworth's poem, to terminate, as far as possible, his intercourse with mankind—yet these very courses would be evidences of a weakness of nature; for one who was not unduly dependent upon the opinion of others for his peace of mind would not be driven to seek this shelter; on the contrary, he would go through the world, giving and taking, in the freedom of the feeling, that so long as he should satisfy his own conscience in his dealings with his fellow-creatures, he would always be sure to receive from them as much respect as he had occasion for. It is then this servility and

cowardice of the inmost spirit, together with the artifices or the escapes naturally resorted to in such a state of slavery, that Mr. Wordsworth detects—when he bids us

‘ know that pride,  
Howe’er disguised in its own majesty,  
Is littleness.’

So far, however, the sentiment expressed by Mr. Wordsworth, though largely contributing to his system of opinions, may not, perhaps, constitute a peculiarity of them; and in contrasting the sentiments of Burns with those of Wordsworth, we have not intended to represent the one poet any more than the other, as standing alone in his way of thinking; but only to contra-distinguish from the philosophic poet the mere man of genius who writes from the impulses of an ardent mind, and throws light upon human nature, less by the depth of his investigations, than by the liveliness of his sympathies; exhibiting, in truth, a subject for a philosopher to contemplate, rather than the spirit of philosophical contemplation. But proceeding with the passage, the next step takes us into Mr. Wordsworth’s peculiar domain. We are told that

‘ He who feels contempt  
For any living thing, hath faculties  
That he has never used; that thought with him  
Is in its infancy.’

It is here that, were we to understand the doctrine as delivered for acceptance by mankind at large, we should, as we have already intimated, take some exceptions. The moral government of the world appears to us to require, that in the every-day intercourse of ordinary man with man, room should be given to the operation of the harsher sentiments of our nature—anger, resentment, contempt. They were planted in us for a purpose, and are not essentially and necessarily wrong in themselves, although they may easily be wrong in their direction. What we have to do is not to subdue such feelings; and we are to control them, not with a view to their suppression, but only with a view to their just application. Let the sentiment of justice be paramount, and it will lead to such serious consideration of the grounds of our hostile feelings as will, in itself and of necessity, temper them; but neither need nor ought to suppress them, nor even to abate their vivacity further than is necessary to admit of clear perceptions and a just judgment of their objects. Anger, resentment, and contempt, are instruments of the penal law of nature and private society, which, as long as evil exists, must require to be administered; and the best interests of mankind demand that they should be tempered with justice much more than with mercy. The public laws of a community,

community, and the penalties they denounce, have their chief importance by giving countenance and operation to the private penalties of society, the judgments of the street and the marketplace, searching and pervasive, by which alone evil inchoate can be contended with and destroyed. That Man, so far as he is liable to evil inclinations, should fear his neighbour, is as requisite for the good of society as that he should love his neighbour, and that which he will commonly stand most in fear of is his neighbour's just contempt.

Do we then, in so far as the doctrine in question is concerned, attribute to Mr. Wordsworth a *false* philosophy? We are by no means so presumptuous, nor (let us hope) so incapable of comprehending Mr. Wordsworth's views. In the first place, we conceive that Mr. Wordsworth adverted more especially to that species of contempt which is immediately connected with the pride denounced previously in the same passage, and the self-love denounced subsequently—the undue contempt which a man conjures up in himself through the workings of self-love, for the ends of self-aggrandisement, or perhaps more frequently to stave off a feeling of humiliation and self-reproach. But without insisting upon a qualification which the language employed may seem to some to refuse, we find in the proposition, taken even in all the absoluteness of its terms, no error, but, we should say, a peculiarity of sentiment, proceeding from a rare constitution of mind, adapted to that constitution, and when enjoined upon men whose minds are similarly constituted, not enjoined amiss.

The same sentiments are not to be cultivated by all sorts of minds. The standard of right and wrong is not so ill adapted to human nature as to take no account of its idiosyncracies, and to make all dispositions equally right or wrong in every frame and fabric of mind in which they are to be found throughout the infinite varieties of moral structure. There are men who are made to do more good by their just antipathies than by their sympathies, as there are others whose just sympathies are more available than their antipathies. There are also men whose admirable gifts of contemplation, whose clear intellectual insights, whose singular powers of communicating charitable thoughts, would be in part obscured and defeated by the admission of feelings alien to their natures, however necessary and wholesome as ordinary elements in the great compound of human society. These men are chosen instruments, and it is for them so to order their being as shall best conduce to the development and unimpeded operation of their excellent gifts. They should therefore take into their hands the lyre alone, leaving in the hands of others, with due acknowledgment, nevertheless, of their use and necessity, the sword, the axe, and the halter. According to,



cordingly, to whom is it that Mr. Wordsworth addresses his admonition?—

‘ If thou be one whose heart the holy forms  
Of young imagination have kept pure—’

It is one thus eminently endowed—one whose gift of imagination has filled his mind with pure and holy forms—that Mr. Wordsworth adjures to profit by this gift to its fullest extent, to cultivate the knowledge which leads to love, and not to desecrate his heart by the admission of a contemptuous feeling even in respect of objects which may be not unworthily visited with contempt by others. He, searching for the explication of all that happens, and understanding through what impulses of nature or temptations of circumstance one man or another comes to be weak and vile; regarding all human acts or characters as natural phenomena, the materials of induction, and giving his mind duly in his vocation to the search for final causes, and the working out of abstract results—he, we say, the sage thus commissioned, must, for the purposes of this his comprehensive survey, look down upon human nature from an eminence, and strive to raise himself above the influence of all vehement and disturbing passions. Even such of them as may work for good with men not absolved by the exercise of higher functions from taking a part in the practical contests of life, must be regarded as of too temporal and secular a character to be entertained by him.

Closely connected with his repudiation of the harsher and more violent feelings of humankind, is Mr. Wordsworth's devotion to the beauty of the forms of external nature. This devotion affords to men of great excitability and a passionate sense of the beautiful, an escape from many dangers and disturbances. The appetite for the beautiful in such men *must* be fed, and human beauty is a diet which leads to excessive stimulation, frequent vicissitudes of feeling at all events, and, in every probability, to the excitement of bitter and turbulent passions. The love and admiration of nature leads *from* all these; being in truth the safe outlet for every excess of sensibility. The pleasure so derived appears to be, of all human pleasures, the most exempt from correlative pain. It has no connexion of its own creating with any intemperance, sensual, sentimental, or intellectual. Moreover, he who has given away his heart to the beauty of nature rests in the quiet consciousness that his admiration is fixed upon a perdurable object; whereas the beauty of a woman has a tendency to provoke, in a thoughtful mind, disturbing anticipations—

‘ For human beauty is a sight  
To sadden rather than delight;  
Being the prelude of a lay  
Whose burthen is decay.’

In

In our admiration of the external forms of nature the mind is redeemed from this sense of the transitory, which so often mixes perturbation with pleasure, and there is perhaps no feeling of the human heart which, being so intense, is at the same time so composed.\* It is for this reason, amongst others, that it is peculiarly favourable to the contemplations of a poetical philosopher, and eminently so to one like Mr. Wordsworth, in whose scheme of thought there is no feature more prominent than the doctrine that the intellect should be nourished by the feelings, and that the state of mind which bestows a 'gift of genuine insight' is one of profound emotion as well as profound composure; or, as Mr. Coleridge has somewhere expressed himself,

'Deep self-possession, an intense repose.'

The power which lies in the beauty of nature to induce this union of the tranquil and the vivid is described, and to every disciple of Mr. Wordsworth has been as much as is possible imparted, by the celebrated 'Lines written in 1798, a few miles above Tintern Abbey,' in which the poet, having attributed to his intermediate recollections of the landscape then revisited a benign influence over many acts of daily life, describes thus the other particulars in which he is indebted to them:—

'Nor less I trust

To them I may have owed another gift  
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight,  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on,—  
Until the breath of this corporeal frame  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul:  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things. If this  
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft,  
In darkness, and amid the many shapes  
Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir  
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,  
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,  
Oh sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,  
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

If it were possible to read or repeat such passages too often, we might stop here; for there are probably few portions of Mr. Wordsworth's

worth's works which are better known; but they have become thus familiar because they are eminently characteristic, and for the same reason they should not be omitted from our view of Mr. Wordsworth's philosophy. Having reverted to his first visit to the Wye, which was in his early youth, he proceeds:—

‘ Nature then

(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,  
And their glad animal movements, all gone by)  
To me was all in all. ‘I cannot paint  
What then I was. The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colours and their forms, were then to me  
An appetite; a feeling and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied, or any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,  
And all its aching joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this  
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts  
Have followed, for such loss I would believe  
Abundant recompense. For I have learned  
To look on Nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes  
The still sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue.

. . . . . Therefore am I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains; and of all that we behold  
From this green earth; of all the mighty world  
Of eye and ear, both what they half create  
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise  
In Nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being.’—vol. ii. pp. 100-103.

This impassioned love of nature is interfused through the whole of Mr. Wordsworth's system of thought, filling up all interstices, penetrating all recesses, colouring all media, supporting, associating, and giving coherency and mutual relevancy to it in all its parts. Though man is his subject, yet is man never presented to us divested of his relations with external nature. Man is the text, but there is always a running commentary of natural phenomena. In his great work, ‘the mind of man’ is, as he announces, ‘the haunt and the main region of his song;’ but the mind of man, as exhibited by Mr. Wordsworth, whatever else it may be, hardly

hardly ever fails to be the mirror of natural objects, and more or less the creature of their power.

The vivacity with which he is accustomed to apprehend this power of inanimate nature over the human mind has indeed led him in some cases, we venture to think, too far; not indeed in his philosophic views, for we are not of opinion that the excess to which we allude should be placed to their account; but, we should say, in his poetical licenses, or in that particular poetic license, by which sensation is attributed to inanimate objects—the particular feeling which they excite in the spectator being ascribed to themselves, as if they were sentient beings. Thus we find in the ‘Intimations of Immortality’—

‘The moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the Heavens are bare.’

And in the same ode—

‘Ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,  
Think not of any severing of our loves.’—vol. iii. p. 315.

In ‘The Excursion’—

‘Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth,  
And ocean’s liquid mass, beneath him lay  
In gladness and deep joy.’—vol. iv. p. 21.

We are aware that there are passages in Mr. Wordsworth’s works which might lead to the supposition that this mode of expression was in some degree connected with his philosophic creed:—

‘And I have felt,  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things.’—vol. ii. p. 120.

The only sense, however, in which we can understand this and some similar passages is, as representing inanimate objects to be the symbols or types of feelings, the sentient seat of which is in their Creator. The evidences and results of a feeling may thus be said to pervade inanimate creation, and natural objects may be described as both the effect of a feeling in Him who created them, and the cause of a feeling in those who survey them. But to represent them as the *seat* of a feeling must be considered merely as a license indulged in by the poet, for the purpose of more forcibly assimilating in the mind of his readers the type with the archetype.

archetype. As a poetical license, the commutation may be justifiable even in its most naked form; but to the frequent recurrence of it we object, as we should to the iteration of any other very bold figure of speech. There is one theory, it is true, upon which it might be supposed to be more than a mere figurative mode of expression,—the theory that there is no such thing as inanimate nature, and that every visible particle of matter is a congeries of animalculæ. It is clear, however, that if this purely physical hypothesis would support the terms employed by Mr. Wordsworth, it would destroy the spirit and meaning which they are intended to convey.

But if we think that there may be met with in Mr. Wordsworth's writings passages which his love of nature has impressed with some traces of inordinate desires, instigating the imagination to fictions of impossible fulfilments—desires for community of feeling, and reciprocity of spiritual communication with things inanimate;—if we conceive ourselves to detect some tokens in these passages of the 'dizzy raptures' of which he speaks as having characterized his passion for nature in its earlier stages—we yet entertain the opinion with diffidence, and not without the consciousness that we may not have fully comprehended the scope and purport of Mr. Wordsworth's more imaginative flights, and that we may possibly be of the number of those critics who 'take upon them to report of the course which *he* holds whom they are utterly unable to accompany,—confounded if he turn quick upon the wing, dismayed if he soar steadily "into the region." Be this as it may, however, we hold ourselves competent to appreciate the aid afforded to Mr. Wordsworth's philosophical meditations by that more sedate, but not less deeply-seated, love of nature,—that *wedded* love, by which his works are more generally characterized. We can perceive in what manner the intellectual vision, cleared, by virtue of this love, from the obstructions of petty cares as well as turbid excitements, and yet stimulated to activity by the impulse of pleasurable emotion, is—

'Made quick to recognize

The moral properties and scope of things.'

We can perceive how the habit of contemplating natural objects in their causative character may not only make all nature seem to live in the eyes of the poet, but may also teach the philosopher to penetrate farther into the *passive* properties of living beings—their properties not only as agents but as objects. As an example of this perspicacity, let us adduce the poem entitled the 'Old Cumberland Beggar.'

—

'The aged man

Had placed his staff across the broad smooth stone

That

That overlays the pile, and from a bag  
 All white with flour, the dole of village dames,  
 He drew his scraps and fragments, one by one,  
 And scanned them with a fixed and serious look  
 Of idle computation.  
 Him from my childhood I have known, and then  
 He was so old, he seems not older now.  
 He travels on, a solitary man;  
 So helpless in appearance, that for him  
 The sauntering horseman-traveller does not throw  
 With careless hand his alms upon the ground,  
 But stops, that he may safely lodge the coin  
 Within the old man's hat.  
 He travels on a solitary man;  
 His age has no companion. On the ground  
 His eyes are turned, and as he moves along  
*They* move along the ground; and evermore,  
 Instead of common and habitual sight  
 Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale,  
 And the blue sky, one little span of earth  
 Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to day,  
 Bow-bent, his eyes for ever on the ground,  
 He plies his weary journey, seeing still,  
 And seldom knowing that he sees—some straw,  
 Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in one track,  
 The nails of cart or chariot wheel have left  
 Impressed on the white road, in the same line,  
 At distance still the same. Poor traveller!  
 His staff trails with him—scarcely do his feet  
 Disturb the summer dust; he is so still  
 In look and motion, that the cottage curs,  
 Ere he have passed the door, will turn away,  
 Weary of barking at him. Boys and girls,  
 The vacant and the busy, maids and youths,  
 And urchins newly breeched—all pass him by:  
 Him even the slow-paced waggon leaves behind.

It would be difficult to present to the imagination, with more curious distinctness, the picture of a human being whose uses upon earth were over. Such certainly would be the conclusion of an ordinary observer. A form of humanity it would be said—a shell or husk of a human being, than which nothing could be conceived more neutral, more nugatory. But the poet, if at a loss to assign any active uses to such an existence, can discover in it a rich endowment of passive attributes.

Deem him not

A burthen of the earth! 'Tis Nature's law  
 That none, the meanest of created things,  
 Of forms created the most vile and brute,

The

The dullest or most noxious, should exist  
 Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good.  
 A life and soul, to every mode of being  
 Inseparably linked. While thus he creeps  
 From door to door, the villagers in him  
 Behold a record which together binds  
 Past deeds and offices of charity,  
 Else unremembered; and so keeps alive  
 The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of years,  
 And that half-wisdom half-experience gives,  
 Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign  
 To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.  
 Among the farms and solitary huts,  
 Hamlets and thinly scattered villages,  
 Where'er the aged beggar takes his rounds,  
 The mild necessity of use compels  
 To acts of love; and habit does the work  
 Of reason; yet prepares that after joy  
 Which reason cherishes. And thus the soul  
 By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,  
 Doth find herself insensibly disposed  
 To virtue and true goodness. Some there are,  
 By their good works exalted, lofty minds  
 And meditative, authors of delight  
 And happiness, which to the end of time  
 Will live and spread and kindle; even such minds  
 In childhood, from this solitary being,  
 Or from like wanderer, haply have received  
 (A thing more precious far than all that books  
 Or the solitudes of love can do !)  
 That first mild touch of sympathy and thought,  
 In which they found their kindred with a world  
 Where want and sorrow were. The easy man  
 Who sits at his own door, and, like the pear  
 That overhangs his head from the green wall,  
 Feeds in the sunshine; the robust and young,  
 The prosperous and unthinking, they who live  
 Sheltered, and flourish in a little grove  
 Of their own kindred—all behold in him  
 A silent monitor, which on their minds  
 Must needs impress a transitory thought  
 Of self-congratulation, to the heart  
 Of each recalling his peculiar boons,  
 His charters and exemptions; and, perchance,  
 Though he to no one give the fortitude  
 And circumspection needful to preserve  
 His present blessings, and to husband up  
 The respite of the season, he, at least,  
 And 'tis no vulgar service, makes them felt.  
 Yet further——

Yet further, indeed, we could with pleasure follow out the investigation into the manifold uses of a being by whom nothing can be *done*; but space fails us, and we pass to the closing benediction, with which, whether in terms or in spirit, the benevolence of the poet never fails to crown his philosophy:—

‘ Then let him pass, a blessing on his head !  
And—while in that vast solitude to which  
The tide of things has borne him, he appears  
To breathe and live but for himself alone—  
Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about  
The good which the benignant law of heaven  
Has hung around him ; and, while life is his,  
Still let him prompt the unlettered villagers  
To tender offices and pensive thoughts.  
Then let him pass—a blessing on his head !  
And long as he can wander, let him breathe  
The freshness of the valleys ; let his blood  
Struggle with frosty air and winter snows ;  
And let the chartered wind that sweeps the heath  
Beat his grey locks against his withered face.  
Reverence the hope whose vital anxiousness  
Gives the last human interest to his heart.  
May never *HOUSE*, misnamed of *INDUSTRY*,  
‘ Make him a captive ! for that pent-up din,  
Those life-consuming sounds that clog the air,  
Be his the natural silence of old age !  
Let him be free of mountain solitudes,  
And have around him, whether heard or not,  
The pleasant melody of woodland birds.  
Few are his pleasures ; if his eyes have now  
Been doomed so long to settle on the earth,  
That not without some effort they behold  
The countenance of the horizontal sun,  
Rising or setting, let the light at least  
Find a free entrance to those languid orbs ;  
And let him, where and when he will, sit down  
Beneath the trees, or by the grassy bank  
Of highway side, and with the little birds  
Share his chance-gathered meal ; and, finally,  
As in the eye of Nature he has lived,  
So in the eye of Nature let him die !’—*vol. iii. p. 288.*

It is such poems as these that forcibly recommend to us the tenet, that—

‘ he who feels contempt.  
For any living thing, has faculties.  
Which he has never used.’

And it is by them that we are impressed with a sense of the dignity



nity of that order of mind in which the contemplative faculty may be so justly called to an undivided predominance.

Never, indeed, was the mind of man imbued with a deeper sense of the dignity of his calling than that which pervades the writings of Mr. Wordsworth; and many are they who, though conscious that no such calling is theirs,—that no such spirit has descended upon them,—have nevertheless been filled by those writings with aspirations which lifted them as high as it was in their nature to rise above the level of ephemeral pursuits and unworthy ambition. The sanative influence of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry is felt—where such influence is most wanted—in natures of peculiar sensibility; and it applies itself to that which in those natures is commonly the peccant part. Gross corruption or demoralization is not ordinarily to be apprehended for such minds; but they are subject to be weakened, wasted, and degraded by the vanities and petty distractions of social life, or by accessions of casual and futile amatory sentiment. The love of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry takes possession of such a mind like a virtuous passion, fortifying it against many selfish and many sentimental weaknesses, precluding trivial excitement, and coupling the indulgence (necessary in one way or another) of passionate feeling, with serious study, and as much of intellectual exercise as the understanding may happen to have strength to bear. To such a mind, conceiving greater things than it can take firm hold of, marking out for itself a loftier course of life than it has steadiness to pursue, and feeling itself dwarfed by the height of its own moral standard,—how often, and with what an invigorating impulse will those passages recur, in which Mr. Wordsworth has invoked, with all plainness and gravity of style, but with an earnestness not on that account the less impressive, the aid which is requisite to make the weak stand fast:—

‘ If such theme  
May sort with highest objects, then, dread Power,  
Whose gracious favour is the primal source  
Of all illumination, may my life  
Express the image of a better time,  
More wise desires, and simpler manners; nurse  
My heart in genuine freedom: all pure thoughts  
Be with me,—so shall thy unfailing love  
Guide, and support, and cheer me to the end!—vol. iv. p. 9.

Who that, with the consciousness of a better birthright, has felt himself from time to time subjugated by the petty tyranny of circumstance—by idle sympathies and ignoble inducements, and suffered from the shame of such subjugation,—could not repeat those few words—

‘ — nurse

‘ — nurse

My heart in genuine freedom—’

with the frequency of a daily prayer, and with such a hope to be heard as might well be inspired by feeling himself, for the moment at least, a sharer in the fervency of the invocation? To these lights in the poetical hemisphere such an aspirant might look up, in seasons of pressure, as Wallenstein did to the star, the sight of which had so often ‘ shot strength into his heart.’

Of the nature of this genuine freedom, or freedom of the heart, in its several kinds, we have some further intimations in the ‘ Ode to Duty.’ That poem points first to the freedom of native innocence, a state in which, through some rare happiness of nature and friendliness of fortune, some human beings are to be found, whose impulses scarcely need either direction or control, and to whom it is given to be thoughtlessly good :

‘ There are who ask not if Thine eye  
Be on them ; who, in love and truth,  
Where no misgiving is, rely  
Upon the genial sense of youth :  
Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot ;  
Who do thy work and know it not.’

It is seldom, indeed, that the duties of life can be gone through with so loose a rein ; and when an instance does occur in which what is spontaneous is all-sufficient, and continues so after early youth, it will almost always be found to be in the case of one whose scope of being is not naturally large. Wherever there is an abundance of human nature with its passions and powers, not only does self-government become necessary to check their exorbitancies, but thoughtfulness becomes a condition of a dutiful life, inasmuch as the qualities of such a being necessarily draw him into more complicated and pregnant relations with his fellow-creatures. Wherein, then, is to consist the freedom of *his* heart? We answer, in self-government upon a large scale,—in so ordering the circumstances of his life, and determining the general direction in which his powers and feelings shall be cultivated, as may clear him from petty wrestlings with his inclinations, and from multiplied efforts and restraints,—in so dealing, that is, with his years and months, as shall impart a certain orderly liberty to his days and hours. It is thus that the virtue of the man may be assimilated to the free innocence of the child, and be invested with some of its charms ; and the man who has thus looked to the regulation of his mind in the main, may go on his way doing what he likes, inasmuch as he has first taken a security for liking what is good. Occasions will arise, no doubt, not unfrequently, in the manifold contingencies which life, howsoever ordered, must present, on which

which specific and extemporaneous self-government will be called for; but no man will make the most of his better nature who does not so place himself in life, and so manage his mind, as to give free play to all his natural dispositions which are not evil, and to make his acts of virtue, where it is possible, enjoyments and not restraints. It is this *genial* virtue, falling back, when need is, upon severe virtue for support, that Mr. Wordsworth describes in the beautiful stanza following that which we last quoted from the 'Ode to Duty':—

'Serene will be our days and bright,  
And happy will our nature be,  
When love is an unerring light,  
And joy its own security.  
And they a blissful course may hold  
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,  
Live in the spirit of this creed;  
Yet find that other strength, according to their need.'

—vol. iii. p. 279.

We have now sketched as many traits of Mr. Wordsworth's philosophy as may be sufficient to indicate to any of our readers who may be unacquainted with his works, the quality of their moral materials. We proceed to other topics.

In the *NARRATIVE* Poems of Mr. Wordsworth (with the exception of the 'White Doe of Rylstone'), his peculiarities in respect to subject, treatment, and style, are perhaps even more strongly marked than in those parts of his works which are more directly philosophical. Amongst the narrative poems we include, and, indeed, would place prominently, the story of 'Margaret,' in the first book of the 'Excursion,' and the series of stories in the sixth and seventh books; and we would select as examples, more conspicuous even than these; the pastoral poem, entitled 'Michael' (vol. i. p. 174), and the story of the 'Female Vagrant' (vol. i. p. 79). The incidents related in these poems, if not actually matters of fact (which probably most of them were), are such as might have occurred just as easily and naturally as any of the real events of life which we are accustomed to hear of,—we had almost said to hear of every day; but if not so, still to become familiar with in the course of a few years passed in the sphere of life to which they belong. There is nothing romantic in them. The poet writes in the confidence of his power to impart interest to the realities of life, deriving both the confidence and the power from the deep interest which he feels in them. It is an attribute of great susceptibility of imagination to need no extraordinary provocatives; and when this is combined with intensity of observation, and peculiar force of language, it is the high privilege of the

the poet so endowed to rest upon the common realities of life, and to dispense with its anomalies,—leaving to less gifted writers the representation of strange fatalities, and of ‘nature erring from itself.’

Michael had received from his forefathers the inheritance of a piece of land near Grasmere, in Cumberland, and his calling was to tend his flocks upon the mountains. The land had been burthened when it came to him, and it was not till he was forty years of age that, by continual vigilance and toil, he had cleared it of debt. His wife was twenty years younger than himself. They passed through middle age a solitary couple—

‘neither gay perhaps

Nor cheerful; yet with objects and with hopes,

Living a life of eager industry,—’

and Michael was beginning to think himself an old man when a child was born to him. This only child became the object of his most devoted attachment; and was brought up to his father’s occupation till his eighteenth year, when Michael lost half what he was worth by the failure of a nephew for whom he was surety. He then made up his mind to send his son to a relation, who was a tradesman in London, in order that there might be a prospect of retrieving through him the fortunes of the family: the son went in great hope and with good dispositions; but after he had been some time in London, he took to evil courses, and absconding from their consequences, sought an asylum beyond seas. In a few years the old man died; his wife did not long survive him; and their land passed into the hands of a stranger.

Such is the story of Michael; and probably no poet ever contented himself with what would be thought a tamer theme. It is worth while to inquire, therefore, by what singular power it is that Mr. Wordsworth has been enabled to carry this theme to the hearts of many thousands of readers.\* Simplicity of narration would clearly be insufficient of itself to produce such an effect. The facts are not enough. The human heart is not so tender, or so easily touched, as to respond feelingly to a simple communication of what happened to Michael. Any want of simplicity would at once destroy the effect; but simplicity the most scriptural would not of itself suffice to produce it.

We are disposed to think that the effect is in the first place to be ascribed to the reader’s recognition of *power* in the mind of the writer. Facts which would not interest him otherwise are made

\* Looking to the numerous editions of Mr. Wordsworth’s poems which had been sold even before the period at which he rose in popularity, and bearing in mind that ‘Michael’ has always been a favourite with Mr. Wordsworth’s disciples, we should not have been above the mark in assigning to it many thousands of readers, even had we been writing ten years ago.

to do so by the consciousness that they have interested a powerful mind. He is interested in perceiving the effect of them upon that mind, and his sympathies with the powerful are brought in aid of his sympathies with the pathetic. The *language* of the poet therefore, as the symbol of his power, contributes mainly to the effect.

There are many readers who would in vain search the language of Mr. Wordsworth for tokens of the power which we speak of,—many to whom, in such narratives as ‘Michael,’ his language would be a dead letter as well as his theme. There are many also to whom the language of David in his lamentation over the death of Absalom would be a dead letter, were it not in the Bible that they read it. To such readers violence is power; abrupt and startling ejaculations, or extravagant figures of speech, constitute the language of passion. Mr. Wordsworth’s language addresses itself to other ears—to the ears of those who feel that truthfulness of language gives force, and that habits of just and exact thinking give truthfulness; to the ears of those who understand the strength which lies in moderation, where thought is to be conveyed,—or where feelings are the subject, the enthusiasm which lies in the language of reserve.

Next to the sense of power, as betokened by language, which Mr. Wordsworth’s narratives convey, we would adduce, as principally contributing to their influence over the imagination, the minute familiarity which they evince with the modes of life represented in them, and with the feelings belonging to those modes of life. It is only through sympathy that such familiarity can be acquired; and that which is begotten by sympathy begets it. Mr. Wordsworth’s mind, being not only poetical and philosophical, but also eminently practical, becomes readily conversant with the affairs and pursuits of men in every sphere, and sees into their daily life. In treating of the lower classes, where the range of objects is necessarily narrow, whilst this very limitation tends to direct the feelings upon them with a concentrated force, he not only deals with the natural affections of the shepherd or the ploughman, but also concerns himself with their applications of such intellectual gifts as they possess to such ends as lie within their reach; he understands the pleasure and pride attaching to skill in their craft; he enters into the spirit of their ordinary occupations, of their dealings for the lucre of gain,—into the cares of their poverty and the interests of their thrift. Mr. Wordsworth is, in truth, one of those rare individuals, who, being best placed where he is in life, would not however have been misplaced in any situation whatever. For whilst he is endowed with the highest intellectual powers in the largest measure, it is his singular felicity

to possess also all the inferior faculties, each in its due proportion ; in short, to be in possession of a complete mind. Hence it is that let his Fancy transport him amongst what order of mankind she may, he can make himself at home amongst them, understand their predicament, partake their life : hence it is that let his Fancy recommend to him for particular representation whatever individuals may please her best, he can bid the guests welcome, and afford them cordial entertainment, until they become, as it were, domesticated in his mind.

Thus, to return to ' Michael,' the interests and pursuits of the Shepherd are described in that poem, as well as the affections of the Father :—

‘ His mind was keen,  
Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,  
And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt  
And watchful more than ordinary men.  
Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,  
Of blasts of every tone ; and oftentimes,  
When others heeded not, he heard the south  
Make subterraneous music, like the noise  
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.  
The shepherd, at such warning, of his flock  
Bethought him, and he to himself would say,  
“ The winds are now devising work for me.”  
And, truly, at all times, the storm that drives  
The traveller to a shelter, summoned him  
Up to the mountains : he had been alone  
Amid the heart of many thousand mists  
That came to him and left him on the heights.  
So lived he till his eightieth year was past ;  
And grossly that man errs who should suppose  
That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks,  
Were things indifferent to the shepherd's thoughts :  
Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed  
The common air ; the hills which he so oft  
Had climbed with vigorous step ; which had impressed  
So many incidents upon his mind  
Of hardship, skill, or courage, joy, or fear ;  
Which, like a book, preserved the memory  
Of the dumb animals whom he had saved,  
Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts  
The certainty of honourable gain ;  
Those fields, those hills,—what could they less ? had laid  
strong hold on his affections, were to him  
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,  
The pleasure which there is in life itself.’—vol. i. p. 175.—

So felt the Shepherd : let us now pass to the portraiture of the Father :—

' Thus living on through such a length of years,  
 The shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs  
 Have loved his helpmate. But to Michael's heart  
 This son of his old age was yet more dear ;  
 Less from instinctive tenderness, the same  
 Blind spirit which is in the blood of all  
 Than that a child, more than all other gifts,  
 Brings hope with it and forward-looking thoughts,  
 And stirrings of inquietude, when they  
 By tendency of nature needs must fail.  
 Exceeding was the love he bare to him,  
 His heart and his heart's joy ! for oftentimes  
 Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,  
 Had done him female service, not alone  
 For pastime and delight, as is the use  
 Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced  
 To acts of tenderness ; and he had rocked  
 His cradle with a woman's gentle hand.  
 And in a later time, ere yet the boy  
 Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love,  
 Albeit of a stern, unbending mind,  
 To have the young one in his sight, when he  
 Had work by his own door, or when he sat  
 With sheep before him on his shepherd's stool.  
 . . . . There while they two were sitting in the shade  
 With others round them, earnest all and blithe,  
 Would Michael exercise his heart with looks  
 Of fond correction and reproof bestowed  
 Upon the child, if he disturbed the sheep  
 By catching at their legs, or with his shouts  
 Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears.  
 . . . . But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand  
 Against the mountain blasts ; and to the heights,  
 Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,  
 He with his father daily went, and they  
 Were as companions ; why should I relate  
 That objects which the shepherd loved before  
 Were dearer now ? that from the boy there came  
 Feelings and emanations ;—things which were  
 Light to the sun and music to the wind ;  
 And that the old man's heart seemed born again ?

Then comes the account of the disaster which befel Michael  
 in the loss of half his substance, which reduced him to the alter-  
 native of sending his son to London, or of parting with the land  
 which had descended to him from his ancestors. Those who are  
 acquainted with the yeomanry of the north of England know how  
 peculiarly powerful are their feelings of local attachment and  
 their love of their small landed inheritances. In that singular  
 production

production called 'The Doctor, &c.' (a book which, with all its wanton absurdities, is rich beyond almost any other of the time in the best knowledge and the most beautiful literature,) it is well observed, that 'to have held these small patrimonies unimpaired, as well as unenlarged, through so many generations, implies more contentment, more happiness, and a more uniform course of steadiness and good conduct, than could be found in the proudest genealogies.' Under the influence of these local and proprietary feelings (which, on this side the borders, have now lost their hold on all but the secluded mountaineers of Cumberland and Westmoreland), the shepherd-yeoman resolved upon the alternative of sending his son forth to seek his fortune. Near a brook, in the depths of the valley, Michael had gathered together a heap of loose stones, with the intention of building a sheepfold there. Thither he took his son on the eve of his departure, and desired him to lay the first stone of the sheepfold, that it might be a covenant between them:—

'This was a work for us; and now, my son,  
 'It is a work for me. But lay one stone—  
 Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.  
 Nay, boy, be of good hope; we both may live  
 To see a better day. At eighty-four  
 I still am strong and hale; do thou thy part;  
 I will do mine. I will begin again  
 With many tasks that were resigned to thee:  
 Up to the heights and in among the storms  
 Will I without thee go again, and do  
 All works which I was wont to do alone,  
 Before I knew thy face.'

Accordingly, when his son was gone, the old shepherd resumed his duties manfully, and from time to time worked at the building of the sheepfold; and he was cheered for some time by loving letters from the boy, and by satisfactory tidings of his conduct. But at length came the accounts of an opposite tenor,—that he had given himself up to dissolute courses, that ignominy and shame had fallen upon him, and, finally, that he had been driven to seek a hiding-place beyond the seas:—

'There is a comfort in the strength of love;  
 'Twill make a thing endurable, which else  
 Would upset the brain, or break the heart.  
 I have conversed with more than one who well  
 Remember the old man, and what he was  
 Years after he had heard these heavy news.  
 His bodily frame had been from youth to age  
 Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks  
 He went, and still looked up towards the sun,

And



And listened to the wind ; and, as before,  
 Performed all kinds of labour for his sheep,  
 And for the land his small inheritance.  
 And to that hollow dell from time to time  
 Did he repair, to build the fold of which  
 His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet  
 The pity which was then in every heart  
 For the old man ; and 'tis believed by all  
 That many and many a day he thither went,  
 And never lifted up a single stone.'

It will be perceived that the poem of 'Michael,' being in blank verse, affords scope for more detail than could well be introduced into a poem in rhyme. The 'Female Vagrant' is in rhymed stanzas, and if we had room we should wish to quote it at length, as a specimen of Mr. Wordsworth's narrative poems, written in a different manner from that of 'Michael,' with equal force and effect. The symmetry of this narrative is so perfect, and must constitute, especially to those who look at it in its wholeness with the eyes of an artist, so peculiar a charm, that we have hesitated to take it to pieces. But the hands of criticism are proverbially irreverent, and briefly sketching the story of the poem as we proceed, we shall break it up for illustrations without further scruple.

The Female Vagrant tells her own tale, and begins with her childhood. To men (like ourselves) whose benevolence is not so readily awakened as might be wished in behalf of those of their fellow-creatures who wear a coarse outside, the aspect of adult rustic life may be uninteresting,—except, indeed, in some occasional instances, when an inherept refinement of nature has triumphed over external circumstances, or (which is perhaps equally unfrequent in the class) when inborn beauty is so predominant as to make up for all deficiencies. But childhood has its charms in every sphere of life ; and also, though with a marked difference of degree and prevalence as we descend to the *laborious* classes, its beauty and its grace. The effects of toil, exposure to the weather, and narrow cares, have not, at that age, had time to tell upon the countenance, and give it that unliving and unmeaning barrenness of expression which physical hardship has a tendency to induce, but which still more surely results when the lines of advancing life have been traced by care and not by thought—when the loss of animal beauty and animal spirits has been uncompensated. The child of rustic life not having suffered the loss, and having no need of the compensation, has all the attractiveness of appearance which it may have pleased nature to bestow ; and its manners and social feelings have hardly yet felt the influence of artificial distinctions, and of the distrust which they too often engender.

engender. To us the child of the peasant has often been the link through which we have reached a feeling of human fellowship with the parent. It is true that no such intermediary ought to be needed; but such are the insensibilities of many minds, and such are the approaches by which they are to be overcome; and skillfully is it therefore that the poet has made the subject of his story first present herself at the period of her childhood.

- ' My father was a good and pious man,  
An honest man by honest parents bred;  
And I believe that soon as I began  
To lisp, he made me kneel beside my bed,  
And in his hearing there my prayers I said:  
And afterwards by my good father taught,  
I read, and loved the books in which I read;  
For books in every neighbouring house I sought,  
And nothing to my mind a sweeter pleasure brought.
- ' Can I forget what charms did once adorn  
My garden, stored with peas, and mint, and thyme,  
And rose, and lily, for the sabbath morn?  
The sabbath bells, and their delightful chime;  
The gambols and wild freaks at shearing time;  
My hen's rich nest through long grass scarce espied;  
The cowslip-gathering in June's dewy prime;  
The swans that when I sought the water-side,  
From far to meet me came, spreading their snowy pride?
- ' The staff I yet remember which upbore  
The bending body of my active sire;  
His seat beneath the honeyed sycamore  
Where the bees hummed, and chair by winter fire;  
When market morning came, the neat attire  
With which, though bent on haste, myself I decked;  
My watchful dog, whose starts of furious ire,  
When stranger passed, so often I have checked;  
The redbreast, known for years, which at my casement pecked.
- ' The suns of twenty summers danced along,  
Ah! little marked how fast they rolled away:  
But through severe mischance and cruel wrong  
My father's substance fell into decay:  
We toiled and struggled—hoping for a day  
When fortune should put on a kinder look;  
But vain were wishes—efforts vain as they;  
He from his old hereditary nook  
Must part,—the summons came,—our final leave we took.
- ' It was indeed a miserable hour  
When, from the last hill-top, my sire surveyed,  
Peering above the trees, the steeple tower  
That on his marriage-day sweet music made

Till then he hoped his bones might there be laid,  
 Close by my mother in their native bowers :  
 Bidding me trust in God, he stood and prayed,—  
 I could not pray : through tears that fell in showers  
 Glimmered our dear-loved home, alas, no longer ours !

‘ There was a youth whom I have loved so long,  
 That when I loved him not I cannot say :  
 Mid the green mountains many a thoughtless song  
 We two had sung, like gladsome birds in May ;  
 When we began to tire of childish play,  
 We seemed still more and more to prize each other ;  
 We talked of marriage and our marriage-day ;  
 And I in truth did love him like a brother,  
 For never could I hope to meet with such another.

‘ Two years were passed since to a distant town  
 He had repaired to ply the artist’s trade ;  
 What tears of bitter grief, till then unknown !  
 What tender vows our last sad kiss delayed !  
 To Him we turned—we had no other aid :  
 Like one revived upon his neck I wept,  
 And her whom he had loved in joy, he said,  
 He well could love in grief ; his faith he kept ;  
 And in a quiet home once more my father slept.

‘ We lived in peace and comfort ; and were blest  
 With daily bread, by constant toil supplied.  
 Three lovely infants lay upon my breast ;  
 And often viewing their sweet smiles I sighed  
 And knew not why. My happy father died—  
 When sad distress reduced the children’s meal ;  
 Thrice happy ! that for him the grave did hide  
 The empty look, cold hearth, and silent wheel,  
 And tears that flowed for ills which patience could not heal.

‘ ’Twas a hard change ; an evil time was come,  
 We had no hope, and no relief could gain.  
 But soon, with proud parade, the noisy drum  
 Beat round, to sweep the streets of want and pain :  
 My husband’s arms now only served to strain  
 Me and his children hungering in his view ;  
 In such dismay my prayers and tears were vain :  
 To join those miserable men he flew ;  
 And now to the sea-coast with numbers more we drew.’

—vol. i. p. 79.

Nothing is more remarkable in this narrative than the even and quiet rapidity of its progress from beginning to end ; and it costs us an effort to interrupt it ; but we must put the next events into still fewer words than the few (marvellously few, considering the effect produced) in which they are told by the poet. She follows her husband

husband to the theatre of war, and through many miseries by sea and land; and after his death by the sword, and that of her children by famine and pestilence, she embarks again for England:—

‘The vessel reached its bound;’

• And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,  
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.

• By grief enfeebled was I turned adrift,  
Helpless as a sailor cast on desert rock;  
Nor morsel to my mouth that day did lift,  
Nor dared my hand at any door to knock;  
I lay where, with his drowsy mates, the cock  
From the cross-timber of an outhouse hung:  
Dismally tolled, that night, the city clock!

At morn my sick heart hunger scarcely stung,  
Nor to the beggar's language could I fit my tongue.

• So passed another day, and so the third;  
Then did I try in vain the crowd's resort  
—In deep despair by frightful wishes stirred,  
Near the sea-side I reached a ruined fort;  
There, pains which nature could no more support,  
With blindness linked, did on my vitals fall,  
And after many interruptions short

Of hideous sense, I sank, nor step could crawl;  
Unsought for was the help that did my life recall.

• Borne to an hospital I lay with brain  
Drowsy and weak, and shattered memory;  
I heard my neighbours, in their beds, complain  
Of many things which never troubled me;  
Of feet still bustling round with busy glee;  
Of looks where common kindness had no part;  
Of service done with careless cruelty,  
Fretting the fever round the languid heart;  
And groans which, as they said, might make a dead man start.

• These things just served to stir the torpid sense,  
Nor pain nor pity in my bosom raised.

• With strength did memory return; and, thence  
Dismissed, again on open day I gazed,  
At houses, men, and common light amazed.  
The lanes I sought, and as the sun retired,  
Came where beneath the trees a faggot blazed;  
The travellers saw me weep, my fate inquired,  
And gave me food,—and rest, more welcome, more desired.

• They, with their panniered asses, semblance made  
Of potters wandering on from door to door;  
But life of happier sort to me portrayed,  
And other joys my fancy to allure;

The bagpipe dinning on the midnight moor,  
 In barn uplighted; and companions boon  
 Well met from far with revelry secure,  
 Among the forest glades, when jocund June  
 Rolled fast along the sky his warm and genial moon.

‘ But ill they suited me—these journeys dark  
 O’er moor and mountain, midnight theft to hatch,  
 To charm the surly house-dog’s faithful bark,  
 Or hang on tiptoe at the lifted latch.  
 The gloomy lantern and the dim blue match,  
 The black disguise, the warning whistle shrill,  
 The ear still busy on its nightly watch,  
 Were not for me, brought up in nothing ill;  
 Besides, on griefs so fresh my thoughts were brooding still.

‘ What could I do, unaided and unblest ?  
 My father ! gone was every friend of thine :  
 And kindred of dead husband are at best  
 Small help ; and after marriage such as mine,  
 With little kindness would to me incline.  
 Ill was I then for toil and service fit :  
 With tears whose course no effort could confine,  
 By the road side forgetful would I sit  
 Whole hours, my idle arms in moping sorrow knit.

‘ I led a wandering life among the fields ;  
 Contentedly, yet sometimes self-accused ;  
 I lived upon what casual bounty yields,  
 Now coldly given, now utterly refused.  
 The ground I for my bed have often used :  
 But, what afflicts my peace with keenest ruth  
 Is, that I have my inner self abused,  
 Forgone the home delight of constant truth,  
 And clear and open soul, so prized in fearless youth.

‘ Three years thus wandering, often have I viewed,  
 In tears, the sun toward that country tend  
 Where my poor heart lost all its fortitude ;  
 And now across this moor my steps I bend,  
 Oh ! tell me whither—for no earthly friend  
 Have I.—She ceased, and weeping turned away ;  
 As if because her tale was at an end  
 She wept ; because she had no more to say  
 Of that perpetual weight which on her spirit lay.’

It is not till we have read this poem often enough to moderate  
 our sense of its interest and pathos, that we become sensible  
 to the consummate art with which it is constructed ; to the fre-  
 vigour of the language ; to the ‘ liquid lapse ’ of the verse—  
 sliding

sliding on with a smooth and solid melody like a swollen river. Nor is it less distinguished by these attributes than by the care which is taken that there shall be no points, no prominences, nothing which shall *arrest* attention and exact admiration for parts to the injury of the rest—of the whole; no fractional effects. The tone is everywhere kept down to what can be equally sustained by the poet, and continuously borne with by the reader. And this poem was written early!

In the last edition of Mr. Wordsworth's works there are contained no less than between three and four hundred SONNETS. These productions differ from those which we have hitherto dwelt upon, in exhibiting less, or perhaps nothing, of the peculiarities of homeliness in subject and style by which the latter are characterized. This form of poetry, not admitting of the breadth and magnitude which is requisite to give effect to his more characteristic style, has led Mr. Wordsworth to lay aside the implements of the architect and assume those of the sculptor. Few are the works of art in this kind which are so pure in their material, so graceful in their execution, so delicately wrought, so exquisitely chiselled. Yet bright and ornate as many of these productions are, there is in them, no less than in his other poems, a constant abstinence from antitheses and false effects. The words are always felt to be used, first and mainly because they are those which best express the meaning; secondly and subordinately, because they convey to the ear the sounds which best harmonize with the meaning and with each other. There is hardly one of these three or four hundred sonnets which ends in a point. Pointed lines will sometimes occur in the course of them, as thought will sometimes naturally take a pointed shape in the mind; but whether it takes that shape or another is obviously treated as a matter of indifference; nothing is sacrificed to it; and at the close of the sonnet, where the adventitious effect of the point might be apt to outshine the intrinsic value of the subject, it seems to have been studiously avoided. Mr. Wordsworth's sonnet never goes off, as it were, with a clap or repercussion at the close; but is thrown up like a rocket, breaks into light, and falls in a soft shower of brightness. To none, indeed, of the minor forms of poetry are Mr. Wordsworth's powers better adapted; there is none to which discrimination in thought and aptitude in language are more essential; and there never was a poet who reached so near to perfection in these particulars as Mr. Wordsworth. That sonnet may be instanced which, standing at the head of the second part of the miscellaneous series, presents to us, as it were, a picture-gallery of his predecessors in this walk of the art:—

' Scorn not the Sonnet ; Critic, you have frowned,  
 Mindless of its just honours ; with this key  
 Shakspeare unlocked his heart ; the melody  
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;  
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ;  
 Cambrins soothed with it an exile's grief ;  
 The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle-leaf  
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned  
 His visionary brow ; a glow-worm lamp,  
 It cheered mild Spenser, called from Fairy-land  
 To struggle through dark ways ; and when a damp  
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
 The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew  
 Soul-animating strains—alas, too few ! '—vol. ii. p. 125.

When have poetry and criticism mingled more genially than in these fourteen lines of rapid retrospect, into which, without any apparent labour of compression, how much is compressed ! What ease, gracefulness, and variety attend the procession of the verse ; and after rising in animation, with what a gentle fall does it die away upon the ear at the close ! This is the '*clausula aut cadentia*,'—the '*ars placidè clabendi*,' which was anciently so much esteemed in the science of music.

Amongst the Sonnets to Liberty there are some loftier strains than almost any that have been sounded upon historical and contemporary themes, since the breath ceased that uttered that tremendous imprecation—

' Avenge, oh Lord ! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones  
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ! '—

we say loftier than *almost* any, for we cannot forget Mr. Southey's ' Ode, written during the Negotiations with Buonaparte in 1814.' The catalogue of massacres in the penultimate stanza, followed by the summary of murders in the last stanza of that ode ; the grave and not ungoverned, but at the same time irresistible and fiery vehemence which pervades it, have made it always appear in our eyes the most awful judgment that ever was denounced in song. Mr. Wordsworth's series of Sonnets to Liberty arose, also, out of the events connected with Buonaparte's domination ; but *he* writes more in sorrow than in anger, whilst Southey, like Milton, fulminates his censures more in anger and scorn than in sorrow,—pursuing the oppressor in a just and virtuous spirit, but also in a spirit deeply vindictive, and with what would have been called in old times '*a mineral hatred*.' The dignified and melancholy anger, the anger '*slow and spiritual*,' with which Mr. Wordsworth contemplates the tyrant's career, admits more of meditative thought into his effusions on such topics ; though dull must be the reader

reader to whom these also are not 'soul-animating strains :—witness the following, addressed to Toussaint L'Ouverture :—

'TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men !  
Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough  
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now  
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den ;—  
Oh miserable chief ! where and when  
Wilt thou find patience ? Yet die not ; do thou  
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow :  
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,  
Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind  
Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth, and skies ;  
There's not a breathing of the common wind  
That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies ;  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.'—vol. ii. p. 255.

Bear witness, also, the 'Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland :—

'Two voices are there : one is of the Sea,  
One of the Mountains ; each a mighty voice ;  
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,  
They were thy chosen music, Liberty !  
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee  
Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven,  
Thou from the Alpine holds at length art driven,  
Where not a torrent murmur's heard by thee.  
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :  
Then cleave, oh cleave to that which still is left ;  
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be  
That Mountain floods should thunder as before,  
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,  
And neither awful voice be heard by thee !'—vol. ii. p. 257.

From this notice of Mr. Wordsworth's now collected works we have purposely omitted 'The Excursion,' feeling that it would be in vain to resume that subject unless it were in a separate article, and with an ample field before us. 'The Excursion' does, indeed, though first in importance, come last in order in the study of Mr. Wordsworth's works ; for it will not be fully appreciated unless the reader be first imbued with the spirit in which all that he writes is written. Those who are accustomed to look for a mantling and sparkling of poetic effervescence in every page and line of every poem they read, will find that in 'The Excursion' they have many disappointments to get over. We have known such persons, who would point to particular passages and ask—Where is the poetry in this or that ? On such occasions we have commonly



commonly made answer, that this or that neither is, is meant to be, nor in any reasonable apprehension ought to be, poetical. In a poem upon so large a scale every genuine poet is aware that some parts should be bordering upon prose, some absolutely prosaic. If it were all the essence of poetry, let it be in other respects what it might, who could read ten pages of it together? Rise and fall, ebb and flow, light and shade,—moor-land and meadow; and garden ground,—will be measured out in due proportions by any one who shall attain the breadth of conception necessary to the composition of a great poem;—the green leaf, the red berry, and the bare bough, each in its season.

Such an artist will also know that it behoves him to apply himself from time to time to manage his transitions, and *transact the business* of his poem; whereas, one who should aim at being always poetical would fall into the same error which beset the clowns rebuked by Hamlet, who insisted upon being always witty; 'though in the meantime some necessary question of the play were then to be considered.' Mr. Wordsworth, in his great work, copiously poetical as he is, uses his stores with a measured plenty, after the manner of the captain of a ship bound upon a long voyage, who, if he has no fears for the exhaustion of his resources, must yet look to the wholesome feeding of his crew, well knowing that their 'alacrity and cheer of mind' depends upon it, and that it were better their diet should be occasionally as dry as 'the remainder biscuit,' than that they should be heated and gorged.

In the versification, too, there is nothing to satiate: there is a free and copious variety, but only occasionally a marked melody. For an ear which knows of no other rhythmical music than the unqualified up and down movement of trochees and iambs, or the canter of anapæsts, the 'numerous verse' of 'The Excursion' will have been modulated in vain. The uncultivated ear is always best pleased with that which to the ear of the adept is too palpable to be pleasing, except when sparingly mixed with other effects, and much modified by them. We recollect to have heard that when one of the Sandwich Island princes was in this country, he was present at a royal entertainment, at which the band from one of the regiments of Guards performed some very scientific and composite pieces of music; the Sandwich Islander was observed to listen most intently, and being asked by one of the company whether he was pleased with the music, he answered that he had been greatly delighted with the *drum*. In like manner, to the ear of youth or of age un instructed, a pleasure will be conveyed by 'the very false gallop of verses,' merely because it is the only effect of versification which they can understand; whilst such a variegated intertexture of harmony as 'The Excursion' presents would be wholly lost upon them.

Lost,

Lost, indeed, to a degree which will be long remarkable in the history of English literature, was that whole poem—both matter and music—for scarcely less than a quarter of a century! and lost upon critical ears (so called for courtesy), as well as upon those of ‘the reading public,’—which, indeed, did no other upon the occasion than, *more suo*, believe as it was taught. The Touchstones of the day were of opinion that ‘though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable;’ and such, therefore, was the opinion of the tractable multitude. The manner in which such judgments have gradually given way and finally disappeared it is anything but uninteresting to observe. It is, indeed, not only instructive, but edifying, to observe the manner in which the great poet has risen into fame, whilst the small critics have dwindled into insignificance,—the manner in which the witty worldlings of twenty or thirty years ago,—those who made mouths at him in the days of his unpopularity, dealing about their petty acutenesses and exulting in the power to sting,—would now be glad to have it supposed that they knew all the while that they were assailing a great man, but that ridicule, forsooth, being their high vocation, they made it a point to laugh at everything, where they could get the world to laugh with them. These matters, we say, are not unworthy of regard, as exemplifying the different forms which ambition assumes in different orders of mankind.

‘Do not be ambitious of an early fame; such is apt to shrivel and to drop under the tree,’ says one who has not yet attained to fame, but on whom his writings will hardly fail, sooner or later, to confer it—so says Mr. Walter Savage Landor, in his ‘*Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen*.’ And in another place he describes the progress of literary reputation:—

‘Thus it is with writers who are to have a currency through ages. In the beginning they are confounded with most others; soon they fall into some secondary class; next into one rather less obscure and humble; by degrees they are liberated from the dross and lumber that hamper them; and being once above the heads of cotemporaries, rise slowly and waveringly, then regularly and erectly, then rapidly and majestically, till the vision strains and aches as it pursues them in their ethereal elevation.’\*

Mr. Wordsworth, whether or not he was ambitious of an early fame, has lived and written with an unalterable devotedness to the interests of that fame in the account of which the mere contemporary beginnings,—the question of half a century, sooner or later,—are as nothing. He has so lived and written, all manner of sarcasm and mockery notwithstanding. It is not easy to conceive a strength of mind more exemplary than that which could enable

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\* Second Series, vol. ii. p. 7.

him, not only to fortify himself against these assaults, but to withstand the temptation of seeking that popularity which doubtless lay at his immediate command, could he have been seduced into the misapplication of his powers to that end. The manner in which a spirit of religious self-sacrifice—in this life as it were—was inspired by what may be called his worship of his art, may be more or less collected from the sonnet addressed to Mr. Haydon, the painter :—

‘ High is our calling, Friend—Creative art  
(Whether the instrument of words she use,  
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues)  
Demands the service of a mind and heart,  
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,  
Heroically fashioned—to infuse  
Faith in the whispers of the lonely muse,  
While the whole world seems adverse to desert.  
And oh ! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,  
Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,  
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,  
And in the soul admit of no decay,  
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness—  
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!—vol. ii. p. 170.

We have spoken of his worship of his art as inspiring this fortitude ; but it is also to be attributed to his worship of Nature ; and here again we may quote his own authority :—

‘ ’Tis her privilege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy ; for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, *that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e’er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings.*—vol. ii. p. 103.

The passages in Mr. Wordsworth’s works (few and far between) wherein, as in these, he has alluded to the difficulties which he has had to encounter, will be read in after-times with the same sort of interest which attaches to those portions of the writings of the great poets before him which cast a light upon the story of their lives, and give token of the feelings with which they have read that story to themselves. Perhaps none of these have had cause for so much satisfaction with the tenor of their lives, so far as it was in their own choice and direction, as Mr. Wordsworth  
has

has a right to feel : for which of them has so steadfastly kept faith with the mistress whom he served ? Milton, when he complained—or rather let us say, stated without condescending to the language of complaint—that he had fallen upon evil days and evil tongues, could not speak it with the consciousness that he had himself sought peace and ensued it—that his own tongue had been at all times innocuously employed—or that he had not, for too considerable a portion of his life, repudiated his better mind, and yielded himself to the *torva voluptas* of political controversy. Shakspeare, in one of those sonnets which have so perplexed his biographers, addresses himself to his friend in a strain which shows how painfully conscious he was that he had lived unworthily of his doubly immortal spirit :—

‘ Oh, for my sake, do you with Fortune chide,—  
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,—  
That did not better for my life provide,  
Than public means which public manners breeds.  
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,  
And almost thence my nature is subdued  
To that it works in, like the dyer’s hand.’

Mr. Wordsworth has no cause; like Shakspeare, to chide with Fortune; neither has he, like Milton, fallen upon evil days, or at least mixed himself, more than was wise and necessary, with the evil of the days upon which he has fallen.

We have hazarded these allusions to the personal history of Mr. Wordsworth, because it is not unimportant to a poet’s readers to reflect how far he has lived up to the sentiments which he expresses. We have ventured to think, also, that the poetry of Mr. Wordsworth, permeating, as it does, the mind, modes of thinking, and character of those who admire it, constitutes something in the nature of a personal tie between him and them, and thereby renders some reference to his life and character not unfittingly introduced into a criticism upon his works. Our relations with the poets whom we most admire are, indeed, of a more intimate character than almost any others which can exist between strangers; and there is assuredly no poet now living whose connexion with his readers bears a stronger analogy to the best and most durable of our personal friendships. Many attachments taken up in early life, and which are warm and pleasant while they last, drop off and are left behind us in the necessary course of things; but there are others which not only grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength, but are also bound up with us in our decay. Mr. Wordsworth’s poetry is endowed with a beauty which does not, like the toys and gauds of meretricious verse, grow dim to the eyes of age; but such as it is to us in our youth it remains, whilst

life and intelligence remain;—extending its influence in proportion as we advance in years, and seek to substitute for naturally declining excitabilities, the sense of dignity and power, of solid intellectual aggrandizement and moral purification.

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ART. III.—*Paroles d'un Croyant*, 1833. Paris, 1834.  
pp. 237.

WE should not have thought this silly and profane rhapsody worthy of even the slightest notice, but that the sensation it has created on the Continent appears to us as one of the signs of the times. We alluded in our last Number to the monstrous alliance of some *soi-disant* royalists of France with the republican *Mouvement*. This pamphlet announces an alliance still more monstrous—between a false Christianity and real Jacobinism. The author—the Abbé de la Mennais—is a *priest in a bonnet rouge*, and his work exhibits a like ludicrous and disgusting masquerade. In a healthy state of society such a performance could have excited nothing but contempt; but in the present disposition of men's minds this attempt to amalgamate revolution with religion, and to preach rebellion and regicide in scriptural phraseology, seems to have occasioned a great commotion in the Roman Catholic world. The work itself has run through *fifteen* editions, and been, as we are told, translated, by the zeal of the radical *propagandists*, into all, or almost all, the European languages—though, as yet, we ourselves have only seen it in its original French. It has been answered by at least a dozen pens; it has been denounced in episcopal charges; it has been prohibited in many continental states; the author has been repudiated by his family and abjured by his order; and, finally, his book has been honoured by a formal interdict from the sovereign Pontiff himself. We should, *à priori*, have supposed that its extreme nonsense and inconsistency would have sufficed to render it wholly innocuous; but so many pious and able people seem to be of a different opinion, that we are forced to believe that, where there is so much alarm, there must be some danger.

We know, indeed, but too well into what extravagances, follies, and crimes religious enthusiasm may distort itself. The dupes of Cromwell and of John of Leyden, the followers of Praise-God Barebones and of Venner, and even in our own day the disciples of Johanna Southcote and Edward Irving, are melancholy evidences of the frailty of the human intellect, which is as liable to get drunk and disordered with mysticism as with brandy.

brandy.\* But we see nothing of this intoxicating quality in the laboured rhetoric and frigid bombast of M. de la Mennais. His object is wholly mundane—to calumniate kings—to disparage authority—to level mankind by plundering the rich—and to abolish all order and dissolve all society, by claiming for each individual of the human race an equality, not merely of rights, but of riches, and, moreover, of the actual powers of government. All this might be very captivating in the harangue of a demagogue to a mob, but seems little calculated to excite enthusiasm in a reader. The conveying such impracticable theories in a scriptural phraseology and presenting this political poison in a chalice sacrilegiously stolen from the altar of God, is, we admit, a novelty likely enough to surprise and shock sober-minded men, but by no means, we should have thought, likely to inflame and proselytize the classes for whose sole behoof these obscure and impious visions are promulgated.

The Abbé de la Mennais was for some years a popular preacher in Paris. That flowery declamation which the French are pleased to call eloquence is too much the practice of their pulpit in general; but the Abbé was a peculiarly notorious rhetorician, who made his reputation by tropes and figures, rather than by the more solid and useful merits which might instruct and edify his congregation. In short he was a mere *pulpit adventurer*. He preached for celebrity and preferment; and from what we had before heard of him, we were not surprised that he should be the man to invent a *new fashion* in religion, of which the main-spring is personal vanity, and the only interest that which may arise from seeing one who calls himself a minister of the gospel exhibiting the extravagances of a mountebank. This is, we really believe, the chief, if not the sole cause of the success, or we should rather say notoriety, of this publication. Had it been written by a layman, or in ordinary language and style, it would probably have dropped ‘still-born from the press;’ but the curiosity of the giddy Parisian world was awakened by hearing that an eminent churchman had turned jacobin, and that the celebrated Mennais had adopted the tenets of the more celebrated Marat. Voltaire and Rousseau had already hit on this kind of expedient; and by putting their attacks on Christianity into the mouths of fictitious priests—(Jean Meslier† and the Curé Savoyard)—they gave them, for the moment, a

\* An impostor has lately appeared in America, of the name of Mathias, who, after deluding some respectable and affluent votaries into sundry donations, loans, and bequests, appears to have ensured or accelerated his enjoyment of these good things by poisoning his dupes; and these dupes were yankees—merchants of New York—Verily, Mathias must be a clever fellow!

† There was a mad priest of the name of Meslier, but few doubt that the celebrated testament which Voltaire cites, Voltaire made.

readier currency and a more piquant effect. But with La Mennais the advantage of being a real person very inadequately compensates the want of either the unctuous eloquence of Rousseau or the sarcastic point of Voltaire; and, accordingly, we venture to predict, that, notwithstanding the *fuss*—such an ignoble term is well suited to the occasion—that is now made about him, La Mennais and his *Paroles d'un Croyant* will be wholly forgotten by this day twelve-month. 'We, however, think it right, as an incident in moral and literary history, to give our readers a taste of this absurd and detestable production. It affects, in its form and phrase, to be a kind of serious *parody* of the prophetic Scriptures, and more particularly the *Apocalypse*. The insane vanity and disgusting profaneness of the man, who dares to insult by his awkward mimicry the prophets of God and the most spiritual and venerable of the Evangelists, are only to be equalled by the poorness of his conceits—the puerility of his illustrations—the fulsome poverty of his style—and the obscure inanity of what he would pass off for meaning.

The work opens with a transcript of some passages of holy writ:—

'In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen.

'Glory be to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men.

'He who has ears let him hear.—He who has eyes let him see, for the time cometh.

• 'The Father begot the Son—the *Word*—and the *Word* was made flesh, and dwelt with us. He came into the world, and the world knew him not, &c.'—§ i.

It is with great reluctance that we quote these passages as introductory of such nonsense as is to follow; yet, if we did not do so, the reader could have no adequate idea of the profanation which we think it our duty to expose; but we shall, in our further selections, endeavour, as much as possible, to omit the '*Believer's*' direct use, or, to speak truly, abuse of the Scriptures, and shall endeavour to exhibit his folly rather than his impiety.

His proemium, then, proceeds as follows:—

'It is now eighteen centuries since the *Word* shed the divine seed; and the Holy Spirit fructified it. Mankind saw it flourish, and tasted its fruits—the fruits of the tree of life replanted in their humble dwelling.

'I say unto you, there was great joy amongst them when they saw this light, and they felt themselves penetrated by a heavenly fire;

" 'But now the world is again become dark and cold.

'Our fathers have seen the sun set. When he went down, the whole human race shuddered (*tressaillit*); then there was in that night, an—I know not what, without a name! (*je ne sais quoi, qui n'a pas de*

de nom.) Children of night, the west is black, but the east begins to brighten.'—§ i.

Such is the first chapter—the exposition, as we may presume, of the subject; and we humbly beg leave to ask, to what it refers?—what it means? We shall probably be answered by that sublime—'*Je ne sais quoi, qui n'a pas de nom!*'

Perhaps the second chapter may be a little more intelligible:—

'Lend thy ear and tell me whence comes that noise—confused—vague—strange, which is heard on all sides?'

'Lay thy hand on the earth, and tell me why she has shuddered?'—§ ii.

We beg our readers to admire the precision of this style, the purity of this eloquence:—he invokes somebody's ear to tell him the meaning of a noise which every ear has heard; and he desires that somebody's hand may touch the ground, in order to explain the cause of an earthquake. The ear had already heard the sound, and the hand had felt the motion—why were they to be again put in requisition?—and why to do that which no ear or hand could do—namely, to tell the cause of the sound and the motion? But this is eloquence à la Mennais!

He then proceeds in a round of miraculous sight-seeing, which, in spite of the solemn phraseology in which it is clothed, is purely ridiculous, wherever the introduction of the most sacred names does not render it detestable.

'Something that we do not know is stirring in the world. It is the work of God\*.

'Son of man, ascend the heights, and tell what thou seest.

'I see in the horizon a lurid cloud, and around it a red glow, like the reflection of a fire.

'Son of man, what more dost thou see?

'I see the sea upheave its waves, and the mountains shake their summits. I see rivers change their courses—the hills tremble and fall into the valleys, which they fill up. All shakes—all moves—all wears a new aspect.

'Son of man, what more dost thou see?

'I see clouds of dust in the distance—

[This, we beg leave to observe, *en passant*, is borrowed from Sister Anne in 'Blue Beard.']

—and they fly about in all directions, and they clash, and they mix, and they are confounded. They pass over cities, and when they have passed, I see nothing but a plain.

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\* We do not know whether, by the words *il y a là un travail de Dieu*, the author does not mean that God is in labour of this unknown event. We notice this because we would not intentionally misrepresent the author; on the contrary, we have made our translations with as much verbal fidelity and care as if we understood and admired the original.



'I see the nations rise in tumult; and kings grow pale under their diadems. There is war betwixt them—war even unto the death.

'I see one throne,—two thrones, broken to pieces, and the nations scatter the pieces over the earth.

'I see a people fighting, as the archangel Michael fought against Satan—his [the people's] blows are terrible, but he is naked, and his enemy is covered by solid armour.

'O God! he falls—he is stricken to death. No! he is only wounded! Mary, the Virgin Mother, wraps him in her cloak, smiles upon him, and carries him for a short time out of the battle.'

This incident, our readers see, the pious Abbé has borrowed from the fifth book of Dacier's Homer, only turning, like some of the over-pious antiquaries of papal Rome, Venus into the Virgin Mary. What he means, however, by this classical allusion, we have not the sense to discover; and we are nearly as much in the dark as to the other following sights.

'I see another people wrestling without pause, and gathering every moment fresh strength in the struggle. This people has the sign of Christ on their hearts.

'I see a third people, on whom six kings have placed their feet; and every time this people moves, six daggers are buried in its throat.

'I see, on a vast edifice, at an immense height in the skies, a cross which I can hardly distinguish, for it is covered by a black veil!

'Son of man, what more dost thou see?

'I see the east, which is internally disturbed—its ancient palaces falling, its old temples crumbling to dust; and it raises its eyes, as if looking for other greatness and another god.

'I see in the west, a woman, with a lofty eye, a serene brow. She draws with a firm hand a slight furrow, and wherever her plough-share passes, I see generations of men arise, who invoke her in their prayers and bless her in their hymns.'

In the two last paragraphs the words 'east' and 'west' lead us to suspect some allusion to Turkey and America—but how to distribute among the other nations of the earth the rest of these enigmatical designations—how to determine which is meant for France or for England, for Germany, Spain, Italy, or Russia—is a puzzle beyond our humble skill.

'I see in the north, men who have but the remains of heat, which is concentrated in their heads and intoxicates them; but Christ touches them with his cross, and their hearts begin to beat again.

'I see in the south, races of men bowed down under I know not what [*je ne sais quoi* again] malediction. A heavy yoke oppresses them; they walk bent; but Christ touches them with his cross, and they become straight.

'Son of man, what more dost thou see?

'He answers not: let us ask him again!

'Son

'Son of man, what dost thou see?'

'I see Satan flying, and Christ, surrounded by his angels, coming to his kingdom.'—§ ii.

The Abbé's admirers may believe that in all this he is imitating the prophetic writings, but they are mistaken; he is only copying the *Plaideurs* of Racine:—

'*Petit Jean*.—Messieurs, quand je regarde avec exactitude

L'inconstance du monde et sa vicissitude;

Quand je vois les Césars, quand je vois leur fortune;

Quand je vois le soleil et quand je vois la lune;

Quand je vois les états des Babyloniens

Transférés des Persans aux Macédoniens;

Quand je vois les Romains de l'état despotique

Passer au démocratique et puis au monarchique;

Quand je vois le Japon——

'*L'Intimé*.—

Quand aura-t-il tout vu?'

In the third chapter our 'Believer' gives us what we guess to be his theory as to the institution of that atrocious system of injustice commonly mis-called civil society. All other writers agree that a mere state of nature must be a state of barbarism; and that laws and governments have been introduced to curb the natural tendencies of man to rapine and violence. 'Quis enim ignorat ita naturam rerum tulisse, ut quodam tempore homines, nondum neque naturali neque civili jure descripto, fusi per agros ac dispersi vagarentur, tantumque haberent quantum manu ac viribus, per cædem ac vulnera, aut eripere aut retinere potuissent?'—(*Cicero pro Sextio*.) But M. de la Mennais is of the very contrary opinion:—

'And I was transported in the spirit into ancient times, and the earth was beautiful, and rich, and fruitful'—

—(in the Abbé's political economy the earth, it seems, was rich before it was fruitful)—

'and all its inhabitants lived in happiness, because they loved as brothers.'

We know not where, except in the profane poets, the learned Abbé finds the records of this golden age; and are inclined to say with the ingenious judge in the scene before alluded to—

'Avocat, commençons au déluge.'

Certainly, since the flood, there has been no such national confraternity as that which he now modestly proposes to re-establish. It is, however, no great encouragement to the benevolent attempt to find how soon and how easily this happy state was overthrown:

'And I saw the *Serpent* who glided amongst them: he fixed on several his fascinating eye, and their souls were troubled; and they approached, and the serpent whispered in their ear.

'And when they had heard the whisper of the serpent, they rose up and said, *We are kings!*' And

'And the sun grew pale, and the earth took a funereal hue—like to that of the winding-sheet which covereth the dead!'

It naturally follows that, to govern mankind in peace and happiness, the Abbé's *first* recipe should be to abolish that device of the devil, kingly authority; the *second* is to abrogate all human laws, which, next to kings, are the chief cause of all mischief.

'There is hardly anything but mischievous laws in the world.

'What other law is necessary than the law of Christ?

'The law of Christ is clear—it is holy: and there is no man who, with this law in his heart, may not easily become his own judge.

'Hear what has been spoken unto me.

'The children of Christ, if they happen to have differences with one another, should not carry them for decision to the tribunals of those who oppress and corrupt mankind.

'Have you not old men amongst you? and are not these old men your fathers, understanding and loving justice?

'Go then to one of these old men, and say, Father, my brother here and I cannot agree on this matter; decide between us, we pray thee. And the old man will hear the words of one and of the other, and he will judge between them; and having so judged, he will bless them.

'And if they submit to this judgment the blessing shall remain with them, but *if not*—

Aye, 'there's the rub'—if men are so meek, so reasonable, as to be invariably satisfied with the decision of the old man,—well and good; but, unfortunately, that is not likely to be the case once in a thousand times; and '*if not*'—what is the Abbé's alternative?

'—*if not*, the blessing will return upon the old man, who had judged according to justice!'—§ xxviii.

The Abbé, who had before imitated Racine, seems now to copy from our Shakspeare the peaceable expedient of honest Dogberry for administering justice:—

'Dogberry.—This is your charge—you shall comprehend all vagrom men—you are to bid any man stand in the king's name.

'Second Watchman.—How *if he will not*?

'Dogberry.—Why then take no notice of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God [La Mennais' blessing] that you are rid of a knave.'

Dogberry's advice was excellent in the particular instance; but we are afraid that, if practised on so large a scale as the Abbé proposes, even the abolition of kings and laws would not prevent this Utopian state of society from being disturbed by a good deal of injustice.

But that is of little consequence, for the Abbé's third recipe for obviating disputes about property is luckily so absolutely infallible,  
that

that any deficiency in his arbitration-scheme could never be felt. It is the simplest, and yet the most effective that any lawgiver ever imagined,—namely, that there *should be no property at all*.

‘And there shall be neither rich nor poor, but *all* shall have, in abundance, everything necessary for their wants; because they will love and help one another like brothers.’—§ x.

‘The earth is like a great bee-hive, and mankind are like bees\*.

‘Every bee has a right to the portion of honey necessary to its subsistence; and if, among men, any one is in want, it is because justice and charity have disappeared from amongst them.’—§ vi.

And as to personal quarrels and violences—such things will be utterly impossible, when there shall be no longer kings and laws, or property, or want, and that all the individuals of the human race ‘shall live and help one another, like brothers.’ The certainty of this most desirable result he philosophically proves by the analogy of the beasts of the field, who, he tells us—with a profound knowledge of the habits of the animal world—never injure, nor trespass, nor prey on one another (§ vi.); and he exhorts mankind to have all things in common, and live in the same happy state of peaceable and benevolent equality, as the Abbé, no doubt, supposes foxes to do with chickens—wolves with lambs—and hawks with doves.

Our readers are, we dare say, tired of such incoherent drivelling; but there is one of these desultory rhapsodies so specially extolled by some of the French critics that we must not altogether omit it. It is a description of a congress of kings, (but whether at Vienna, Verona, or Toplitz, the author does not say,) which will, we think, fill—even to satiety—the wonder of all English readers.

‘It was in a gloomy night; a starless sky weighed upon the earth like a lid of black marble on a tomb.

‘And nothing disturbed the silence of that night, but a strange sound, like a slight fluttering of wings, which from time to time was heard over the countries and over the cities.

‘And then the darkness grew thicker and thicker, and every one felt his heart tightened, and a shudder run through his veins;

\* We are a little surprised that the Abbé should adduce the instance of *bees*, as that is, we believe, the only class of inferior creatures which seems subject to that which the Abbé considers the cause of all evil—*monarchical* government; and in representing the uninterrupted peace and prosperity of the apian race, the learned Abbé forgets the drones, wasps, and hornets, and, *above all*, these marauders the robbing bees, of whose violence and injustice our own garden has lately furnished us with an example more atrocious than even the partition of Poland; for just as one of the hives had collected its ample stores, and was about to enrich us not only with its superfluous honey but with a new colony, a robber-swarm attacked it, killed and put to flight the lawful inhabitants, carried away every drop of honey, and left the hive as desolate and dismal a scene of devastation and solitude as if the Abbé’s six kings had invaded it. But such is the kind of illustration which pervades the whole work!

'And in a hall hung with black, and lighted by a reddish lamp, seven men clothed in purple, and their heads encircled by crowns, sat on seven iron thrones.'

We regret that we cannot afford our readers the least guess who these seven kings are—why they are *seven*, and why no more, or whether they include the six kings before described with the six poniards—and if so, whence the seventh king comes. In short, we know not what is meant, unless an impious mimicry of the *seven churches* and *seven stars* of the Revelations.

The Abbé, however, proceeds with a detail of the proceedings of this royal congress, of which, though the *meaning* be equally—that is utterly—incomprehensible, the expressions are so shocking and the images so disgusting, that we hesitate whether we ought to transcribe them—*translate* them we shall not; but as even the severest of the Abbé's continental critics (the *Revue Encyclopédique*) styles his book '*ce grand et beau livre*,' and as some even of our own London contemporaries pronounce his work to be '*a noble poem*,'—we must venture to give our readers one opportunity of appreciating the native grace and majesty of the '*great*,' '*beautiful*,' and '*noble*' original.

'Et au milieu de la salle s'élevait un trône composé d'ossements, et au pied du trône, en guise d'escabeau, étoit un crucifix renversé; et devant le trône, une table d'ébène, et sur la table, un vase plein de sang rouge et écumeux, et un crâne humain.

'Et les sept hommes couronnés paroissoient pensifs et tristes, et, du fond de son orbite creux, leur œil de temps en temps laissoit échapper des étincelles d'un feu livide.

'Et l'un d'eux s'étant levé s'approcha du trône en chancelant, et mit le pied sur le crucifix.

'En ce moment ses membres tremblèrent, et il sembla près de défaillir. Les autres le regardoient immobiles; ils ne firent pas le moindre mouvement, mais je ne sais quoi passa sur leur front, et un sourire qui n'est pas de l'homme contracta leurs lèvres.

'Et celui qui avoit semblé près de défaillir étendit la main, saisit le vase plein de sang, en versa dans le crâne, et le but.

'Et cette boisson parut le fortifier.

'Et dressant la tête, ce cri sortit de sa poitrine comme un sourd râlement:

'*Maudit soit le Christ, qui a ramené sur la terre la Liberté!*

'Et les six autres hommes couronnés se levèrent tous ensemble, et tous ensemble poussèrent le même cri:

'*Maudit soit, &c.!*'—pp. 64-66.

We cannot proceed with this tissue of horrors: they have no meaning, it is true, but they nevertheless shock us, as the blasphemous ravings of a maniac would do; and we close the infamous volume—which proceeds through forty similar chapters of impiety, sedition,

sedition, jacobinism, and incomprehensible absurdity—with repeating our unfeigned wonder (not unmixed with fear) at the religious and political state of those countries in which such abominable nonsense can have created serious alarm. We are not, indeed, surprised that these ‘WORDS OF A BELIEVER!’ should have found panegyrists; and that the radical journals which used to treat this Abbé de la Mennais, in his preaching days, as an empty bigot, should now talk of him as ‘respectable,’—‘venerable,’—‘illustrious,’—and what not? for, as far as he is intelligible, this ‘Believer’ now urges revolt, rebellion, plunder, murder, and a general subversion of social order, with a vehemence and to an extent that leave Marat and Anacharsis Cloots far behind. Our own belief would have been—but that neither friend nor foe has said anything to encourage such a hope—that the unhappy man is insane, and stands in need of a keeper rather than a critic!

ART. IV.—*Travels into Bokhara; being the Account of a Journey from India to Caboul, Tartary, and Persia: also Narrative of a Voyage on the Indus, from the Sea, to Lahore, &c. &c., in the years 1831, 32 and 33.* By Lieut. Alexander Burnes, F.R.S. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1834.

WE are not in the number of those who affect to think or to speak slightly of the East India Company; still less are we disposed to admire those conceited persons who are in the habit of sneering at the Directors of that Company, contemptuously designated as ‘a set of *merchant-kings*, exercising their sway, and issuing their commands, with an equal ignorance of the first principles of government and of trade!’ As to principles of trade, we must indeed confess that they have shown themselves averse from the new-fangled doctrine of *free trade*; but is that question quite settled yet? With respect to the charge of unfitness to be trusted with the government of so vast an empire as India, it appears no bad answer that they and their servants conquered and created this empire; and the history of its rise and progress may perhaps be admitted as some further proof of their fitness to wear what they have won. Upon their trade, the House of Commons, in its wisdom, has thought fit to put an extinguisher—*merchants* they no longer are. That last and most important branch of their trade, alike productive of profit to those who carried it on, and to the public exchequer—the tea-trade of China—has followed the fate of the rest, never to be recovered by themselves or by others. Not all the

the energies of all the free traders of the United Kingdom will ever replace it on the old and advantageous footing.\*

It is to be hoped, however, that no further encroachments will be made on the authorities who have so long and so ably administered the government of India, and whose successful endeavours, in diffusing happiness among countless millions of a quiet and innocent people, are universally allowed. Placed as these natives are, under the immediate rule of able, upright, and honourable men, taught from an early age to respect their prejudices, and to treat them with kindness and humanity—no change of the present system, we are quite satisfied, could tend to better their condition, or to promote the tranquillity of this extensive empire: this *they* well know and are ready to admit; and we are persuaded that such repose and security, in the midst of a conquered people, is *mainly* owing to the dispersion of well-educated youths among the natives, whose language they learn, whose habits and customs they make themselves acquainted with, and whose opinions they treat with respect. Many of these adventurers, thus thrown into high and responsible situations at an early period of life, frequently without any one to advise with, and therefore compelled to reflect, and to act on their own discretion, need not shrink from a comparison, either as regards ability or conduct, with any functionaries in Europe, whether military or diplomatic.

We need not travel out of the pages of the volumes which are

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\* The evil consequences which we predicted in an article on 'The Free Trade to China' (*Quarterly Review*, No. C.) have already begun to show themselves. The most respectable of the Hong merchants have retired from business, and the rest are either unable or unwilling to advance a shilling to enable the poor cultivators of tea to prepare the usual supply, though 40,000 tons of shipping were expected at Canton: but we shall, notwithstanding, have *some* tea, and it is as well that our readers should know what *sort* of tea it will be. Our information is from an eye-witness of unquestionable authority, recently arrived in England from China. On the opposite side of the river to, and at a short distance from, Canton, is a manufactory for converting the very worst kind of coarse black tea into green; it is well known in Canton by the name of *Wo-ping*, and was always rejected by the agents of the East India Company. The plan is to stir it about on iron plates moderately heated, mixing it up with a composition of turmeric, indigo, and *white lead*, by which process it acquires that blooming blue of plums and that crispy appearance which are supposed to indicate the fine green teas. Our informant says, there can be no mistake respecting the white lead, as the Chinese superintendent called it by its common name *yuen-fun*. At the same time it is right to state, that pulverized gypsum (known by the name of *shet-kao*) is understood by the gentlemen of the late factory to be employed to subdue a too intense blue colour given by the indigo. There were already prepared, when this visit took place, 50,000 chests of this precious article, just enough for the cargoes of the very largest ships of the East India Company. The crafty promoters told our friend and the other visitors that this tea was not for the English but the American market; but we shall no doubt have our full share of it: nay, some particulars lately published in the newspapers render it highly probable that the importation of the well-doctored *Wo-ping* has already commenced.

now before us, in search of an instance of what we are contending for. For the conduct of the first mission here recorded, Mr. Burnes was originally recommended by Sir John Malcolm, himself a brilliant example of the advantage to be derived from an early application to the study of the language, manners, and opinions of the native races. That admirable judge did not hesitate to say, in writing to the Governor-General, 'I shall be very confident of any plan Lieutenant Burnes undertakes in this quarter of India: provided a latitude is given him to act as circumstances may dictate, I dare pledge myself that the public interests will be promoted.' It might have been natural enough that some senior officers should have felt a little jealousy in being passed over on such an occasion; but, with a good-natured jocularly, they were ready to admit the superior claims of Lieut. Burnes, though he was 'one of Sir John Malcolm's swans.' Lord William Bentinck was so much pleased with his conduct of what had been entrusted to his charge, that on his return he took this 'swan' under his protection, and employed him on a second journey of far greater importance, though avowedly of a private nature.

In attempting to give some account of the three volumes before us, we labour under considerable difficulty: where there is such an exuberance of varied matter, *that* alone renders the task of selection no easy one; nor would any moderate space suffice to convey to our readers an adequate idea of what they may expect from a perusal of the work itself—one of the most valuable, we do not scruple to say, that has yet appeared, for the variety of information it contains regarding Sind, the Punjab, and the upper regions of central Asia. On all these countries, it may be consulted as a standard work. Our difficulty is increased by the mechanical arrangement of the materials, in which we miss something of that *lucidus ordo* which a more practised writer would have preserved. For instance, we have first a *personal narrative*; then follow various *memoirs* on the countries travelled through, which embody the same thoughts and observations, frequently in the same language, with a repetition of description, both as to persons and things, which had already appeared in the personal narrative; this is particularly remarkable in describing the Punjab and the Indus. We rather suspect, indeed, that the memoirs were originally not intended for publication, and that they embraced political discussions which it has been thought proper to suppress. Another point which creates a little awkwardness to the reader is the inverting the chronological order of the travels performed: these commenced with the author's voyage up the Indus and its ramifications; whereas his book begins with the Journey into Bokhara, the

second



second in point of time. The reason assigned is, 'that its interest is, perhaps, greater than that of the Voyage;' we are by no means sure of that: both are sufficiently interesting, and there are many reasons why the Narrative should have proceeded in the order of time, as we intend our notice of it shall do.

In the year 1830, a ship arrived at Bombay with a present of five large spotted grey horses, from the King of Great Britain to Maharaja Runjeet Sing, the sovereign of the Seik nation, at Lahore, accompanied with a letter from the President of the Board of Control; and the Governor General added an old coach suited to these huge animals. Mr. Burnes, then holding a political situation in Cutch, which borders on the Indus, was appointed to convey these horses up that river to their ultimate destination. A fleet of five native boats received him and them, together with Ensign Leckie, a surveyor, a native doctor, and their servants. They first proceeded from Mandivee, in Cutch, to Koriee, the eastern and largest of the eleven branches of the Delta of the Indus, from whence, in four or five days, they crossed the mouths of the whole of them, entering and examining, as well as they could, the said branches of this great river; and on the seventh day from their departure from Cutch, they cast anchor in the western or most distant mouth of the Indus, called Pittie. Here Mr. Burnes had the gratification of observing the rocky range of black mountains, bearing the modern name of Halu, but pretty well ascertained to be the *Irus* of Nearchus. 'I here read,' he says, 'from Arrian and Quintus Curtius, the passages of this memorable scene in Alexander's expedition—the mouth from which his admiral Nearchus took his departure from Sinde.' We may observe that Mr. Burnes appears to have had these two historians of Alexander's expedition constantly at hand, to enable him to compare the names of places and descriptions contained therein on the spot; and after so doing, his opinion is, that numerous places on the Indus and its large tributary streams, their names even, and their descriptions, as given by these authors, were satisfactorily identified in his progress up the Punjab. We can conceive few sources of higher gratification than such a comparison, made by an enterprising officer who had not forgotten the classical studies of his earlier days.

After they had proceeded about thirty-five miles up this branch of the river, a body of armed men crowded round the flotilla, stating themselves to be soldiers of the Ameer of Hyderabad, sent to examine the packages in the boats; and they were determined to do their duty, for they took good care that every box and package, even that which contained the old coach, should be wrenched open. The reis, or captain, said it was necessary the strangers should not remain,

remain, but await the decision of the Ameer at the mouth of the river. Indeed, both here and in their way down, they met with such torrents of abuse from the people, that Mr. Burnes determined not to wait, but to return to the eastern branch of the Indus, from whence he addressed the authorities of Sinde, and also our resident in Cutch. The answer of the Ameer was couched in friendly terms, but contained a formidable enumeration of physical obstacles to his proceeding up the river. In short, after experiencing every species of deceit and dissimulation, not to be exceeded even by the Chinese; after returning a third time to the Indus; and after having spent two months in fruitless attempts, Mr. Burnes determined to set off by land, and at the end of a week's negotiation at Tatta, succeeded in effecting his purpose, but not before another month was wasted, when at last, on the 12th of April, they embarked in the flat-bottomed boats, or *doondees*, of Sinde.

'Our fleet consisted of six of these flat-bottomed vessels, and a small English-built pinnace, which we had brought from Cutch. The boats of the Indus are not unlike China junks, very capacious but most unwieldy. They are floating houses; and with ourselves we transported the boatmen, their wives and families, kids and fowls. When there is no wind, they are pulled up against the stream, by ropes attached to the mast-head, at the rate of a mile and a half an hour; but with a breeze they set a large square sail, and advance double the distance.'—vol. iii. p. 36.

The Wanyanee, up which they proceeded, is one of the principal branches—a fine river of five hundred yards in width and twenty-four feet in depth, the banks covered with tamarisk, among which were the reed huts of a few fishermen, the only inhabitants to be seen. But even among them it would seem the character of our countrymen is not unknown; for a *Syud*, or holy man, standing on the water's edge, turning to his companion, exclaimed, 'Alas! Sinde is now gone, since the English have seen the river, which is the road to its conquest.' The navigation up to Tatta is difficult and dangerous; the banks are so undermined that they often fall in masses that would crush a small vessel. It was now the season for taking the *pulla*, a fish of the carp species.

'Each fisherman is provided with a large earthen jar, open at the top, and somewhat flat. On this he places himself, and, lying on it horizontally, launches into the stream, swimming or pushing forward like a frog, and guiding himself with his hands. When he has reached the middle of the river, he darts his net directly under him, and sails down with the stream. The net consists of a pouch attached to a pole, which he shuts on meeting his game; he then draws it up, spears it,

it, and, putting it into the vessel on which he floats, prosecutes his occupation.'—vol. iii. p. 40.

Off Hydrabad they received deputations from the Ameer, to congratulate them on their arrival in his territory. An audience was immediately granted, and the Ameer was studiously polite: he excused their long detention from his ignorance of political concerns—he being a soldier, and employed in commanding *the three hundred thousand Belooches*, over whom God had appointed him to rule! This was imposing enough, but there was nothing else in the durbar, or palace, that could give countenance to such a boast: 'they met in a dirty hall without a carpet; they sat in a room which was filled by a rabble of greasy soldiery, and the noise and dust were hardly to be endured.' The general appearance of the capital corresponds with the court. Its population does not amount to twenty thousand, and these chiefly inhabit huts of mud.

The next town of any consequence is Sehwan, a place of great antiquity, containing about ten thousand inhabitants. A ruined castle overlooks the town: it is perhaps the most singular building on the Indus, and, Mr. Burnes says, 'is, in all probability, as old as the age of the Greeks.' It is an oval mound of earth, surrounded from the base to the summit by a brick wall, containing an enclosure about 1200 feet long by 750 broad. It is said to resemble the tower at Babylon, as described by Mr. Rich. Here they found the climate oppressive; the thermometer not lower than 100° at midnight.

At Khyrpoor the Ameer was exceedingly civil and attentive. He begged their acceptance of the poor hospitality of a Belooche soldier; and 'the hospitality which he so modestly named, consisted of eight or ten sheep, with all sorts of provisions for one hundred and fifty people daily, twice a-day a meal of seventy-two dishes, besides various presents of valuable daggers, swords, cloths, native silks, and a purse of one thousand rupees, the last of which was declined.' As they proceeded up the Indus the country became more populous, and the curiosity of the people on the banks was intense: that of the ladies more so than of the other sex; the female descendants of Mahommed are veiled, or rather have a long white robe thrown over their entire body; they are all beggars, and very vociferous in their demand for alms. One of the few amusements of the inhabitants is stated to be that of listening to the lascivious songs of the courtesans, who are to be met with in every town and village of this country; they are described as a remarkably handsome race.

At Mittun the party quitted the Indus, which here receives, through the channel of the Chenaub, the united waters of the Punjab rivers—those five great streams whose names the historians

of

of Alexander's exploits have handed down to us. Taking them in succession from the westward, or nearest the Indus, these names are—the Hydaspes (now Jelum)—the Acesines (Chenab)—the Hydraotes (Ravee)—the Hyphasis (Garra), the upper part of which is the Hexaudra (Sutlege). At Mittun, therefore, our voyagers took a last farewell of the Indus, which here exceeded two thousand yards in width, and entered the Acesines of the Greeks, down which Alexander sailed to the great trunk or main branch of the Indus.

The small territory of Bhawul Khan, called Daoodpootra, lies next to Sinde. Ooch is the principal town, the population of which is reckoned at twenty thousand; it is a mean place. The Khan sent a messenger with the present of a deer, which he had himself shot, forty vessels of sherbet, and as many of sweetmeats; also a bag of two hundred rupees, to be distributed by Mr. Burnes in charity, to mark the joyful event of his arrival. Soon after he paid them a visit.

He was attended by about a thousand persons; and I observed that he distributed money as he passed along. After the visit, our Mihmandar brought us presents from the Khan; they consisted of two horses richly caparisoned with silver and enamel trappings, a hawk, with shawls and trays of the fabrics made at Bhawulpoor, some of which were very rich; to these were added, a purse of two thousand rupees, and a sum of two hundred for the servants; and, last of all, a beautiful matchlock, which had its value doubled by the manner in which it was presented. "The Khan," said the messenger, "has killed many a deer with this gun; and he begs you will accept it from him, and, when you use it, remember that Bhawul Khan is your friend."—vol. iii. p. 97.

Ooch is near the junction of the Garra with the Chenab; the route lay up the latter, and Mr. Burnes now entered the territories of the Seiks, to whose chief, the Maharaja Runjeet Sing, he was proceeding on his mission. A camp had been pitched on the frontier to wait his arrival. The Sirdar held in one hand a bow, to be presented according to the custom of the Seiks, and in the other two Persian letters in silken bags. One of these contained the substance of the Maharaja's commands to his officers, regarding the mission, which bore ample testimony to the splendid munificence and hospitality of this distinguished chief. It commenced by ordering that two hundred infantry and lancers should be held in readiness as an honorary escort on Mr. Burnes's reaching the frontier—that an elephant, with a silver hounda, should be despatched for his express use,—that the Sirdar, and another officer, seated on two other elephants, should meet him, to congratulate him on his safe arrival—

that they should conduct him to the appointed halting-place, and set before him one thousand one hundred rupees and fifty jars of sweetmeats—the same to be repeated at Shoojuabad, and at Mooltan to be doubled—and, lastly, that one hundred camels be laden with provisions, and the like number of rupees be distributed as before, while on their march to Lahore.

The Maharaja's people evinced much anxiety to view the large dray-horses, for which purpose they were landed: their surprise was extreme; they called them *little elephants*; their feet in particular excited their astonishment, and they requested permission to despatch one of the shoes to the Maharaja, at Lahore, having first ascertained its weight to be four times that of one of their horses. Mooltan, which is described by Mr. Elphinstone as four and a half miles in circumference, and surrounded with a fine wall from forty to fifty feet high, is the only place of importance, on or near the Chenaub, as far up as the point of junction of this river with the Hydraotes or Ravee, along the latter of which the mission had now to proceed to Lahore, this ancient capital of the Mogul empire being situated on its banks. Mooltan is said to contain sixty thousand inhabitants, mostly Hindoos and Mahomedans. It is famous for its silk manufactures, which are greatly encouraged by Runjeet Sing. Mr. Burnes thinks there is little doubt of Mooltan being the capital of the Malli of Alexander. There is every indication at least of its being one of the most ancient cities in India. The silk *kais* of Mooltan and the *loangees* of Bhawalpoor assist, in Mr. Burnes's opinion, 'in fixing the country of the Malli, for Quintus Curtius informs us that the ambassadors of the Malli and Oxydracæ (Mooltan and Ooch) wore garments of cotton, lawn, or muslin (*lineæ vestes*), interwoven with gold, and adorned with purple;' he thinks we may safely translate *lineæ vestes* into the stuffs of Mooltan and Bhawalpoor, which are interwoven with gold, and most frequently of a purple colour.

As the point where the Hydaspes unites with the Acesines was only forty-five miles out of their route to the westward, and believing that the former of these streams, so famous in ancient history, had never been visited by a European since the days of the Greeks, Mr. Burnes, much to the surprise of his Seik friends, who could not comprehend the motives of his curiosity, set out on a galloping expedition to its banks. It was here that the fleet of Alexander encountered such disasters in the rapids; and it was here, also, that the hordes of Timour were terrified by the noise of the waters. Mr. Burnes says the Hydaspes joins the Acesines with a murmuring noise, but that the velocity of the current is inconsiderable, and vessels now pass it without danger, except a very little

little in July and August. But the superstitious reliance of the boatmen on the protection of a saint, whose tomb stands at the fork of the two rivers, would seem to bespeak considerable danger at some seasons. While on this trip Mr. Burnes was fortunate enough to find a Bactrian coin, resembling that of an Apollodotus, which it was afterwards ascertained to be; and this is the first Grecian relic that has been found in the Punjab.

Deputations met the mission at every stage of their voyage, bearing congratulations and presents of a variety of kinds, including provisions, fruits, and sweetmeats. Butchers were sent from Mooltan to supply their wants; loads of saltpetre to cool their wine and water; and the necessaries and luxuries of life were supplied without bounds. At length, on the 17th July, the lofty minarets of the king's mosque at Lahore made their appearance; but the ceremonial of their *entrée* required they should halt three or four miles from the capital. Here Captain Wade, the political agent at Lodiana, and Dr. Murray, with the principal men of the state, escorted by a guard of cavalry and a regiment of infantry, met the mission. On the way they were joined by M. Allard, a French officer who commands the Maharaja's cavalry, and M. Court, an intelligent gentleman of the same nation, also in his service. Entering Lahore by the palace-gate, the streets were lined with cavalry, artillery, and infantry, with an immense concourse of people. Passing through the first court of the palace, and conducted by a soldier-like person in armour to the door, Mr. Burnes says, 'while stooping to remove my shoes at the threshold, I suddenly found myself in the arms and tight embrace of a diminutive old-looking man—the great Maharaja Runjeet Sing.' After the usual questions and complimentary inquiries, the letter from his Majesty's minister was produced, which the Maharaja, rising up, received, and touched his forehead with the seal. It was then handed to his minister, who read aloud the Persian translation of it. The contents gave the Maharaja such evident satisfaction, that before it was half read, he said he would greet its arrival by a salute, 'and a peal of artillery from sixty guns, each firing twenty-one times, announced to the citizens of Lahore the joy of their king.' Thus it seems the Seiks beat us hollow in their salutes—1260 guns on the reading of a letter from Lord Ellenborough!

This affair being finished, Runjeet Sing expressed his intention of viewing the presents; he was delighted with the horses, and he too called them little elephants. He talked a great deal for about an hour and a half; inquired as to the depth of water in the Indus, the practicability of navigating it, the kind of people who occupy its banks, and their political and military importance. About thirty

horses of his own stud were then brought out, caparisoned in the richest and most superb manner, and some of them adorned with very valuable jewels. The Maharaja was evidently perfect master of his stud; he named each horse, and described his pedigree and points; but Mr. Burnes does not appear to think very highly of them.

'The exertion which his highness underwent seemed to exhaust him, and we withdrew. Nature has, indeed, been sparing in her gifts to this personage; and there must be a mighty contrast between his mind and body. He has lost an eye, is pitted by the small pox, and his stature does not certainly exceed five feet three inches. He is entirely free from pomp and show, yet the studied respect of his court is remarkable; not an individual spoke without a sign, though the throng was more like a bazar than the court of the first native prince in these times.

'The hall of audience, in which the interview took place, was built entirely of marble, and is the work of the Moghul Emperors; part of the roof was gorgeously decorated by a pavilion of silken cloth studded with jewels. The Maharaja himself wore a necklace, armlets, and bracelets of emeralds, some of which were very large. His sword was mounted with the most precious stones. The nobles were likewise dressed for the occasion with jewels; and all the court appeared in yellow, the favourite colour of the nation, which has a gaudy but striking effect.'—pp. 154, 155.

'The most creditable trait in Runjeet's character is his humanity; he has never been known to punish a criminal with death since his accession to power; he does not hesitate to mutilate a malefactor, but usually banishes him to the hills. Cunning and conciliation have been the two great weapons of his diplomacy. It is too probable that the career of this chief is nearly at an end; his chest is contracted, his back is bent, his limbs are withered, and it is not likely that he can long bear up against a nightly dose of spirits more ardent than the strongest brandy.'—p. 167.

After such a description of the physical *status* of the great Maharaja, we cannot feel much surprise at the difficulty he experiences to keep in order the class of subjects mentioned in the following paragraph.

'On the evening of the 25th, his highness gave us a private audience, in which we saw him to great advantage; for he directed his court to withdraw. On our arrival, we found him seated on a chair, with a party of thirty or forty dancing girls, dressed uniformly in boys' clothes. They were mostly natives of Cashmere or the adjacent mountains, on whom grace and beauty had not been sparingly bestowed. Their figures and features were small; and their Don Giovanni costume of flowing silk most becoming, improved as it was by a small bow and quiver in the hand of each. The "eyes of Cashmere" are celebrated in the poetry of the East, of which these *Dianas*

now

now furnished brilliant specimens, in gems black and bright; disfigured, however, by a kind of sparkling gold dust glued round each organ. "This," said Runjeet Sing, "is one of my regiments (pultuns), but they tell me it is one I cannot discipline;" a remark which amused us, and mightily pleased the fair. He pointed out two of the ladies, whom he called the "commandants" of this arm of his service, to whom he had given villages, and an allowance of five and ten rupees a day. He shortly afterwards called for four or five elephants to take these, his *undisciplined troops*, home.—pp. 161, 162.

Mr. Burnes remained at the Maharaja's court from the 18th June to the 16th August, when he had his audience of leave.

'In compliance with a wish that I had expressed, he produced the "Koh-i-noor," or mountain of light, one of the largest diamonds in the world, which he had extorted from Shah Shooja, the ex-King of Cabool. Nothing can be imagined more superb than this stone; it is of the finest water, and about half the size of an egg. Its weight amounts to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  rupees, and if such a jewel is to be valued, I am informed it is worth  $3\frac{1}{2}$  millions of money, but this is a gross exaggeration. The "Koh-i-noor" is set as an armlet, with a diamond on each side about the size of a sparrow's egg.

'Runjeet seemed anxious to display his jewels before we left him; and with the diamond was brought a large ruby, weighing 14 rupees. It had the names of several kings engraven on it, among which were those of Aurungzebe and Ahmed Shah. There was also a topaz of great size, weighing 11 rupees, and as large as half a billiard ball: Runjeet had purchased it for 20,000 rupees.'—vol. iii. p. 168.

The Koh-i-noor here mentioned has passed through many hands, and we should not be surprised if this 'mountain of light' should, one of these days, be seen to shine forth, as the Pigot diamond did for some time, in the magazine of Rundell and Bridge on Ludgate Hill. When Tavernier\* was in India, it belonged to the Great Mogul Aurungzebe. Nadir Shah, we believe, carried it off from Delhi, and from him it fell into the hands of Timour Shah, and descended to his sons at Cabool. It suffered many perilous escapes when in possession of the unfortunate Shooja-ool-Moolk, from whom it was procured, not in the most honourable way, by Runjeet Sing.

The ceremony of leave-taking being ended, Runjeet Sing delivered a letter addressed to his Majesty's minister for the affairs of India, in reply to the one carried by Mr. Burnes. It is a great curiosity of its kind. It commences thus: 'At a happy moment, when the balmy zephyrs of spring were blowing from the garden of friendship, and wafting to my senses the grateful per-

\* A print of this diamond is given in Tavernier's Travels, from which its shape appears to be that of the thicker end of an egg cut in two. Mr. Elphinstone writes it *Cohinour*.



fume of its flowers, your Excellency's epistle, every letter of which is a new-blown rose on the branch of regard, and every word a blooming fruit on the tree of esteem, was delivered to me by Mr. Burnes and Mr. John Leckie, &c. He then recurs to the delivery of the said letter by 'that nightingale of the garden of eloquence, that bird of the winged words [who expected to meet with the *ἐπὶ πρὸς πρὸς* in the Punjab?] of sweet discourse, Mr. Burnes!' And speaking of those animals, the dray-horses, which in beauty, stature, and disposition surpass the horses of every city and every country in the world, he adds, 'On beholding their shoes the new moon turned pale with envy, and nearly disappeared from the sky: such horses the eye of the sun has never before beheld in his course through the universe,'—with a great deal more of the like flourish.

The city of Lahore had been abandoned to a state of decay; the adjoining fields were covered with the ruins of mosques and tombs, and the modern city is confined to the western angle of the ancient one; the streets are narrow and offensively dirty. The king's mosque of red sandstone, with its four lofty minarets, is still standing; but the temple itself is converted into a powder magazine. The tomb of Jehungeer still remains a monument of great beauty. It is built of marble and red sandstone in alternate layers: the name of Jehungeer is inscribed as 'The Conqueror of the World.' The garden of Shah Jehan—the Shalimar, or 'house of joy'—is another magnificent remnant of Mogul grandeur, about half a mile in length, with three successive terraces one above the other. A canal intersects this beautiful garden, and throws up its water in 450 fountains, to cool the atmosphere.

The soft and effeminate manners of the East appear, however, to have fewer charms for Runjeet Sing than military display, wine, and outward splendour. He says he owes all his conquests to the bravery of the troops of his own nation, who are free from prejudice; would carry eight days' provision on their backs; dig a well if water were scarce, and build a fort if circumstances required it, which the Hindoostanees would never do. 'I pay my officers and troops,' he said, 'with the shawls and productions of Cashmere; and as I give a chief who may be entitled to a balance of 300 rupees shawls to the value of 500, he is well pleased, and the state is benefited.'

He told Burnes that the wine he sent him was mixed with pearls and precious gems; and this, it seems, is a common beverage in the East; so that the best is in the bottom, and probably falls to the share of the butler. He is himself immoderately fond of wine and strong liquors. At parting, he produced a splendid bow and quiver, and also a horse richly caparisoned, with a shawl cloth

cloth thrown over his body, a necklace of agate, and heron's plume stuck on his head, saying, 'This is one of my riding-horses, which I beg you will accept.' A similar present was given to Mr. Leckie; and while they were viewing the animals, one of the great dray-horses was brought forward, dressed out in cloth of gold, and bearing an elephant's head on its back. Runjeet then sprinkled sandal-oil and rose-water over them with his own hands, which completed the ceremony.

Having taken leave of Maharaja Runjeet Sing, Mr. Burnes directed his steps towards Simla, on the Himalaya mountains, to give an account of his mission to Lord William Bentinck, who had taken up his residence there, on the score of health. On the second day, he reached Umritsir, the holy city of the Seiks, a distance of thirty miles; the intervening country highly cultivated. The *Nuhr* canal, cut from the Ravee at Lahore, passes by Umritsir, and continues for eighty miles, and is navigable by small boats. At twenty-three miles from Umritsir, the party crossed the Hyphasis, at Julalabad. Swollen to a mile in width, its current exceeded five miles an hour, so that, after two hours spent in crossing, they landed about two miles below the point from which they started. A little beyond this they halted at the estate of the Seik chief Futtih Sing, who was present with Lord Lake's army in 1805. Their reception was cordial; and the following sketch may convey some idea of the mode of life of a Seik Sirdar.

'Immediately we were seated, he produced his bottle, drank freely himself, and pressed it much upon us; it was too potent for an Englishman, but he assured us that, whatever quantity we drank, it would never occasion thirst. We filled a bumper to the health of the Sirdar and his family, and were about to withdraw, when he produced most expensive presents, which could not in any way be refused; he gave me a string of pearls, and some other jewels, with a sword, a horse, and several shawls. Futtih Sing is an uncouth-looking person, but he has the manners of a soldier. His income amounts to about four lacs of rupees annually, and he lives up to it, having a strong passion for house-building. Besides a board of works in two of his gardens, he was now constructing a house in the English style, but has sensibly added a suite of rooms underground for the hot season. When we left Futtih Sing, he urgently requested that we would deliver his sincere sentiments of regard to his old friend Sir John Malcolm.'—vol. iii. p. 180.

Proceeding from hence, and passing the towns of Jullinder and Jumsheer, they came to the town of Fulour, on the banks of the Sutlege, the frontier post of the Lahore chief. The munificence of the Maharaja continued to the last; and the party, at the time of crossing the Sutlege, had received, in hard cash, no less than 24,000 rupees. This river, the Hesudrus of antiquity, is yet called the

the Shittoodur, or the Hundred Rivers, by the natives. It was observed, that the waters of the Sutlege were colder than any other of the Punjab rivers; no doubt, from the length of its course among the Snowy Mountains. From the Sutlege, the party proceeded to Lodiāna, where they rested a few days among their countrymen; and from hence prosecuted their journey to Simla, distant about one hundred miles, where Mr. Burnes was received in the most flattering manner by the Governor-General of India; who states, in a public document addressed to himself, that 'the whole of his conduct has his entire and unqualified approbation.' We are told, indeed, that his Lordship entered at once into negotiations for laying open the navigation of the Indus to the commerce of Britain; which, whether regarded in a commercial or political point of view, must be considered as a measure of enlightened policy.

The Indus, it appears, is a river of greater magnitude than has usually been ascribed to it. The water it discharges, after receiving the five great tributary streams, is stated to be, in the month of April, the dry season, 80,000 cubic feet in a second of time; while, in the same month, Mr. Prinsep found the Ganges to discharge only 21,500 cubic feet: the former, therefore, is nearly four times the amount of the latter; and not far short of that discharged by the Mississippi. The reasons assigned by Mr. Burnes, in his 'Memoir of the Indus,' for this difference in favour of the Indus, would appear well-founded. The main trunk and the large tributaries of the Indus all take their rise among snowy mountains, furnishing a constant supply of water in the dry season; most of them flow through countries thinly peopled and poorly cultivated in comparison with those traversed by the Ganges; the waters of the latter are therefore profusely expended in irrigation, blessing the inhabitants of its banks with rich and exuberant crops; while those of the former are, for the most part, suffered to run to waste. Other causes are stated, which account for the superiority of the Indus. It is, undoubtedly, a noble river, and navigable by a fleet from Attock to the sea.

The voyage to Lahore occupied just ~~sixty~~ days of navigation, sometimes with sails, at others with men tracking the boats, proceeding generally from sunrise to sunset. The route they took presents one uninterrupted navigation of a thousand miles from the sea to this capital of the Seiks. The return voyage has never been tried, as no trade exists between the Punjab and Sind by water, the jealous rulers of the latter preventing it; but Mr. Burnes estimates it may be done in fifteen days—thus, Mooltan, six; Bukkur, four; Hydrabad, three; and to the sea, two.

That Runjeet Sing has for some time past looked with a jealous and

and covetous eye on the wealth and territories of the Ameers of Sindé cannot be doubted; and the recent death of Mooraud Ali Khan, the chief of Hydrabad, and most powerful of the Sindé Ameers, will probably hasten the long-meditated attempt. The other two Ameers, of Khrypoor and Meerpoor, could offer but a feeble resistance. The aggregate amount of their united revenues is stated to be thirty lacs of rupees, and the treasure in hand about twenty millions sterling; thirteen of which are in money, and the remainder in jewels, deposited chiefly in the fort of Hydrabad. What a temptation for a *coup-de-main*, under colour of opening the navigation of the Indus! Could our assistance be refused to the entreaties of our faithful ally—friend, at least—Runjeet Sing, were it only to hold neuter the Peshawur and Cabool chiefs—who are burning for an opportunity, the first favourable moment, of breaking up the Seik government?

The present territories of Runjeet Sing extend from the Sutlege to the Indus, and from Cashmere to Mooltan, comprising the whole of the countries watered by the Punjab. Mr. Burnes says, that so entirely has the Seik nation altered its constitution under this chief, that from a pure republic it has passed to an absolute monarchy. Though the genius of one man has effected this change, it can hardly be expected to be permanent. The son of Nadir Shah, when about to unite himself with a princess of the house of Delhi, was called upon to give an account of his male ancestors for seven generations: ‘Tell them,’ said this haughty adventurer, ‘that he is the son of the sword, and the grandson of the sword, and so on till they have a descent of *seventy* instead of *seven* generations!’ The following words of Mr. Burnes may, therefore, turn out to be prophetic:

‘The power which Runjeet Sing acquired has been preserved by his policy: he has a disciplined army of infantry, with a due proportion of cavalry and artillery. The system is unpopular in the country, and the Seik Sirdars view with distrust the innovation and the innovators. The French officers, when deprived of their patron, would find it necessary to stand aloof, from motives of personal safety; and, if they left the country, the wreck of their labours would soon perish in the general tumult.’—vol. iii. p. 296.

Mr. Burnes, being the first European of modern times who had navigated the Indus, was stimulated by a desire to extend his travels beyond that river, a design which received the most liberal encouragement from the Governor-General of India. Being joined by Mr. James Gerard, of the Bengal army, on the 2d of January, 1832, he left Lodiapa, having previously solicited Runjeet Sing to permit his again entering and passing through his territories. On the frontier they were met by a Sirdar or chief,

who

who welcomed them in the name of the Maharaja. On their arrival at Lahore, Runjeet received them with all kindness—detained them near a month, entertaining them with hunting, hawking, and feasting, in the most splendid style. Although we have already given some specimens of the finery of the Maharaja's establishment, we cannot omit the description of the old chief's bed-room.

'In one end of the room stood a camp-bedstead, which merits a description. Its frame-work, posts, and legs were entirely covered with gold, and the canopy was one massy sheet of the same precious metal. It stood on footstools, raised about ten inches from the ground, and which were also of gold. The curtains were of Cashmere shawls. Near it stood a round chair of gold; and in one of the upper rooms of the palace we saw the counterpart of these costly ornaments. The candles that lighted up the apartment were held in branch sticks of gold. The little room in which we sat was superbly gilded; and the side which was next the court was closed by a screen of yellow silk. Here we enjoyed the society of our royal entertainer, who freely circulated the wine, filled our glasses himself, and gave every encouragement by his own example.'—vol. i. pp. 29, 30.

But the splendour of the Seik soldier, as displayed at Lahore, sinks into obscurity when compared with the magnificence which this old chief exhibited in the 'tented field, when Lord William Bentinck paid him a week's visit on the banks of the Sutlege, in the interval between the two missions of Mr. Burnes. The display of elephants with their rich houdas, the long lines of troops, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, all in dresses of yellow silk, presented a most brilliant spectacle; but we must content ourselves with a short extract from the account of one of the spectators of scenes that outdid anything in the 'Thousand and One Nights':—

'The tents were pitched on a rising bank, within a hundred yards of the river, and the lands around it were metamorphosed, by the skill of the gardeners of Lahore, into verdant parterres, in which wheat, having been sown some days previous, now presented groups of green and growing figures of elephants, horses, deer, birds, &c. This garden was brilliantly illuminated, and decorated with artificial flowers, trees, golden cypresses, &c., tastefully arranged. The interior of the pavilion, however, presented a scene of riches and splendour surpassing the descriptions of the palace of Haroon al Raschid, or of Solomon in all his glory. The floor was spread with cloth of gold; and within the gorgeous little pavilion before described, were placed three circular seats or thrones, sheeted with gold, curiously worked. The centre was destined for the Maharaja, and one on either side for the Governor-General and Lady William Bentinck. Behind these thrones was a golden bedstead, inlaid with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, &c., in profusion. The tent was illuminated with golden candelabras. After inspecting

inspecting this *chef-d'œuvre* of oriental taste and magnificence, the party took their seats in the open arcade, or *seriana*, before described; the principal personages being seated under a canopy, the richness of which is utterly indescribable. It consisted of one mass of jewels, of diamonds, pearls, rubies, emeralds, interwoven in various patterns so thickly, that the texture of the cloth or silk on which they were worked was quite indistinguishable.

The regiment of Amazons soon made their appearance, on this occasion armed with bows and arrows, and headed by their commander-in-chief, the favourite of the Maharaja, who was distinguished by a crimson dress, and white plume in her turban. There were three subordinate commandants, each distinguished by a white plume. After exhibiting their dancing for some time, the Maharaja ordered one of them to sing the song of the Hoolee, and a tray of round silver bowls, filled with gold dust and silver leaf pulverised, having been placed on a footstool before his Highness, the sport and the song commenced. The dancer and the Maharaja opened the campaign by pelting one another most vigorously with gold dust. Neither the Governor-General nor Lady William escaped, and the engagement soon became general, and ceased only when the silver bowls were exhausted, and the whole party were covered from head to foot with the glittering powder. The Maharaja suffered the most severely, for during his contest with the Amazon, the latter contrived to throw a handful straight into his sound eye, which nearly extinguished the luminary, and he did not completely recover from the wound during the rest of the evening.

Mr. Burnes, on leaving Lahore, determined to cast off the garb of an Englishman, and adopt the costume of an humble Asiatic:—

‘It now became necessary to divest ourselves almost of everything which belonged to us, and discontinue many habits and practices which had become a second nature; but the success of our enterprise depended upon these sacrifices. We threw away all our European clothes, and adopted, without reserve, the costume of the Asiatic. We exchanged our tight dress for the flowing robe of the Afghans, girt on swords, and “kummur-bunds” (sashes); and, with our heads shaved, and groaning under ponderous turbans, we strutted about slipshod; and had now to uncover the feet instead of the head. We gave away our tents, beds, and boxes, and broke our tables and chairs. A hut, or the ground, we knew must be our shelter, and a coarse carpet or mat our bed. A blanket, or “kummul,” served to cover the native saddle, and to sleep under during night; and the greater portion of my now limited wardrobe found a place in the “kooorjeen,” or saddle-bags, which were thrown across the horse’s quarter. A single mule for each of us carried the whole of our baggage, with my books and instruments; and a servant likewise found a seat upon the animal. A pony carried the surveyor, Mohammed Ali; and the Hindoo lad had the same allowance. These arrangements took some time and consideration; and we burned, gave away, and

and destroyed whole male-loads of baggage—a propitiatory offering, as I called it, to those immortal demons the Khyberees, who have from time immemorial plundered the traveller across the Indus.’ —vol. i. pp. 40, 41.

The ‘tope,’ or mound of masonry, of Manikyala attracted the attention of Mr. Burnes. Mr. Elphinstone had pronounced it ‘as like Grecian architecture as any building which Europeans, in remote parts of the country, could now construct by the hands of unpractised native builders.’ Mr. Ventura, a general in Runjeet Sing’s service, opened it, and descended down a central shaft, at the bottom of which he found various coins and medals, and a nest of three cylindrical boxes, one of iron, one of tin, and the innermost of gold, containing a black, dirty substance, half liquid, and mixed with glass or amber. Though the coins were much posterior to the Greeks, M. Ventura thinks this must have been the site of Bucephalia, as the word Manikyala means, when interpreted, ‘the City of the Horse;’ but Mr. Burnes is of opinion that it corresponds more nearly to Arrian’s position of Taxilla. The latter found here two antiques and seventy copper coins. A similar ‘tope’ was visited at Belur, and many others were heard of in the neighbourhood of the mountains. ‘I am inclined to a belief,’ says Mr. Burnes, ‘that in these “topes” we have the tombs of a race of princes who once reigned in Upper India, and that they are either the sepulchres of the Bactrian kings, or their Indo-Scythic successors.’

At Pind Dadun Khan, the capital of a small district, with a population of six thousand souls, the travellers crossed the Hydaspes. The river here turns round a point of the vast salt range which stretches from the Hydaspes to a considerable distance beyond the Indus, an extent nearly equal to two hundred miles. About one hundred persons were employed digging blocks of salt out of an excavation in the hill. Mr. Burnes says of these poor creatures that their cadaverous looks and stifled breathing excited the utmost compassion. He distributed to each a rupee, which was about equal to the earnings for extracting a ton of salt. The range is stated to rise about eight hundred feet above the plains of the Punjab, and about two thousand feet above the sea, and exceeds five miles in breadth. From this source Runjeet Sing derives a vast revenue.

Mr. Elphinstone crossed this salt range a little beyond the town of Calla-baugh, the houses of which, he says, actually overhang the road, being built on the steep face of the hill, the streets rising like steps one above another. Here the Indus was compressed between two mountains into a deep channel, only three hundred and fifty yards broad; along the face of one of these, a  
road

road has been cut for upwards of two miles, mostly out of solid salt; the cliffs rising sometimes to the height of more than a hundred feet above the level of the river: the mineral is described as hard, clear, and nearly pure, but streaked and tinged in parts with red. 'The earth,' says Mr. Elphinstone, 'is almost blood-red, and this, with the strange and beautiful spectacle of the salt rocks, and the Indus flowing in a deep and clear stream through lofty mountains, past this extraordinary town, presented such a scene of wonder as is seldom to be witnessed.' We should say, not to be witnessed in any other part of the known globe.

The scene of Alexander's battle with Porus has been conjectured to lie at Julalpoor, but Mr. Burnes seems to prefer Jelum, which is about twenty-five miles higher up the Hydaspes, chiefly because the great road from Tartary passes this place, and appears to have been the one followed by Alexander. Mr. Elphinstone, however, is not likely to give up Julalpoor: 'so precisely does Quintus Curtius's description of the scene of Porus's battle correspond with the part of the Hydaspes where he crossed, that several gentlemen of the mission, who read the passage on the spot, were persuaded that it referred to the very spot before their eyes.'—*Non nostri est tantas componere lites*; but we wish, here and elsewhere, that Mr. Burnes had carried with him, not only his Curtius and Arrian, but the late clear and able 'History of Alexander,' by Archdeacon Williams. That learned writer's conjectures have, as it is, in several remarkable instances, derived new strength from Mr. Burnes's facts.

On the 14th March our travellers forded the Indus about five miles above Attock, where the stream was divided into three branches. Two hundred Seik horsemen conducted them over. With the exception of one man and two horses, that were carried down the stream and drowned, they arrived safe on the opposite bank. We cannot in the least account for the appearance of this following phenomenon, but as Mr. Burnes saw it himself, we have nothing further to do but to give it in his own words.

'Before crossing the Indus, we observed a singular phenomenon at the fork of the Indus and Cabool river, where an *ignis fatuus* shows itself every evening. Two, three, and even four bright lights are visible at a time, and continue to shine throughout the night, ranging within a few yards of each other. The natives could not account for them, and their continuance during the rainy season is the most inexplicable part of the phenomenon, in their estimation. They tell you that the valiant Man Sing, a Rajpoot, who carried his war of revenge against the Mahomedans across the Indus, fought a battle on this spot; and that the lights now seen are the spirits of the departed. I should not have credited the constancy of this will-o'-the-wisp had I not seen it. It may arise from the reflection of the water on the rock,



rock, smoothed by the current: but then it only shows itself on a particular spot, and the whole bank is smoothed. It may also be an exhalation of some gas from a fissure in the rock, but its position prevented our examining it.—vol. i. pp. 79, 80.

They were now in the country of the Afghans, and delivered themselves over to the Khuttucks, a lawless tribe, whose chief expressed his dissatisfaction at their having purchased some trifling articles in the bazaar, as if it was a reflection on his hospitality. On taking leave, however, he assured them they might consider themselves 'as secure as eggs under a hen.' Being now in the land 'where covetousness of a neighbour's goods is the ruling passion,' it was found necessary to secrete their money and valuables in the best manner they could contrive. On approaching the plain of Peshawur they were met by an escort and the son of the chief, who conducted them to his father, by whom they were received with the greatest kindness. Of this chief Mr. Burnes says,—

'Sooltan Mahommed Khan was not the illiterate Afghan whom I expected to find, but an educated, well-bred gentleman, whose open and affable manner made a lasting impression upon me. As we were sitting down to dinner, he would frequently slip in, quite unattended, and pass the evening with us. He would sometimes be followed by various trays of dishes, which he had had cooked in his harem, and believed might be palatable to us. He is a person more remarkable for his urbanity than his wisdom; but he transacts all his own business: he is a brave soldier; his seraglio has about thirty inmates, and he has already had a family of sixty children. He could not tell the exact number of survivors when I asked him!—vol. i. p. 91.

'As we passed the suburbs of the city we discovered a crowd of people, and, on a nearer approach, saw the mangled bodies of a man and woman, the former not quite dead, lying on a dunghill. The crowd instantly surrounded the chief and our party, and one person stepped forward and represented in a trembling attitude, to Sooltan Mahommed Khan, that he had discovered his wife in an act of infidelity, and had put both parties to death; he held the bloody sword in his hands, and described how he had committed the deed. His wife was pregnant, and already the mother of three children. The chief asked a few questions, which did not occupy him three minutes; he then said, in a loud voice, "You have acted the part of a good Mahomedan, and performed a justifiable act." He then moved on, and the crowd cried out "Bravo!" ("Afreen!") The man was immediately set at liberty.—vol. i. pp. 93, 94.

Mr. Burnes is naturally much shocked with this incident; but his expressions on the occasion are too severe; he might have known, or remembered, that an injured husband in his own country will, under similar circumstances, be held by judge and jury to have 'performed a justifiable act.'

Of

'Of the town of Peshawur,' says Mr. Burnes, 'I shall say nothing, since the graphic and accurate descriptions of Mr. Elphinstone require no addition.' A great revolution, however, has occurred since Mr. Elphinstone's time. Instead of its remaining a monarchy, the Afghan country has been broken up into four chiefships—Peshawur, Cabool, Herat, and Candahar, by the misfortunes that befel the two sons of Timour Shah, Zemaun Shah and Shooja-ool-Moolk, now both at Lodiana, and the former, as observed by Mr. Elphinstone, blind, dethroned, and exiled, in a country which he had twice subdued. The present ruler of Peshawur is described as a very excellent character, and his courtiers exhibited more general knowledge than could have been expected in this remote region. The Khan spoke without reserve of Runjeet Sing, and sighed to be released from the disgrace of being obliged to pay him tribute and having his son a hostage at Lahore. Mr. Burnes observed that every one seemed to maintain an air of equality with the chief,—even the meanest servant addressed him without ceremony. After a month's feasting and entertainments, and rambles about the city and its environs, where the climate, the gardens, and the landscape are said to delight the senses, they took their departure for Cabool. Being now near the close of April, they had no longer to dread the snows of Cabool and Hindoo Coosh; the thermometer had risen from 60° at noon on their first arrival to 87°; the mulberries had ripened, and the snow had entirely disappeared from the hither range.

The river of Cabool was crossed on a raft supported on inflated skins; it was only two hundred and fifty yards wide, but ran with such rapidity that they were carried more than a mile before gaining the opposite bank. The precipices of the ravine, down which the river fell with great impetuosity, had now risen to the height of two thousand feet, and the stream was again to be crossed. Its rapidity, formed into eddies, wheeled them round, and they had the agreeable satisfaction of being told that, if carried some way down, there was a whirlpool round which, if once enclosed in its circle, they might revolve, in hunger and giddiness, for a whole day. This reminds us of the two *padrés* who were found by Condamine in an eddy of the Amazons, where they had been spinning round and round in their little skiff for a couple of days.

Julalabad, the residence of a Mahommedan chief, lies between two parallel mountains, clothed in snow, in the higher part of which it never melts, and this would give an elevation of about 15,000 feet. It is described as a small filthy town, with a bazaar of fifty shops, and a population of about two thousand souls. At Bala-bagh, rich gardens, producing the famous pomegranates without seed, and vines creeping up trees to the height

height of eighty feet from the ground, ascended up the steep close under the Snowy Mountains. Near Guudamuk clover and white daisies clothed the fields, and the mountains were covered with forests of pines, rising to within a thousand feet of perpetual snow. Here, too, is the garden of Neemla, celebrated as the field of battle in which Shooja-ool-Moolk lost his crown in 1809.

The party had scarcely entered Cabool before they heard of the misfortunes of Mr. Wolf, the Jewish missionary, who was then detained in a neighbouring village, and lost no time in despatching assistance to him. The situation of this eccentric fanatic excited the sympathy of our travellers, though mainly owing to his own imprudence; having assumed the character of a hadjee, he was soon discovered, and then, of course, beaten and plundered.

Our travellers were received most kindly into the house of Nawab Jubbar Khan, the amiable brother of the chief of Cabool. Mr. Burnes says, —

‘Never was a man more modest and more beloved; he will permit but a single attendant to follow him; and the people on the high and by ways stop to bless him; the politicians assail him at home to enter into intrigues, and yet he possesses the respect of the whole community, and has, at the present moment, a greater moral influence than any of the Barukzye family in Afghanistan. His manners are remarkably mild and pleasing; and from his dress one would not imagine him to be an influential member of a warlike family. It is delightful to be in his society, to witness his acts, and hear his conversation. He is particularly partial to Europeans, and makes every one of them his guest who enters Cabool. All the French officers in the Punjab lived with him, and keep up a friendly intercourse. Such is the patriarch of Cabool; he is now about fifty years of age; and such the master of the house in which we were so fortunate as to dwell.’—vol. i. p. 134.

The chief himself, Dost Mahommed Khan, appears to be a man of a very superior mind: his general knowledge and intelligence far beyond what could have been expected; his curiosity unbounded. In short, his friendly reception of the travellers, and his accomplished address, quite charmed them. Like most Asiatics, he had imagined that the great wealth of England was drawn from her Eastern Empire; but when set right on this point, he observed, ‘This satisfactorily accounts for the subjection of India. You have left much of its wealth to the native princes; you have not had to encounter their despair, and you are just in your courts.’ With two such men as the governor and the patriarch, Cabool is in no immediate danger of internal convulsions. The capital is a bustling city, with a population of 60,000.

‘In the evening, each shop is lighted up by a lamp suspended in front, which gives the city an appearance of being illuminated. The number of shops for the sale of dried fruits is remarkable, and their arrangement

arrangement tasteful. Every trade has its separate bazaar, and all of them seem busy. There are booksellers and venders of paper, much of which is Russian, and of a blue colour. Around the bakers' shops crowds of people may be seen, waiting for their bread. I observed that they baked it by plastering it to the sides of the oven. Cabool is famed for its kabobs, or cooked meats, which are in great request: few cook at home. "Rhuwash" was the dainty of the May season in Cabool: It is merely blanched rhubarb, which is reared under a careful protection from the sun, and grows up rankly under the hills in the neighbourhood. Its flavour is delicious: "Shiabash rhuwash! Bravo rhuwash!" is the cry in the streets; and every one buys it. In the most crowded parts of the city there are story-tellers amusing the idlers, or dervises proclaiming the glories and deeds of the prophet.—vol. i. pp. 145, 146.

Though Cabool is more than six thousand feet above the level of the sea, the number and variety of the fruit trees are quite remarkable. Mr. Burnes enumerates peaches, plums, apricots, pears, apples, quinces, cherries, walnuts, mulberries, pomegranates and vines, all growing in one garden. Vines are so plentiful, that for three months in the year the grapes are given to the cattle. They make a wine not unlike Madeira. The mulberries of Cabool are as much celebrated as are the pears of Peshawur; the apricot also is much esteemed, and they have fourteen different ways of preserving it. In short, fruit is more plentiful than bread, and is considered one of the necessities of life. In the gardens are also plenty of nightingales, blackbirds, thrushes, doves, and magpies, which, with the fruits, reminded our travellers of England. The Nawab sent Mr. Burnes, in a cage surrounded with cloth, a 'Boobool i huzar dastan,' or *nightingale of a thousand tales*, which, he says, became so noisy a companion throughout the night, that he was obliged to send it away before he could sleep.

It has been for some time past a current opinion in the East that the offspring of the lost tribes of Israel survive among the Afghans. This subject did not escape the inquisitive mind of Mr. Burnes. He goes through the genealogies, as current in the country, from the days of Nebuchadnezzar downwards, and adds,

'I can see no good reason for discrediting them, though there be some anachronisms, and the dates do not exactly correspond with those of the Old Testament. In the histories of Greece and Rome we find similar corruptions, as well as in the later works of the Arab and Mahommedan writers. The Afghans look like Jews; they say they are descended from Jews; and the younger brother marries the widow of the elder, according to the law of Moses. The Afghans entertain strong prejudices against the Jewish nation; which would at least show that they had no desire to claim, without a just cause,

a descent from them.' [They ~~do~~ not claim a descent from *them*.] 'Since some of the tribes of Israel came to the East, why should we not admit that the Afghans are their descendants, converted to Mahomedanism? I am aware that I am differing from a high authority; but I trust that I have made it appear on reasonable grounds.'—vol. i. p. 164.

Mr. Elphinstone (the authority alluded to) declined the investigation of this curious subject, but at the same time did not conceal his opinion that their own accounts of their origin appeared to him fabulous. Carey and Marshman lean the other way, and have discovered that the Pushtoo or Afghan language contains more Hebrew words than that of any nation of India. Of this we think not much; but what seems more important, they quote also a learned Afghan, who says, 'his nation are *beni Israel*, but not Yahoos,'—sons of Israel, but not Jews. Until some profound and liberal scholar investigates the whole matter, nothing can be said. We must equally pause as to the numerous claims to a Grecian pedigree set up by certain chiefs in the valley of the Oxus and in Badackshan. Marco Polo is the first traveller who heard of such a tradition. Mr. Elphinstone was informed that the chief of Durwaz drew his lineage from Alexander, and Mr. Burnes found six other personages, to the north of the Oxus, claiming a like descent.

Mr. Burnes now commenced preparations for a journey over the Hindoo Koosh, or Snowy Mountains, and he found no difficulty in obtaining money on a letter of credit on the public treasury of Lodiana or Delhi; 'a gratifying proof,' he observes, 'have we here of the high character of our nation, to find the bills of those who almost appeared as beggars, cashed without hesitation in a foreign and far-distant capital.' The road which they had to pursue from Cabool to Balkh led along the valley of the Cabool river, and here the towering range of mountains often seemed to overhang the path. The sources of the river, at the head of the valley, are in two large ponds formed into preserves for fish. Mr. Burnes says, 'we fed them with bread, which disappeared in a moment, torn from our hands by some thousands of *them*.' They are molested by no one, since it is believed that a curse rests on the head of an intruder.' The following succinct account will convey some idea of this western tail of the range of the vast Himalaya mountains:—

'We crossed this stupendous chain of mountains by six successive passes; and, after a journey of about 260 miles, and thirteen days, debouched, on the valley of the Oxus, at Khooloom, which is forty miles eastward of the ancient city of Balkh. The first three passes lie between Cabool and Bameean, and two of them were so deeply covered with snow in the end of May, that we could only travel in the morning, when it was frozen, and would bear our horses. The three remaining passes

passes north of Bameean were of lesser altitude, and free from snow. We commenced our journey at an elevation of 6600 feet, which is the height of the city of Cabool from the sea. We then followed the river of Cabool, which falls at the rate of fifty feet a mile, and reached its source at an elevation of 8600 feet, where the snow was first encountered in the valley. We attained our greatest height at the passes called Hajeeguk and Kaloo, which were respectively 12,400 and 13,000 feet high, and covered with snow. None of the other passes exceed an altitude of 9000 feet; and from the last of them, called Kara Koottul, we descended the bed of a river, at the rate of sixty feet a mile, till we reached the plains of Toorkistan, where we had yet an elevation of 2000 feet above the sea.—vol. ii. p. 240.

He adds that the peaks of Koh-i-baba are covered with eternal snow for a considerable distance beneath their summits, the altitude of which he estimates at about 18,000 feet. But the true mountain of Hindoo Koosh, we are told, lies about a degree to the eastward of the present route.

‘This great peak is visible from Cabool, and entirely enveloped in milk-white snow. I saw it also from Koondooz, on the north, at a distance of 150 miles. Its altitude must be considerable, for the travellers complain of the difficulty of breathing, and carry sugar and mulberries with them to ease their respiration; and the strongest of men suffer from giddiness and vomiting. Thousands of birds are also found dead on the snow: it is believed that they are unable to fly from the violence of the winds; but it is more probable that they are prevented by the rarity of the atmosphere; yet birds are used to higher elevations than men and quadrupeds. They often attempt to walk across, and numbers of them are ensnared. The greatest silence is preserved in crossing Hindoo Koosh; and no one speaks loud, or fires a gun, lest the reverberation cause a fall of snow. But the most singular phenomenon on Hindoo Koosh appears to be the snow-worm, which is described to resemble the silk-worm in its mature state. This insect is only found in the regions of perpetual congelation, and dies on being removed from the snow. I do not suppose that the existence of the creature will be doubted, because I have not seen it, since I speak on the united testimony of many who have passed Hindoo Koosh.’—vol. ii. pp. 247, 248.

In the lower parts of these mountains, and on the hills, were seen vast flocks of the broad-tailed sheep, and numerous goats, browsing on the furze and dry grass, and the aromatic plants which grow among the rocks, and scent the air. Among these may be reckoned the asafœtida plant (*ferula asafœtida*), which was found flourishing in great luxuriance at an elevation of 7000 feet. The sheep are particularly fond of this plant; and it is eaten raw and much relished by the inhabitants, though the smell is nearly as strong in its fresh state, as in our shops as a drug. In the passes of these mountains, Mr. Burnes observed abundance of apricot

trees, blackberry bushes, sweet briars and hawthorn. The fuel used by the inhabitants is the dry stunted furze. Neither cedars, nor firs, nor trees of any kind, adorn the mountains of Hindoo Koosh. Before the party had reached the village of Bameean they had already surmounted the 'everlasting snows,' which, however, by the existing maps, were still half a degree of latitude beyond them.

Bameean is celebrated for its colossal idols and innumerable excavations, which are to be seen in all parts of the valley, for about eight miles, and still form the residence of the greater part of the population. They are called "Soomuch" by the people. A detached hill in the middle of the valley is quite honeycombed by them, and brings to our recollection the Troglodites of Alexander's historians. It is called the city of Ghoolghoola, and consists of a continued succession of caves in every direction, which are said to have been the work of a king named Julal. The hills are formed of indurated clay and pebbles, which renders their excavation a matter of little difficulty; but the great extent to which it has been carried excites attention. Some of them are finished in the shape of a dome, and have a carved frieze below the point from which the cupola springs. The inhabitants tell many remarkable tales of the caves of Bameean; one in particular—that a mother had lost her child among them, and recovered it after a lapse of twelve years! The tale need not be believed; but it will convey an idea of the extent of the works. There are excavations on all sides of the idols; and below the larger one-half a regiment might find quarters. Bameean is perhaps the city which Alexander founded at the base of Paropamisus, before entering Bactria. The country, indeed, from Cabool to Balkh, is yet styled "Bakhtur Zumeen," or Bakhtur country.

'There are no relics of Asiatic antiquity which have roused the curiosity of the learned more than the gigantic idols of Bameean. They consist of two figures, a male and a female; the one named Silsal, the other Shahmama. The figures are cut in alto relievo on the face of the hill. The male is the larger of the two, and about 120 feet high. It occupies a front of seventy feet; and the niche in which it is excavated extends about that depth into the hill. The female figure is cut in the same hill, at a distance of 200 yards, and is about half the size.'—vol. i. pp. 183-186.

It is further stated that the niches of both these idols have been at one time plastered and ornamented with paintings of human figures, but these antique limnings now only appear over the heads of the idols, where the colours are as vivid, and the lines as distinct as any in the Egyptian tombs. These figures, Mr. Burnes describes, are described in Sherif-o-deen's history of Tamerlane, and he adds, that they are considered to be the Lat and Munat of the Koran. His engravings of them are worth a hundred descriptions.

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The Afghans are described as a sober, simple, steady people ; a nation of children, who quarrel for trifles ; fight and become friends ; prone to idleness ; will sit a whole day stupidly staring at each other ; delight in sauntering about in their beautiful gardens in the evenings ; dress well, and have the appearance of health and happiness : the chubby red cheeks of their children are remarkable. Their amusements are hunting, hawking, and quail-fighting. The Afghans, however, differ very much in the different tribes or clans into which they are divided, and violent feuds exist among them. At a village called Ispahan Mr. Burnes relates a bloody deed of Vizier Futteh Khan, occasioned by the dread of being supplanted at a battle, fought at this place, by a nobleman who aspired to his office.

‘ This individual, whose name was Meer Alum, had, on a former occasion, insulted Futteh Khan, and even knocked out one of his front teeth. The injury had to all appearance been forgiven, for he had since married a sister of the vizier ; but the alliance had only been formed that Futteh Khan might easier accomplish his base intentions. The night before the battle he seized upon his brother-in-law and put him to death. A heap of stones, here called a “ toda,” marks the scene of the murder. The vizier’s sister threw herself at her brother’s feet, and asked why he had murdered her husband ? “ What ! ” said he, “ have you more regard for your husband than your brother’s honour ? Look at my broken tooth ; and know that the insult is now avenged. If you are in grief at the loss of a husband, I’ll marry you to a mule driver.” ’—vol. i. pp. 128, 129.

At Bameean the territory of Cabool ends, and at Syghan that of Mahomet Ali Beg, also an Usbek, begins, who however is alternately subject to Cabool and Koondooz, as the chiefs of these states happen to preponderate in power. Here there was a stricter attention paid to matters of religion than on the southern side of the mountains ; and the travellers were particularly cautioned not to sleep with their feet towards Mecca. The last pass of the Indian Caucasus they had to cross was the Kara Kootal, or Black Pass, but they had yet a journey of ninety-five miles before they entirely cleared the mountains. The last march in the mountains brought the travellers to Khooloom, from whence they had a noble view of the country to the northward, sloping down to the Oxus. Since leaving Cabool, Mr. Burnes says they had slept in their clothes, halted among mud, waded through rivers, tumbled among snow, and now were sunned by heat ; but these he considers only as the petty inconveniences of a traveller.

From Khooloom it was intended to proceed northerly to Balkh, but, to their surprise and mortification, the officers of the customs



toms had despatched a messenger to report their arrival to the chief of Koondooz, and receive his instructions for their disposal. In two days he returned, bringing a summons for the strangers to repair to Koondooz, about sixty miles to the eastward. Mr. Burnes lost no time in proceeding thither, to make his appearance before Meer Moorad Beg, the chief of the Usbeks. He found him seated on a tiger skin, and stretching out his legs covered with huge boots, in contempt of all Eastern rules of decorum. He was tall in stature, his features harsh, his eyes small to deformity, his forehead broad and frowning, the whole cast of his countenance most repulsive, and he wanted the beard which adorns the countenance of most Oriental people. Mr. Burnes having succeeded, by good management, in passing for an Armenian, procured an order for his safe conduct beyond the frontier; and forthwith departed to rejoin his companions at Khooloom, glad to escape from the despot, as well as from Koondooz, which is one of the most insalubrious places in the swampy valley of the upper Oxus. Its population does not exceed 1500 souls. The united force of Murad Beg is stated to be 20,000 horse and six pieces of artillery, one of which is a thirty-six pounder, brought from Persia by Nadir Shah.

This despot of Koondooz was the cause of all the disasters that befel poor Moorcroft in the year 1824. Knowing that he was an Englishman, which is in these countries synonymous with a wealthy man, he ensnared him, with his companions and baggage, to Koondooz, and kept them prisoners until he had contrived to extort from them a sum of about 23,000 rupees: they were then allowed to depart; but his cupidity was increased by what it fed on; and when Moorcroft was preparing to start for Bokhara, he and his party were surrounded by 400 horsemen, and again summoned to Koondooz. Nor was it concealed that the chief had resolved to seize on the remainder of their property and put the whole of them to death. Nothing therefore was left for Moorcroft but to take advantage of the night, to assume the dress of a native, and to fly for refuge to a holy man who dwelt beyond Koondooz, and who was known to have a powerful influence over the mind of the chief. He fell at his feet and claimed his protection for a stranger. This holy personage promised him security; he summoned Moorad Beg before him, and told him, at his peril, not to touch a hair of the traveller's head, nor of those of his party. Moorcroft was then permitted to pursue his journey to Bokhara, but unfortunately died on his return, about eighty miles from Balkh. Mr. Trebeck and Mr. Guthrie, his companions, also died of fever.

On the journey of the present travellers to Balkh, they passed Mazar, a small independency belonging to a priest, who superintends

intends the worship at a shrine of great sanctity, dedicated to Ali, and built about 350 years ago. It was here that Mr. Trebeck expired and was buried. Mr. Burnes visited his grave, which was under the shade of a mulberry tree.

'This young man has left a most favourable impression of his good qualities throughout the countries which we passed; and I could not but feel for his melancholy fate. After burying his two European fellow-travellers, he sunk, at an early age, after four months' suffering, in a far-distant country, without a friend, without assistance, and without consolation. The whole of his property was either embezzled by a priest who accompanied the party, or confiscated by the *holy men* of this sanctuary, who yet retain it: it consisted of some valuable horses, camp equipage, money, and a few printed books. All the manuscripts of Moorcroft have been fortunately recovered; and, in justice to an amiable man, who devoted his life to a passion for travel and research, they ought, long ere this, to have been published. The money did not fall into the hands of the people of Muzar; it may be traced, but I cannot say found.'—vol. i. pp. 233, 234.

But if the papers be in existence, and attainable, why not published? Mr. Burnes says that on entering the ancient city of Balkh, in the dominions of the King of Bokhara, they wound among its extensive ruins for nearly three miles before reaching a caravansary in the inhabited corner of this once proud 'Mother of Cities.' Its ruins extend, we are told, for a circuit of about twenty miles, consisting of fallen mosques and decayed tombs; and its present population does not amount to 2000 souls. It stands on a plain covered with inequalities, probably arising from ruins and rubbish. The city itself, like Babylon, has long been a perfect mine of bricks for the surrounding country; its gardens, once so celebrated, are overgrown with weeds, and its aqueducts dried up. Such is the present state of the ancient Bactria, which, after the conquest of Alexander, flourished under a succession of Grecian kings! The melancholy reflections to which such a place was calculated to give rise were enhanced by a visit to a lonely spot outside the city, where are the graves of poor Moorcroft and Guthrie, the bigoted people having refused them room in their burying-ground. 'It was fortunate,' says Mr. Burnes, 'that the living experienced no such contempt as the dead, for we received no slight from any one, though our creed and our nation were not concealed.'

From Balkh the party crossed the desert in company of a small caravan of twenty camels, each camel being laden with a couple of panniers, as lately described in our notice of Conolly. They slept in the open air, a coarse blanket being their only covering, all their nourishment bread and tea. The country was destitute of wood

wood and water, 'and its stunted herbage either protruded from mounds of loose drifting sand, or made its appearance through sheets of hard clay.' The place where they had to cross the Jihon or Amoo (the ancient Oxus,) afforded some little cultivation by means of aqueducts from the river. 'It was here eight hundred yards wide and about twenty feet deep, with a current of about three miles and a half an hour. The mode of crossing it is singular.

"We were drawn by a pair of horses, who were yoked to the boat, on each bow, by a rope fixed to the hair of the mane. The bridle is then put on as if the horse were to be mounted; the boat is pushed into the stream, and, without any other assistance than the horses, is ferried directly across the most rapid channel. A man on board holds the reins of each horse, and allows them to play loosely in the mouth, urging him to swim; and, thus guided, he advances without difficulty. There is not an oar to aid in impelling the boat; and the only assistance from those on board consists in manœuvring a rude rounded pole at the stern, to prevent the vessel from wheeling in the current, and to give both horses clear water to swim."—vol. i. p. 249-50.

After crossing a desert, on the northern side of the Oxus, of eighty-five miles without seeing a tree, they entered the small oasis of Kurshee, which contains a little town about a mile long, with a considerable bazaar and about ten thousand inhabitants, being the largest place in the kingdom of Bokhara next to the capital. A small river expends itself in the oasis by enabling the inhabitants to form and cultivate their numerous gardens. It rises at Shuhr Suby, about fifty miles to the north-east, famous as being the birth-place of Timour, and about the same distance from Samarcand. The mention of this latter place makes us regret exceedingly that it was not visited by Mr. Burnes; for though we have little doubt it would present pretty much the same melancholy aspect as Balkh, yet, being once a city of such renown, and lost as it were from all knowledge of Europeans for many centuries, a journey to it of a hundred miles would have added a singularly interesting episode to his narrative, had it been for no other purpose than to have viewed the observatory of the justly-celebrated Ulegh Beg, which is said to be still in a perfect state, as is also the tomb of the no-less-celebrated Timour.

Viewing these countries in their present wretched and sterile condition, it is a severe tax on our belief, when we read of an Arab governor of Samarcand making a boast that he could take the field with 300,000 horse and as many foot, and that they would not be missed in the province; or that 700,000 Monguls and Tartars, under Gengiskhan, met and engaged 400,000 troops of the Sultan of Khiva, in the midst of the now direful deserts

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of Mawenelnahar, then the first of earthly paradises, and the happiest region of the globe! But, dismissing these and all such like Arabian hyperboles, we have the testimony of Clavijo, the ambassador of Henry III. of Castile to Timour, as to the splendour, the magnificence, and the multitudes that were assembled on the plains of Samarcand, on the marriage of six of that Emperor's grandsons. On this occasion, the insolence as well as the grandeur of the barbarian was singularly displayed. When seated on his throne, he was told that an ambassador from one of the principal countries of Europe was in attendance: 'Let him approach,' says he; 'the shrimp has its place in the ocean.' Gibbon, emulating the oriental grandiloquence of the Persian historian from whom he has drawn his account of this fête, tells us that 'whole forests were cut down to supply fuel for the kitchens; and the plain was spread with pyramids of meat, and vases of every liquor, to which thousands of guests were courteously invited.' He goes on to say that, 'After the marriage contracts had been ratified, the bridegrooms and their brides retired to their nuptial chambers; nine times, according to the Asiatic fashion, they were dressed and undressed; and at each change of apparel, pearls and rubies were showered on their heads, and contemptuously abandoned to their attendants: a general indulgence was proclaimed; every law was relaxed, the people was free, the sovereign was idle:—in other words, as we gather from Clavijo, the emperor, his sultanas, his grandsons, their brides, and attendants, all got royally and gloriously drunk.

In the route of our travellers from Kurshee towards Bokhara is the village of Karsan, at the extremity of the oasis. It was market day, and a vast throng were passed on their way thither, but all were equestrians—not a single individual on foot. It much amused Mr. Burnes to see here a man jogging along to market with his wife on a pillion behind him. We venture to say that in the days of his own grandmother, no farmer's wife in his own country ever went to market in any other fashion. 'We now,' says he, 'found ourselves among the *Usbeks*, a grave, broad-faced, peaceable people, with a Tartar expression of countenance.' He calls them, however, in another part of his journey, 'the ferocious and man-selling *Usbeks*.' It is no crime, according to the *Koran*, by which they are chiefly governed, to trade in slaves, which the *Toorkmuns* of the desert seize from the Persians and sell to the *Usbeks*, who again dispose of them at a profit. Bokhara, after a most fatiguing journey, was now at hand, but there was nothing striking in the approach to it; the country is flat, but richly clothed, and the trees concealed the walls and the mosques till the party were close upon them. The first thing, after entering this city, was to exchange their turbans  
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for shabby sheep-skin caps, with the fur inside and their 'Kumberbunds,' or girdles, for a rude piece of rope—in short, to hoist signals of poverty. On the same day Mr. Burnes was summoned to wait on the minister, to whom he had previously announced his approach. He had to walk two miles through the streets before he reached the palace, or *chader*. He found the Koosh Beggee, or lord of all the Begs, sitting in a small room, who desired him to be seated outside on the hard pavement; but our traveller did not break his heart at this seeming indignity, as the minister's son was seated farther off than himself. Mr. Burnes presented a silver watch and a Cashmeer dress, but the minister declined receiving anything, saying that he was but the slave of the king. He kept Burnes about two hours, questioning him on a great variety of subjects—what had brought him to Bokhara—what was his profession—his knowledge—his baggage—and so on—but he concluded by assuring him of his protection, enjoining him, however, on no account, while in Bokhara, to make use of pen and ink.

He soon sent for him a second time, and inquired, among other things, whether he had anything curious to exhibit. It occurred to Mr. Burnes that a patent compass might serve the turn; he sallied forth to fetch it, and when he had pointed out its utility, the old man seemed to have forgotten 'that he was but the slave of the king.' The Koosh Beggee packed up the compass with all the haste and anxiety of a child, and said he would take it direct to his Majesty, to manifest the wonderful ingenuity of our nation. Mr. Burnes had abundance of time during the month he continued here to see everything worth seeing in Bokhara, but, like other foreigners, was prohibited from mounting a horse within the city walls. The following description of the Great Bazaar, the common resort of all nations, conveys a clear notion of what passes daily in this holy city:—

'On two other sides there are massive buildings, colleges of the learned; and on the fourth side is a fountain, filled with water, and shaded by lofty trees, while idlers and newsmongers assemble round the wares of Asia and Europe, which are here exposed for sale. A stranger has only to seat himself on a bench of the Registan, to know the Usbeks and the people of Bokhara. He may here converse with the natives of Persia, Turkey, Russia, Tartary, China, India, and Cabool. He will meet with Toorkmuns, Calmuks, and Kuzzaks, from the surrounding deserts, as well as the natives of more favoured lands. He may contrast the polished manners of the subjects of the 'Great King' with the ruder habits of a roaming Tartar. A red beard, grey eyes, and fair skin will now and then arrest the notice of a stranger, and his attention will have been fixed on a poor Russian, who has lost his country and his liberty, and here drags out a miserable life of slavery. A native of China may be seen here and there in the  
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same forlorn predicament, shorn of his long cue of hair, with his crown under a turban, since both he and the Russian act the part of Mahommedans. Then follows a Hindoo, in a garb foreign to himself and his country. A small square cap and a string, instead of a girdle, distinguishes him from the Mahommedans, and, as the Moslems themselves tell you, prevents their profaning the prescribed salutations of their language by using them to an idolater. Without these distinctions, the native of India is to be recognised by his demure look, and the studious manner in which he avoids all communication with the crowd. He herds only with a few individuals, similarly circumstanced with himself. The Jew is as marked a being as the Hindoo: he wears a somewhat different dress, and a conical cap. No mark, however, is so distinguishing as the well-known features of the Hebrew people. In Bokhara, they are a race remarkably handsome, and I saw more than one Rebecca in my peregrinations. Their features are set off by ringlets of beautiful hair hanging over their cheeks and neck. There are about 4000 Jews in Bokhara, emigrants from Meshid, in Persia, who are chiefly employed in dyeing cloth. They receive the same treatment as the Hindoos. A stray Armenian, in a still different dress, represents his wandering nation; but there are few of them in Bokhara. With these exceptions, the stranger beholds in the bazaar a portly, fair, and well-dressed mass of people, the Mahommedans of Toorkistan. A large white turban, and a pelisse of some dark colour, over three or four others of the same description, is the general costume: but some of the higher persons are clothed in brocade—and one may distinguish the gradations of the chiefs, since those in favour ride into the citadel, and the others dismount at the gate. A great portion appear on horseback; but, whether mounted or on foot, they are dressed in boots; and the pedestrians strut on high and small heels, in which it was difficult for me to walk or even stand: they are about an inch and a half high, and the pinnacle is not one-third the diameter. This is the national dress of the Usbeks. Some men of rank have a shoe over the boot, which is taken off on entering a room. I must not forget the ladies in my enumeration of the inhabitants: they generally appear on horseback, riding as the men: a few walk, and are all veiled with a black hair-cloth. The difficulty of seeing through it makes the fair ones stare at every one as in a masquerade. Here, however, no one must speak to them; and if any of the king's harem pass, you are admonished to look in another direction, and get a blow on the head if you neglect the advice. So holy are the fair ones of the "holy Bokhara."—vol. i. pp. 272-276.

From morn till night, the crowd emits a humming noise, and 'one is stunned,' says our author, 'at the moving mass of human beings. One wonders at the never-ending employment of the fruiterers in dealing out their grapes, melons, apricots, apples, peaches, pears, and plums, to a continued succession of purchasers.' The demand for tea is equally great; it is drank as in  
 • China,

China, at all times and places, with and without sugar, with and without milk, with grease, salt, &c. Grape-jelly, mixed up with chopped ice, is 'the delight of life' (*rahat i jan*). Ice, it seems, is pitted in winter, and so abundant, that the poorest people can afford to buy it. 'No one ever thinks of drinking water in Bokhara without icing it; and a beggar may be seen purchasing it, as he proclaims his poverty and entreats the bounty of the passenger.' The busy scene closes with the twilight; the king's drum beats; it is re-echoed by others in every part of the city—and after this no one is permitted to stir abroad without a lantern.

Mr. Burnes, of course, visited the baths of Bokhara, one of the greatest—indeed most indispensable—luxuries in every part of the Eastern world. He says, there are eighteen (Meyendorff says fourteen) baths in Bokhara, the generality of which bring in an annual income of 150 tillas, or 1000 rupees; and this, he thinks, is a fact which may serve to number the inhabitants. Mr. Burnes has not considered this well. 'Each individual,' he tells us, 'pays to the keeper of the bath ten pieces of brass money, of which there are 135 in a rupee; about 1100 people may, therefore, bathe for a tilla, and 150 tillas will give 15,000 people to each bath. Eighteen baths will give a total of 270,000, *who enjoy the luxury yearly.*' In this calculation (which gives 243,000) it is assumed that each of these individuals bathes only *once* within the year, whereas many bathe every day, and others not at all; therefore, the notion of such a calculation 'serving to number the inhabitants' is absurd. In fact, in a few pages farther on he himself says, 'Bokhara has a population of 150,000 souls' (i. p. 302). Meyendorff makes it 70,000, dwelling in 8000 houses. Statistical information, given by transient travellers, is not worth much; for instance, compare the statement of Moraviev, of the population of Khiva at 10,000 inhabitants, and the houses at 3000, with Meyendorff's statement respecting Bokhara, the one making each house contain about *three*, the other nearly *nine*, individuals. Again, Mr. Burnes says he cannot estimate the whole population of the kingdom of Bokhara at a million of human beings; and that one-half of this population is made up of the nomade tribes in its deserts (ii. p. 184); while Meyendorff makes them amount to 2,478,000 souls!

It was natural enough that Mr. Burnes should desire to see the King, after so many friendly visits to the Vizier, but on expressing a wish to that effect, he found 'he had touched a delicate point.' The wary minister suspected that some proposal might be made to his majesty, which had been concealed from himself: his reply was, 'I am as good as the Ameer, and if you have no matters

matters of business to transact with the King, what have travellers to do with courts?' He was, therefore, obliged to be content with seeing the 'Commander of the Faithful' as he went to his prayers. He appeared under thirty years of age, his countenance not prepossessing, his eyes being small, his visage gaunt and pale. The Koran was carried before him; the mace-bearers exclaimed, as they went along, 'Pray to God that the Commander of the Faithful may act justly!' His character is said to stand high among his countrymen: yet, from what follows, it would seem that he does not trust them.

'The life of this king is less enviable than that of most private men. The water which he drinks is brought in skins from the river, under the charge and seal of two officers. It is opened by the Vizier, first tasted by his people and then by himself, when it is once more sealed and despatched to the king. The daily meals of his majesty undergo a like scrutiny; the minister eats, he gives to those around him, they wait the lapse of an hour to judge of their effect, when they are locked up in a box and despatched. His majesty has one key, and his minister another. Fruit, sweetmeats, and every eatable undergo the same examination, and we shall hardly suppose the good King of the Usbeks ever enjoys a hot meal or a fresh-cooked dinner. Poison is common, and the rise of his majesty himself to the throne on which he now sits is not without strong suspicions of a free distribution of such draughts. A native, on one occasion, presented me with some figs, one of which I took and ate, to show him that I appreciated the gift. The individual cautioned me against such indiscretion in future: "Since," said he, "you should always present some of the gift in the first instance to the giver, and if he eats, you may with safety follow his example."—vol. i. pp. 293, 294.

The palace, the mosques, and the colleges occupy a very large proportion of the city of Bokhara. Of the latter, Mr. Burnes says there are about 366 great and small, a third part of which are large buildings, each containing upwards of seventy or eighty students; that is to say, there cannot be fewer than 12,000 of these lazy animals who 'are entirely occupied with theology, which has superseded all other points; they are quite ignorant even of the historical annals of their country. A more perfect set of drones were never assembled together; and they are a body of men regardless of their religion in most respects beyond the performance of its prayers.' We believe we were quite right, when, in reviewing Meyendorff's book,\* we said, that 'nothing appeared to flourish but praying and concubinage, which are sometimes found to go together in other countries besides Maweneluhahar.' The Mollahs set the example of the one, and the 'Commander of the Faithful' of both.

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\* Quarterly Review, vol. xxxvi. p. 118.



While at Bokhara, Mr. Burnes was desirous of meeting with some of the Russian slaves, who he was told amounted to about one hundred and thirty in the whole kingdom, but that the purchase and sale of them had ceased for the last ten years.

'One evening a stout and manly-looking person fell at my feet and kissed them. He was a Russian of the name of Gregory Pulakoff, who had been kidnapped when asleep at a Russian outpost, about twenty-five years ago. He was the son of a soldier, and now followed the trade of a carpenter. I made him sit down with us, and give an account of his woes and condition: it was our dinner-time, and the poor carpenter helped us to eat our pilao. Though but ten years of age when captured, he yet retained his native language, and the most ardent wish to return to his country. He paid seven tillas a year to his master, who allowed him to practise his trade and keep all he might earn beyond that sum. He had a wife and child, also slaves. "I am well treated by my master," said he; "I go where I choose; I associate with the people, and play the part of a Mahomedan; I appear happy, but my heart burns for my native land, where I would serve in the most despotic army with gladness. Could I but see it again, I would willingly die. I tell you my feelings, but I smother them from the Usbeks. I am yet a Christian (here the poor fellow crossed himself after the manner of the Greek church), and I live among a people who detest, with the utmost cordiality, every individual of that creed. It is only for my own peace that I call myself a Mahomedan.'"—vol. i. p. 294-5.

It is stated, however, that many of these Russians who are held in slavery were soldiers who, from the severity of discipline on the frontier station, had voluntarily deserted their posts, and thrown themselves into that condition. It was the wish of Mr. Burnes to have gone by Kliiva to the Caspian, but a feud between the Khan of this Oasis and the Kerghis of the Steppe made it unsafe. The caravan, of which our travellers made a part, proceeded about forty miles to a place called Meerabad, beyond which the merchants declined to advance on account of the disturbed state of the country. They were, therefore, detained nearly a month; but it afforded some compensation to inquisitive travellers—to feel persuaded that they were on classical ground—that the river of Bokhara, or the Kohik (which does not fall into the Oxus as represented on the maps, but loses itself in the lake Dengis), is the same river as that which was known to the Greeks by the name of Polyimetus. This conclusion is drawn from the text of Arrian, who states it to be *lost in the sands*—while Curtius leads its waters *into a cavern*—either of which may mean the same thing as losing itself in a lake. The story of Alexander's encountering the lion in this neighbourhood must be a geographical error; for, as Horrebow, in his *Chapter on Owls*, laconically informs his readers, 'there

'there are no owls in Iceland,' so may we venture to assure ours that there are no lions in Bokhara—nor is there any credible testimony that the king of beasts ever condescended to illustrate the sandy plains of Mawenelnahar.

Proceeding at length to the southward, our travellers crossed the Oxus a second time, at Betick, opposite to Charjoocé, (placed in former maps on the wrong side of the river), one of the greatest ferries between Persia and Toorkistan. The farmer of the ferry informed them that, in the year preceding, the Oxus was frozen from shore to shore, so that caravans crossed it on the ice. The farmer requested the king to allow him to tax the passengers: 'That,' said the king, 'is impossible, unless you agree to pay the blood-money of all those who may fall through the ice and perish;' and everybody applauded the wisdom of the king except the farmer. The river was here six hundred and fifty yards broad, and from twenty-five to twenty-nine feet deep. Mr. Burnes heard of a kind of dog-fish caught in it, weighing from five hundred to six hundred pounds, and used as food by the Usbeks.

They had now before them a journey of one hundred and fifty miles, across a part of the great desert of the Toorkmuns, before they should reach the Moorghab river, near the town of Merve, about fifty miles beyond which it loses itself in a lake. The caravan consisted of about eighty camels and one hundred and fifty persons, some proceeding in panniers placed on camels, some on horses, and others on donkeys—several of them were Persians returning home after many years of slavery. We need not stop to describe the dangers, inconveniences, and privations of those who have to cross sandy deserts, whether in Asia or in Africa, as they are all pretty nearly of the same character. The second volume contains by far the most full and graphical picture of Toorkman life that we have ever met with: it is here indeed that Mr. Burnes's abilities as a mere writer are most advantageously displayed—and we may say the same as to his admirable personal qualities, his prudence, courage, calm temper, and resolution of purpose, which are carried home to our feelings by his perfect simplicity and modest unconsciousness; but our limits compel us to spare quotation.

Having surmounted the pass of Durbund and the fort of Moozderan, they were not long in entering the sacred city of Meshid, where Lieutenant Burnes had the gratification of meeting with Captain and Mrs. Shee, the first Europeans the party had fallen in with since leaving the Punjab. Meshid is but a miserable place, but 'still,' as Lieut. Burnes observes, 'it is the burial-place of the great Nadir Shah.'

'His grave, now dishonoured and marked by the ruins of the edifice  
that

that once sheltered it from the elements, is one of the most interesting sights to a traveller. What a field for rumination is such a spot! The fountains and flowers which encircled it have disappeared; the peach-tree, which put forth its blossom on the returning spring, has fallen under the axe, and the willows and cypresses have been torn down. In their place a crop of turnips had been sown by some industrious citizen. Shade of Nadir, what a change is here! He who shook the kingdoms of the East, has been denied in death the small quadrangle of a garden which the affection of sons had hallowed to the merit of a parent. This is the reward of him who delivered his country from a foreign usurper, and who studied his country's good; but the well-being of a state does not necessarily comprehend the well-being of *all* its members. Nadir aimed the blows of despotism at the family which has succeeded to his empire, and he maimed the successful individual who seized upon his kingdom and ejected his sons. Aga Mahommed Khan was mutilated in his youth by Nadir; but he retained the feelings of a man, and dug up the bones of the conqueror in revenge for his disgrace. Report adds that he sent them to Tehran, and placed them under the step which leads to the audience hall, that the courtiers and every one might trample upon them. We can readily comprehend the chagrin of a monarch who was not a man; and if his wrath excites our contempt, it enlists our sympathy. A eunuch himself, he spared his country from those banes of a palace. There are still some of Nadir's descendants living in Meshid; but they are blind and in destitute circumstances. My informant told me that they often applied to him for bread.'—vol. ii. pp. 83-85.

Mr. Burnes now proceeded through the valley of Meshid to Koochan, where he had an interview with the late Prince Abbas Meerza, who was sufficiently inquisitive respecting various parts of the world, even as far as New Holland. From thence he proceeded to Astrabad, on the south-east corner of the Caspian, which Mr. Burnes tells us he did not leave 'without endeavouring to verify the opinions regarding its level, which is clearly below that of the ocean.' He certainly was not in possession of the means of doing this with any approach to accuracy; and we are not therefore surprised he should make its depression eight hundred feet below the sea, which is more than double of what it has been ascertained to be by the two Germans, who actually levelled the whole way from the Black Sea to the Caspian, and whose result has been confirmed by the thermometrical observations of Colonel Monteith.

Quitting the shores of the Caspian, Mr. Burnes made the best of his way to Teheran, thence to Ispahan, Moorghaub, Shiraz, and Busheer, where he embarked on board the East India Company's ship the *Clive*, and anchored in the harbour of Bombay on the 18th January, 1833, having spent little more than a year on his long

long and highly interesting journey. A very excellent map, embracing the whole of Central Asia, with many geographical emendations and corrections, and the routes of the two missions marked thereon, has been prepared and published, we regret to add *separately*, by Mr. Arrowsmith.

In considering Mr. Conolly's book in our last Number we had occasion to touch on a subject, which Mr. Burnes treats of at some length; but in truth, we have found little to add to what we said some years ago when reviewing Meyendorff's mission to Bokhara. We still, in short, consider the idea of a Russian invasion of India as a mere bugbear. Slight, however, as our apprehensions are of any annoyance from Russia, it would be quite as well that we should abstain from *tempting* her to make such an attempt. We regard with no satisfaction the thoughtless and uncalled for recommendation of a Committee of the House of Commons to spend 20,000*l.* on an experiment to open a communication between India and England, by means of steamboats on the Euphrates. The scheme is impracticable,—for the lower part of the river overflows the flat lands at one season of the year, when all traces of the channel are lost—and at another season the numerous rocky ledges, nearly approaching each other from the sides, block up the stream, and are left almost dry; while, moreover, the marauding Arabs that infest its banks, never have been, and probably never will be, brought into subjection. The suggestion is uncalled for, as there is an excellent, easy, and expeditious route from India to Suez already practically proved—though some little impediment may exist for three or four months in the year; and it is thoughtless, because it is showing an easy way for Russia, who holds possession of the sources of the Euphrates, and of the noble forests in the neighbourhood of Mount Taurus, to forward any number of troops and supplies at the proper season on rafts to the Persian Gulf—made so much the easier by our intended improvements of the navigation. Nay, we have been kind enough to hint that a dock-yard might conveniently be established by Russia at Bussorah; but then, to be sure, some wiseacre who was examined before the committee, talked of our naval superiority in the Persian Gulf, always ready to counteract any injury that might arise from such a measure! It might not, perhaps, be quite so convenient, in a financial point of view, to keep up a large permanent fleet in the Persian Gulf—the most unhealthy station on the globe—at an enormous expense, for many years, merely to watch the operations of the Russians. Bussorah is within a thousand miles of the Indus. Besides, it would command all Eastern Persia; and it is, moreover, the opinion of those whose opinion is entitled to respect, that, if Russia should ever think of making an attack on our

Indian possessions, it will be through Persia, where we have allowed her influence to become paramount. This is the route by which western India was once conquered; and it is supposed that Buonaparte, in imitation of Alexander, would have taken that route, had not his Egyptian conquest been wrested from him. We do not think it worth while, however, to go at length into this question. The Euphrates scheme will soon turn out a bubble—and in these days of experimental millions, twenty thousand pounds may be considered as a trifle.

We cannot part with Mr. Burnes without again expressing our high sense of the abilities which he has displayed in action—and, notwithstanding some defects of plan and arrangement, as a vivid and powerful describer of natural scenes and human manners. Many years have passed since the English library has been enriched with a book of travels in value at all comparable with his. He is evidently a man of strong and masculine talents, high spirit, and elegant taste—and we expect, if the affairs of our Indian empire are allowed to go on in anything like a proper manner, to have future occasions for noticing the exertions of one who appears, in every respect, well qualified to tread in the steps of our Malcolms and Elphinstones.

ART. V.—1. *On the Ultimate Composition of Alimentary Substances.* By W. Prout, M.D. F.R.S. London. 1827.

2. *Domestic Cookery.* New Edition. London. 1834.

3. *Code Gourmand.* Paris. Nouvelle Edition. 1833.

WHEN Boswell asked Burke's opinion of his definition of our species—'Man is a cooking animal,'—the great statesman answered—'Your definition is a good one; and I now see the force of the old proverb, "There is reason in the roasting of eggs."'

Man is essentially a cooking animal—the only one of God's creatures acquainted with the use of fire, and consequently the only one who is capable of applying it to the purposes of life, with a view to promote his own comfort and happiness. Nor is this invention accidental or of fortuitous origin; on the contrary, the elaborate preparation of his food by means of this element is indispensable and necessary to his well-being.

It would appear that animals who feed exclusively on vegetables are furnished by nature with an extensive apparatus of stomach and other organs, which are admirably adapted to macerate and reduce their refractory food to the purposes of their economy: of this every ruminating animal affords an example. But man, who is evidently intended to live, at least in part, upon vegetable products, has not been furnished with this apparatus;  
from

from whence we are authorized to conclude that this deficiency was meant to be supplied by his own ingenuity, as exhibited in the artificial processes of cookery. In this point of view, the culinary art (the improvements of which are too apt to rank among the refined luxuries only of the idle and the rich) is elevated into the dignity of a science intimately connected with the intellectual superiority of human nature; and one is, in some measure at least, released from shame, on being told that of Mrs. Rundell's Cookery Book 153,000 copies have already been sold!

Dietetics, so immediately connected with our present subject, the ancients seem to have more carefully considered than ourselves, and to have made observations thereon which we should be disposed to regard, at the present time, rather as over-refinements, than as of any great use or substantial importance. Celsus, for instance, in his classical work, *De Re Medicâ*, expresses himself upon these matters with a degree of minute and nice discrimination that seems to us unnecessary: thus, in cap. xx. p. 78, where he treats of 'Quæ res alvum movent et adstringunt,' he says, among other things, that articles of food which are roasted, eggs, for instance, are astringent; so also are those birds which run, as the crane; on the contrary, birds which swim have an opposite property: that hare and goat belong to the one class of substances; while oysters, in short, all shell-fish, appertain to the other. If it be objected that in the beginning of this admirable work, when speaking of the mode of life which a man ought to lead, Celsus maintains that he should live by no determined rule, either of exercise or of repose; be occasionally in the country, occasionally in town; that sometimes he ought to sail, sometimes to hunt, and avoid no sort of food whatever; at one time to abstain entirely from eating, at another to indulge to excess; so that the body may be accustomed to no particular regimen—yet he adds, that this method is calculated only for those who are in rude health, for when *that* has become in the slightest degree impaired, extreme caution is required in the choice of the ordinary articles of food.—(cap. iv.)

According to Diodorus Siculus, the early kings of Egypt had their whole diet regulated by the court physician; and here in England, about the middle of the fifteenth century, we are told that—after the fashion of Barataria—

'Doctoure of physique stondeth much in the king's presence at his meles, counselling or answering to the king's grace which diet is best according, and to tell the nature and operation of all the metes; and much he should talke with the steward, chamberlayne, assewar, and the maister cook, to devise by counsayle what metes or drinks is best according with the king.'—*Liber Niger Domûs Regis Ed. IV.*

This extract we find in a little work, published some twenty years ago, now almost forgotten, under the title of 'Receipts in Modern Cookery, with a Medical Commentary; or, Culina Famulatrix Medicinæ.' The book, notwithstanding the quaint and affected style in which it is written, contains many sensible observations; and its very title proves that the author, Dr. Hunter, had some notion of the importance of the art which he undertook to illustrate; though we are disposed to think that a more comprehensive view of the whole subject would have led him to place cookery in a less subordinate situation than that of the mere handmaid of medicine.

It would seem that various food is the most wholesome for man—that he thrives best upon a proper admixture of vegetable and animal diet: the Brahmins, who feed solely upon rice, are not long lived, and are endowed with feeble constitutions; on the other hand, the Esquimaux are obliged to mix saw-dust with their train-oil. As to the practice of some tribes in South America, the Otomacs for instance, who, when they are deprived of fish (their ordinary food) by the inundations of the Orinoko, swallow, according to Humboldt, balls of a very fine and unctuous clay, of a yellowish-gray colour; or that of the quarrymen of Kiffhœuser, who spread a similar clay upon their bread instead of animal butter;—they must be regarded as analogous to that habit occasionally observed among the West India negroes, and considered as a symptom of dyspepsia, viz. of eating dirt, which is called by physicians Pica. All such practices have for their object the mere distention of the stomach; they can afford no nourishment whatever, but, by allaying the distressing feeling of inanition, appease for a time the cravings of nature; therefore there is one circumstance mentioned by Humboldt which we confess appears to us unaccountable, viz. that the Otomacs 'do not become lean during the long Lent of the overflow.' The late Dr. Wollaston made an observation (important as all his observations were) to this effect,—that animals fed exclusively on animal food secrete more lithic acid, in other words, are more subject to calculous complaints, than those who live on a due mixture of vegetable and animal matter. Another observation has also been made on this subject, which is now fully established by experience, viz. that, as in this class of disorders there is a great disposition to indigestion, indicated by the frequent occurrence of what is called acidity of the stomach, hard water, or that which contains a calcareous impregnation, is the best beverage which such invalids can employ. So far from increasing the disease, the natural hardwaters of Buxton, Matlock, Bath, and Bristol, serve to correct it.

Physiologists, it is to be observed, regard no substance as properly

perly nutritive unless it be an organized body, that is, derived either from the animal or vegetable kingdom. Other matters may be useful, either by rendering the substances themselves more digestible, as water, or by exciting the action of the digestive organs, as common salt, which not only does this, but, as we endeavoured to show in a recent Number,\* serves other most important purposes in the animal economy.

Dr. Prout has of late clearly proved that all the chief alimentary matters employed by man may be reduced to three classes, viz., saccharine, oily, and albuminous substances, the most perfect specimens of which are respectively sugar, butter, and white of egg. The saccharine principle, in its extended sense, includes all those substances which are chiefly derived from the vegetable kingdom—means, in fact, the same thing as what we commonly call vegetable diet. It comprehends all those substances, whatever their sensible properties may be, into the composition of which the hydrogen and oxygen enter in the proportion in which they form water;—for example—what perhaps may not a little surprise the reader—the fibre of wood, which chemists call *lignin*. Much skillful manipulation and delicacy of experiment were required to establish this result; but the nutritive property of the woody fibre—in short, that a tolerably good quartern loaf can be made out of a deal board—has been proved by the recent labours of a German Professor, and may be verified by any one who will take the trouble to repeat them:—

‘The following (says Dr. Prout) was the method he employed for this purpose. In the first place, everything that was soluble in water was removed by frequent maceration and boiling; the wood was then reduced to a minute state of division, that is to say, not merely into fine fibres, but actual powder; and after being repeatedly subjected to the heat of an oven, was ground in the usual manner of corn. Wood thus prepared, according to the author, acquires the smell and taste of corn-flour. It is, however, never quite white, but always of a yellowish colour. It also agrees with corn-flour in this respect, that it does not ferment without the addition of leaven, and in this case sour leaven of corn-flour is found to answer best. With this it makes a perfectly uniform and spongy bread; and when it is thoroughly baked, and has much crust, it has a much better taste of bread than what in times of scarcity is prepared from the bran and husks of corn. Wood-flour, also, boiled in water, forms a thick, tough, trembling jelly, like that of wheat-starch, and which is very nutritious.’—*Philosophical Transactions*, 1827, Part II. p. 318.

To make wood-flour in perfection, according to Professor Autenrieth, the wood, after being thoroughly stripped of its bark,

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\* Stevens on the Blood. No. XCVI,



is to be sawed transversely into disks of about an inch in diameter. The saw-dust is to be preserved, and the disks are to be beaten to fibres in a pounding-mill. The fibres and saw-dust, mixed together, are next to be deprived of everything harsh and bitter which is soluble in water, by boiling them, where fuel is abundant, or by subjecting them for a longer time to the action of cold water, which is easily done by enclosing them in a strong sack, which they only half fill, and beating the sack with a stick or treading it with the feet in a rivulet. The whole is then to be completely dried, either in the sun or by fire, and repeatedly ground in a flour-mill. The ground wood is next baked into small flat cakes, with water rendered slightly mucilaginous by the addition of some decoction of linseed, mallow stalks and leaves, lime-tree bark, or any other such substance. Professor Autenrieth prefers marshmallow roots, of which one ounce renders eighteen quarts of water sufficiently mucilaginous, and these serve to form four pounds and a half of wood-flour into cakes. These cakes are baked until they are brown on the surface. After this they are broken to pieces, and again ground, until the flour pass through a fine boulting-cloth; and upon the fineness of the flour does its fitness to make bread depend. The flour of a *hard wood*, such as beech, requires the process of baking and grinding to be repeated. Wood-flour does not ferment so readily as wheaten-flour, but the Professor found fifteen pounds of birch-wood flour, with three pounds of sour wheat-leaven, and two pounds of wheat-flour, mixed up with eight measures of new milk, yielded thirty-six pounds of *very good bread*. The learned Professor tried the nutritious properties of wood-flour, in the first instance, upon a young dog; afterwards he fed two pigs upon it; and then, taking courage from the success of the experiment, he attacked it himself. His family party, he says, ate it in the form of gruels or soup, dumplings and pancakes, all made with as little of any other ingredient as possible; and found them palatable and quite wholesome. Are we, then, instead of looking upon a human being stretched upon a bare plank as the picture of extreme want and wretchedness, to regard him as reposing in the lap of abundance, and consider, henceforth, the common phrase 'bed and board' as compounded of synonymous terms?

The Laplanders of Tryssild, and the mountainous part of Oesterladen, are said by Von Buch, in his Travels through Norway and Lapland, in 1806-7-8, to make a bread, called by them Barke Bröd, in the following manner:—

'When the young and vigorous fir trees are felled, to the great injury of the woods, the tree is stripped of its bark for its whole length;

length; the outer part is carefully peeled from the bark; the deeper interior covering is then shaved off, and nothing remains but the innermost rind, which is extremely soft and white. It is then hung up several days in the air to dry, and afterwards baked in an oven; it is next beat on wooden blocks, and then pounded as finely as possible in wooden vessels. But all this is not enough: the mass is yet to be carried to the mill and ground into coarse meal like barley or oats. This meal is mixed up with threshed oat-ears, or with a few moss-seeds, and a bread of about an inch thickness is formed of this composition.—p. 87.

In another place, the same traveller, talking of the Enare Laplanders, says,—

‘In summer they scarcely eat anything but fish from the fresh-water lakes, and drink with great eagerness the water in which the fish has been boiled. In winter they must put up with dried fish, and with soups of water, fir bark, and rein-deer tallow. They peel off, in summer, the innermost bark of the fir, divide it in long strips, and hang them in their dwellings to dry for winter stores. When used, these strips of bark are minced in small pieces along with the rein-deer tallow, and boiled together for several hours with water, till they form a thick broth.’—p. 324.

It is not improbable, says Dr. Prout, when speaking of this method, that during the above processes the lignin combines with water, and forms an artificial starch; what the change may be we will not venture to decide. As for the spongy bread made by the Tubingen Professor, we should like very much to taste it; but with respect to the poor Laplander’s coarse and husky variety of *the staff of life*, it can be, we greatly fear, little better than the newly-invented patent-bread of our own metropolis.

One word on this new-fangled article. It is well known that in the old established way of baking, the steam which arises during the process is allowed to escape as of no value; but accident discovered, a few years ago, that this vapour, if condensed, exhibited traces of alcohol, and the collection of it immediately became an object of cupidity and speculation; and this, together with some saving of fuel during the process of baking, suggested the patent and the formation of the Company upon a great scale. One of its recommendations was, that bread so made, though kept for any length of time, does not become sour; and this we understand is the fact; but how and at what expense is this incorruptibility procured? Sour bread is unquestionably bad; but is not bread which, if kept too long, is liable to *become* sour, the ~~very article~~ we want? In the new method, the distillation (for such it is in reality) is pushed as far as it can go: the whole product of the fermentation is obtained and collected, so that the residue, or loaf, may be regarded as a *caput mortuum*, incapable of undergoing further

further change; but is it not rather unaccountably deprived, at the same time, of its saccharine principle—in short, of all nutritive property? For our own parts, we adhere to the old orthodox ‘bread with the gin in it.’

But enough for the present of bread.—In France, most substances are exposed, through the medium of oil or butter, to a temperature of at least 600° Fahrenheit, by the operation of frying, or some analogous process. They are then introduced into a macerating vessel with a little water, and kept for several hours at a temperature far below the boiling point (212°), not perhaps higher than 180°; and by these united processes, properly conducted, the most refractory articles, whether of animal or vegetable origin, are reduced more or less to the state of pulp, and admirably adapted for the further action of the stomach.\* In the common cookery of this country, on the contrary, articles are usually put at once into a large quantity of water, and submitted, without care or attention, to the boiling temperature: the consequence is, that most animal substances, when taken out, are harder and more indigestible than in the natural state; for it is well known that albuminous substances (as, for example, *the white of an egg*) become the harder the longer they are boiled. These observations are often of the utmost importance in a medical point of view. When the powers of the stomach are weak, a hard and crude English diet (such, for example, as half-raw beef-steaks, &c., so frequently recommended) is sure to produce much discomfort by promoting acidity; while the very same articles, well cooked upon French principles, or rather the principles of common sense, can be taken with impunity, and easily assimilated, by the same individual.

It has been remarked before, on the authority of one of our ablest chemical physicians, that our principal alimentary matters may be reduced to three classes, of which sugar, butter, and white of egg, are the representatives. Now, it is a curious circumstance that milk, the only article absolutely prepared and intended by nature as an aliment, is a compound of all the three classes; and almost

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\* Singular as it may be thought, it is not yet determined what is the exact purpose of rumination; but looking at the deficiency in the cutting-teeth of such animals as chew the cud, and reflecting upon the fact that this peculiar function is not established till after the young animal has ceased to be nourished by the milk of its mother, we may safely conclude that it is intended in some essential way to assist the process of digestion. An ox, for instance, having filled himself with crude vegetable matter, is seen quietly to lie down, and deliberately to begin to cook his meal, which he has providently taken care to secure beforehand in his large internal store-house or larder, technically called the paunch, or venter magnus. The stomachs of ruminants with horns are somewhat differently constructed from those of animals of the same class, such as the camel, dromedary, and lama, which have a beautiful and curious mechanism, that fits them to live in the sandy deserts where the supplies of water are very precarious. It is said that hares and rabbits ruminate, but it must be only when they eat particular kinds of vegetables; certainly when they are fed upon meal this remarkable action is not perceptible.

all the gramineous and herbaceous matters employed as food by the lower animals contain at least two, if not all the three. The same is true of animal aliments, which consist at least of albumen and oil. In short, it is perhaps impossible to name a substance employed by the more perfect animals as food, that does not essentially constitute a natural compound of at least two, if not all three, of these great principles of alimentary matter.

Skin, it may be mentioned, is composed almost entirely of animal jelly, a substance nearly allied in its properties to *albumen*, and called by chemists *gelatine*, of which the purest example is isinglass. With the nutritive properties of this we are all familiar in a very common culinary product, viz., *blanc-mange*. Now, by the process of tanning, skin attracts the tan of the liquor in which it is immersed, and forms a compound insoluble either in cold or boiling water, and not liable to putrefaction. The well-known substance, leather, is this compound, and though rather unsavoury and somewhat difficult of digestion, has on an emergency been employed as an article of food. Sir John Franklin, in the account he has given us of his journey to the shores of the Polar Sea, when describing the extremities of hunger and privation of every kind to which he was exposed, says, on one occasion,

‘ Previous to setting out, the whole party ate the remains of their old shoes and whatever scraps of leather they had, to strengthen their stomachs for the fatigue of the day’s journey.’—vol. iv. p. 58.

On another occasion the Captain

‘ found some of his party halting among some willows, where they had picked up some pieces of skin and a few bones of deer that had been devoured by the wolves last spring. They had rendered the bones friable by burning, and eaten them as well as the skin, and several of them had added their old shoes to the repast.’—vol. iv. p. 33.\*

Some idea may be formed of the hardships endured by these brave men, from the story of their disappointment and grief when they reached Fort Enterprise and found all perfectly desolate—no deposit of provisions—no trace of the Indians.

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\* But the human stomach can digest harder substances than mere skin and bone, as appears from a paper published in the *Medico-Chirurgical Transactions*, vol. xii. part 1, 1822, by the late Dr. Marcet. In this memoir he relates the history of an English sailor, who, in imitation of a conjuror whose tricks he had just witnessed, and in a drunken frolic, swallowed several clasp-knives, and, ten years afterwards, died in Guy’s hospital. Several most skillful surgeons examined his body with great interest and attention: to the astonishment of all, the blades of many knives were found in his interior, ‘some of them remarkably corroded and prodigiously reduced in size, while others were comparatively in a state of tolerable preservation.’ The knives are still to be seen in the museum attached to the Hospital.

‘ When

'When I arose,' writes Sir John, 'on the following morning, my body and limbs were so swollen, that I was unable to walk more than a few yards. My companions, four in number, went to collect bones (the relics of deer that had been thrown away during our former residence) and some *tripe de roche*, which supplied us with two meals. The bones were quite acrid, and the soup extracted from them exco-riated the mouth if taken alone, but it was somewhat milder when boiled with *tripe de roche*.'

A regimen consisting of *tripe de roche* (a lichen of the genus *gyrophora*), dry bones, and old shoes, is, to be sure, an instance of a mixed animal and vegetable diet, though, it must be granted, not of the most inviting description. But it is in the *artificial* food of man that we see this great principle of mixture most strongly exemplified. Dissatisfied with the productions spontaneously furnished by nature, he culls from every source, and forms, in every possible manner, and under every disguise, the same great alimentary compound. This, after all his baking, roasting, stewing, &c.—how much soever he may be disinclined to believe it, is the sole end and object of his exertions. Even in the utmost refinement of his luxury the same great principle is attended to; and his sugar and flour, his eggs and butter, in all their various forms and combinations, are nothing more nor less than disguised imitations of the simple elementary prototype, *milk*.\* It follows, therefore, that to say of anything, in the old homely way, that 'it is as good as mother's milk,' is in fact the highest praise we can bestow; nor is the preference here given to *mother's* milk an accidental or indifferent circumstance—for all chemists know that human milk is more nutritious and more digestible than any other, inasmuch as it contains very little curd, but abounds in cream. Here we have another instance of the good sense and sound observation couched in our old proverbial expressions.

Before we dismiss entirely this summary view of human diet, we should observe that, of the alimentary matters employed by man, two of them—viz., the oleaginous and albuminous—are animal products, or parts of other animals; and hence may be supposed capable of being at once applied to the purposes of the animal economy without undergoing any essential change. With the saccharine class, derived principally from the vegetable kingdom, the case is different; and before this can be converted either into the oleaginous or the albuminous principles, it must undergo some essential change or changes in its composition. But it has been ascertained, that whatever be the nature of the food of man, the general composition of the *chyle*, or milky fluid, into which it is reduced before its absorption into the system, is the same.

\*Prout's Galstonian Lectures, delivered at the College of Physicians, 1831.

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We all know, by our own sensations, how great an influence the stomach exercises over our daily happiness. Mrs. Hannah More says, in her quaint way, 'There are only two bad things in this world—sin and bile.' When in a perfectly healthy condition, everything goes on well—all is *couleur de rose*; on the contrary, our doctors tell us that the horrors of hypochondriasis are mainly owing to dyspepsia, or indigestion. That this is true we have no doubt, though we are not yet fully disposed to adopt the French maxim—'*mauvais cœur, bon estomac*'—as comprehending the requisites of physical enjoyment.

Our lively neighbours, however, possess such indisputable claims to be our masters in the art of cookery, that everything coming from them which relates in any way to the table is entitled to be received with attention and acknowledged with gratitude. 'Les lois, règles, applications et exemples de l'art de bien vivre,' laid down with great exactness in the 'Code Gourmand,' named at the head of this paper, have afforded us some amusement; and we think few of our readers could help smiling at the solemn trifling of the confirmed epicure who has here recorded the results of his gastronomical experience. It is paying him but a poor compliment, that he is worth a hundred Dr. Kitcheners.

The ceremonies to be observed, from the first sending out of an invitation to the service of the last remove of an entertainment, are described with rigorous formality:—

• CHAP. I. TITRE PREMIER.

'Art. 3.—La date de l'invitation se mesure d'après l'importance du repas. Pour plus de sûreté et de régularité, elle ne peut avoir à courir moins de quatre jours, ni plus de trente.'

'Art. 4.—Quand le dîner doit être orné d'une pièce notable, on l'indique par un *post-scriptum*; on écrit, "Il y aura une carpe du Rhin," comme il y aura un violon.'

'Art. 5.—Le vaste surtout chargé de fleurs est à jamais proscrit de la table d'un vrai gourmand; valut il mille écus, il faut lui préférer le modeste hors-d'œuvre dont il envahit la place.'

• CHAP. II. TITRE SECOND.

'Art. 1.—Un convive qui sait son monde n'entamera jamais une conversation avant la fin du premier service; jusque-là le dîner est une affaire sérieuse, dont il serait imprudent de distraire l'assemblée.'

'Art. 2.—Toute phrase commencée doit être suspendue à l'arrivée d'une dinde aux truffes.

'Art. 3.—Un convive ne doit être que poli pendant le premier service; il est tenu d'être galant au second; il peut être tendre au dessert. Jusqu'au champagne'—

But the *Convive* is getting too lively for our English notions—so we must turn a new leaf, and introduce the reader to more sober company.

ART.

ART. VI.—*Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Hannah More.* By William Roberts, Esq. 4 vols. London, 1834.

**H**AD it been possible for any literator, with Mrs. Hannah More's correspondence, at his command, to produce an uninteresting work under the title which we have transcribed, we are obliged to confess our belief that the task must have been accomplished by Mr. Roberts. The regard with which Mrs. More honoured him would of itself be a sufficient pledge for the purity of his intentions; and we willingly acknowledge that, in his own part of this bulky book, he has occasionally expressed amiable feelings. But the selection of him for this undertaking appears, on the whole, to have been about as unfortunate as any that could have been thought of. He writes with the facility of a practised turner of periods, but with the confusion and verbosity of one whose brain has been less exercised than his hand. He sees, and therefore describes, few things clearly; nor has he any notion what the things are concerning the history, manners, and deportment of such a person as Hannah More, that her biographer ought to have made it his business to describe. His method of compiling and arranging is so clumsy, that if any one can extract from this book a distinct notion even of the principal events and *dates* in her life, he must have bestowed more attention on the materials of which it is composed than the editor himself has thought fit to do. If year and month be not written at the top of the sheet, Mr. Roberts never even seems to think of trying to make out the date from the contents: thus, for example, he states it as doubtful whether Hannah's first visit to London was in 1773 or 1774, though a letter printed in vol. i. p. 48, distinctly settles the point in favour of the latter year; while he gives another dateless letter at p. 36, as the first she wrote from London, though that letter is full of the praises of the Journey to the Hebrides, which was not published until January, 1775. We shall not waste space in exposing more of his blunders of this class, though the book swarms with them. A more serious and equally pervading mischief is, that Mr. Roberts takes part with nothing but the peculiar views and prejudices of the religious sect, if it may be so called, to which Mrs. Hannah More, in the later years of her life, lent the distinction of her too exclusive favour. All the earlier, ~~brighter~~, and we take leave to say by no means the least honourable pages of her history, have accordingly but little interest in his eyes; he seems to be throughout in the vein of apologising for her ever having been on terms of intimacy with anybody out of his own little pale; forgetting that her place within that circle

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was, in no trivial degree, the fruit of the eminence which she had previously attained to without it; unconscious that her power to serve the cause which she ultimately adopted would have been comparatively nothing, had the range of her experience been as limited as that of her biographer's sympathy.

Authoresses, as we had occasion not long ago to show in a tabular form, are, generally speaking, a long-lived race; and Mrs. More offers no exception to the rule. She died September 7th, 1833, in the 89th year of her age; having been born in 1745, at Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, where her father kept a small school. One of Mr. Roberts's correspondents, however, is exceedingly anxious, more so than we should have expected in this quarter, to show that Hannah was come of a gentle race in Norfolk; and we read that her father, Jacob More, had originally been designed for the church, but laid aside this plan of life in consequence of the failure of a lawsuit, by which he was deprived of a landed estate worth in those days 8000*l.* per annum. The lady adds:—

‘We who are spared to see the result of this trying dispensation of Providence, must pause to meditate a while on his infinite wisdom and mercy, more particularly when we look at the descendant of the more fortunate cousin, who enjoyed his unjustly gotten wealth but a short time. Death entered his dwelling, and his eldest son soon dissipated all the property, as he lived in the lowest state of profligacy.’—p. 9.

This is all we are told of the lawsuit and its results; and we must say it appears to us queer enough, that a lawyer like Mr. Roberts should permit his fair friend to babble thus complacently about ‘unjustly gotten wealth,’ which was gotten only in the usual course of the administration of English justice. Moreover, we do not exactly comprehend the lady's logic when she points out an extraordinary and memorable example of divine wisdom and mercy in the termination of the lawsuit against Mr. Jacob More. What she means probably is, that had Jacob got the estate, Hannah would never have written ‘*Cælebs*,’ &c., &c. But none of Hannah's books were written under the pressure of poverty,—when she wrote the best of them she was rich; and we can see no reason why she, though brought up in a wealthy squire's house in place of a poor schoolmaster's, might not have cultivated both religion and literature quite as zealously as she actually did. But the truth is, we feel considerable doubts as to the authenticity of this whole story. When Jacob's lawsuit was decided, if there ever was such a lawsuit, that is to say, before he settled in Gloucestershire, about *one hundred and twenty years* ago, 8000*l.* was a very large income; it was at the least equal to 16,000*l.* a year now. The family that possessed such property in Norfolk must have been well known,



known, and probably highly connected—yet here is all the trade we find of its very existence—and, to conclude, it would be satisfactory to have one instance besides of the heir to an estate of 16,000*l.*, or even 8000*l.* a year, having been ‘originally designed for the church.’ Sure we are that when any heir to a large landed estate adopts that profession, it must be under the influence of feelings too powerful to be easily baffled; and we do not understand on what principle a profoundly pious youth who married a farmer’s daughter, and sat down for life in a small village school, should have been too lofty to eschew those means of proceeding through the university to holy orders, which the piety of our ancestors placed within the reach of the poorest. One word still more seriously: who doubts that divine Providence overrules the destinies of individuals and of families? But it seems to us that they who, in the spirit of certain sectaries, are constantly ready to point out the specific objects and methods of its operation, are scarcely less presumptuous than the self-elected interpreters of unfulfilled prophecy; and this writer’s ‘Death entered his dwelling, &c.’—her *now* boldly proclaiming that such a visitation was the righteous and correcting sequel of the at worst mistaken verdict of a Norwich jury, A.D. 1720, must be allowed to be worthy of the most pitiable era of puritanical cant.

It appears that Hannah was wonderfully precocious in her literary attainments. The biographer gravely records that ‘her nurse, a pious old woman, had lived in the family of Dryden, and the inquisitive mind of the little Hannah was continually prompting her to ask for stories about the Poet!’—p. 14. This was when little Hannah had reached her *fourth* birth-day. The pious old nurse had probably been a giddy young housemaid when she lived in the family of a man who died fifty years before this time; and how edifying must have been the reminiscences, which, after the lapse of fifty, sixty, or seventy years, rewarded from her lips the enthusiastic inquisitiveness of the little Hannah about ‘glorious John.’ What a pity that Mr. Roberts has not deigned to preserve any of them! One would have been enchanted to know on authority the exact quantity of the dose of stewed prunes. But the enthusiasm for Dryden could, after all, have been commendable only in a child. Mr. Roberts produces her as in her mature days denying almost any merit to Dryden’s Fables—a judgment in which no doubt the worthy biographer fully concurs.

But ‘at eight years old her thirst for learning became *very conspicuous*,’ and her father, having hardly any books, would have been at a loss ‘to satisfy her eager desire to learn the histories of the Greeks and Romans,’ but for his ‘very wonderful memory;’ and a wonderful memory it must indeed have been, since it ‘enabled him to relate to her while sitting on his knee, all the striking events which they contained’—in fashion following:— ‘He

'He recited to her the speeches of his favourite heroes, first in their original language to gratify her ear with the sound, and then translated them into English; particularly dwelling on the parallels and wise sayings of Plutarch; and these recollections made her afterwards remark, that the conversation of an enlightened parent or preceptor constituted one of the best parts of education!'—p. 12.

Imagine the good schoolmaster sporting, from memory, to a child of eight years, the wise sayings of Solon and Lycurgus in the pure Greek of old Plutarch; and imagine who can that Hannah More had arrived at the recondite dogma about education, which she appears to have taken such pains in enforcing upon the mind of her biographer, in consequence of her grateful recollection of these cabalistical intonations. Parson Adams lecturing Joseph Andrews on the structure of the Choëphoræ was nothing to this.

We are favoured with a few more anecdotes of Hannah's juvenile years, as (happy omen!) that she used to get astride of a chair, and say she was riding to London 'to see bishops and book-sellers;' that she hoarded scraps of paper and wrote verses on them, and confessed to her sister that her highest ambition was to have a whole quire to herself,—and so on. At twelve she was sent to Bristol, where her elder sisters had some years before established a boarding-school, and there she soon attracted notice by the quickness of her parts and docility of her temper. Among the persons whose conversation in those early days served to encourage and stimulate her in her intellectual pursuits, the author names Ferguson the astronomer, and the elder Sheridan, both of whom delivered occasional lectures in Bristol, and were naturally in the habit of visiting the Miss More's establishment, but especially Mr. Peach, a linen-draper of the town, of whose abilities and knowledge she was accustomed in after days to speak with admiration. Her biographer adds:—

'He had been the friend of Hume, who had shown his confidence in his judgment, by entrusting to him the correction of his history, in which, he used to say, he had discovered more than two hundred Scotticisms. But for this man, it appears, *two years of the life of the historian might have passed into oblivion*, which were spent in a merchant's counting-house in Bristol, whence he was dismissed on account of the promptitude of his pen in the correction of the letters intrusted to him to copy. More than twenty years after the death of Mr. Peach, the subject of these Memoirs, being in company with Dr. Percy, then Bishop of Dromore, Mr. Gibbon, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others, who were conjecturing what might have been the cause of this *chasm of two years* in the life of Hume (of which the Bishop was then proposing to give a sketch), she was enabled to clear up the mystery, by relating the above anecdote.'—vol. i. pp. 16-17.

We are, however, already weary of criticising Mr. Roberts—but there

there are few tracts in the world better known than David Hume's brief account of his own life, which was published very soon after his death in April, 1776; and it is not likely that Dr. Percy ever dreamt of printing a sketch of Hume's biography during his lifetime. Now in Hume's own narrative, his residence at Bristol is distinctly mentioned—he says that he went thither in 1734, 'with recommendations to some of the merchants,' but was satisfied 'in a few months' that that scene would never suit him. What then comes of Mr. Roberts's grand story of Hannah More enabling Bishop Percy to fill up a chasm of *two years* in the Life of David Hume? And as to Mr. Peach's correcting the English of Hume's MS. history during this memorable chasm, no one can ever forget Swift's wise saying—

'Always pluck a peach,

When within your reach;'

but David Hume himself happens also to have told us, that he first conceived the idea of writing history in 1752, that is to say, about seventeen years after he had left Bristol.

MISS More's first publication was the pastoral drama of the 'Search after Happiness:' this was in 1762, in the seventeenth year of her age. This well-meant effort had considerable success, more than one who now reads it will easily account for; but Mr. Roberts says nothing of what followed, in a literary way, until, after a lapse of *eleven* years, we find her in active correspondence with the poet Langhorne, who was rector of Blagdon, not far from Bristol. With him, says our ever-accurate and ever-charitable author,

'a very lively intellectual intercourse was sustained, until a habit of intemperance, in which he had vainly sought relief, under the pressure of domestic calamity, raised a barrier between him and persons of strict behaviour. Some of the letters of this spendthrift of the patrimony of genius, to Miss More, are entertaining, and exhibit a good specimen of his vigorous and vivacious pen. Alas! that nature should have so often to deplore the neglect or abuse of her best gifts. But it is Satan's proudest exploit to make the powers of man turn against himself, &c.'—vol. i. p. 18.

We are not very well informed as to the particulars of Langhorne's life; but we are of opinion that Mr. Roberts has, in this instance, neglected to read the letters published in his own book. His great anxiety is to rescue Hannah More from the suspicion of holding intercourse with Langhorne after he formed certain coarse habits, here ascribed to his grief at the loss of his wife. Now, his wife died in 1768—long before the date of any of the letters which this editor has printed. These letters come down to December, 1776. In 1777, the Poet was promoted by a most conscientious prelate, Dr. Moss, to a prebend at Wells, and he died early in 1779,

just

just after publishing his 'Owen of Carron.' What evidence have we here of the decline either of intellect or reputation? Without ascertained facts to go upon, Mr. Roberts should scarcely have stepped out of his way to hazard so broad an attack on the memory of Langhorne—an elegant, if not a great writer, and one whose poems are all on the side of virtuous feeling and principle. There seems to be no doubt that he was in some degree—according to the general fashion of his time—a man of what is called a convivial turn—but in intemperance, of all vices, *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*; and we take it, that if (which we much doubt) he ever deserved to be at all gravely talked of as intemperate, he must have been much the same man in this respect in 1777 and 1778, that he had been in 1776, when Hannah More and he were beslobbering each other with gross flatteries in prose and rhyme, as silly and ridiculous as those which formed the staple diet of Mr. Hayley and Miss Seward. The cessation of their correspondence may be sufficiently accounted for by the fact, that by 1777, Hannah More had established herself in the great circles of London, and found more important persons with whom to interchange the common-places of literary adulation.

We are sorry to add that we cannot agree with Mr. Roberts, even in the laudatory part of our extract. Langhorne's letters, here printed, seem to us most of them feeble, and some of them by no means over-delicate things. The following specimen will perhaps satisfy our readers—it is from one describing an illness under which the Rector of Blagdon had laboured:—

'General Bile led the whole forces of Rheumatism Bay, Scurvy Island, and Nervous Province, into the very centre and heart of my dominions. I drew up against him a body of Emetic Tartars, under the command of General Ipecacuanha. These fought with uncommon bravery for one whole day and a night, made prodigious havoc of the Biliary forces, and took their general prisoner. A truce was proclaimed for twenty-four hours; when it appearing that a large body of the Biliaries had secreted themselves in the lower parts of the country, I despatched my second battalion, consisting of foreign troops, chiefly of the provinces of Senna, Tamariud, and Crim Tartary, under the command of sub-brigadier General Cathartic, &c. &c.'—pp. 25, 26.

—And this was addressed by a widowed gentleman in the prime of life to a young unmarried lady! It must be owned that we have improved in some matters since the days of 'Owen of Carron.'

Having brought down her correspondence with Langhorne till she was in her thirty-first year, Mr. Roberts remembers that there was a little incident of an earlier period which ought not to have

been passed quite *sub silentio*; and he accordingly intruiges us with some mysterious paragraphs on a love-affair with one Mr. Turner, a squire of high degree near Bristol, which occurred when Hannah was only a girl of twenty-two. This gentleman had some nieces at the Misses More's school, and they invited the two youngest of their governesses, Patty and Hannah, to spend a vacation with them at his seat, Belmont, where we read 'he had carriages and horses'—without which indeed the carriages would have signified little—'and everything to make a visit agreeable.'

'The consequence was natural. She was very clever and fascinating, and he was generous and sensible; he became attached, and made his offer, which was accepted. He was a *man of large fortune*, and she was young and dependent; she quitted her interest in the concern of the school, and was at great expense in preparing and fitting herself out to be the wife of a *man of large fortune*'—[how graceful this repetition!] 'The day was fixed *more than once* for the marriage; and Mr. Turner each time postponed it. Her sisters and friends interfered, and would not permit her to be so *treated and trifled with*'—[apt alliteration even here!] 'He continued in the wish to marry her; but her friends, after his former conduct, and on other accounts, persevered in keeping up her determination not to renew the engagement.'

'At their last conversation together, Mr. T. proposed to settle an annuity upon her, a proposal which was with dignity and firmness rejected, and the intercourse appeared to be absolutely at an end. Let it be recorded, however, in justice to the memory of this gentleman, that his mind was ill at ease till an interview was obtained with Dr. Stonehouse, to whom he declared his intention to secure to Miss More, with whom he had considered his union as certain, an annual sum which might enable her to devote herself to her literary pursuits, and compensate, in some degree, for the robbery he had committed upon her time. Dr. Stonehouse consulted with the friends of the parties, and the consultation terminated in a common opinion that, all things considered, a *part of the sum proposed* might be accepted without the sacrifice of delicacy or propriety, and the settlement was made without the knowledge of the lady, Dr. Stonehouse consenting to become the agent and trustee. It was not, however, till some time after the affair had been thus concluded, that the consent of Miss More could be obtained by the importunity of her friends.'

'The regard and respect of Mr. T. for Miss More was continued through his life; her virtues and excellences were his favourite theme among his intimate friends, and at his death he bequeathed her *a thousand pounds*'—[a thousand pounds from a *man of large fortune*!]

'It has been of importance to rescue this great and generous name from the imputation of inconstancy, or a calculating prudence in an affair in which truth and honour claim to be the rightful arbiters.'—vol. i. p. 34.

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This appears to us to be a romance of which Crabbe, with the help of Cocker, might have made something. We have no doubt—in spite of those rumours to the contrary which took so preposterous a shape in the table-talk of Lord Byron—that Miss More's part in the transaction was blameless; but she certainly owes little to the dull slipslop with which Mr. Roberts has contrived to overlay—*obscurum per obscurius*—the only page in her history that really demanded elucidation. To say nothing of the rest, he does not even inform us what the annuity from Mr. Turner amounted to, nor whether it was sufficient to enable the young lady finally to give up all connexion with the drudgery of the school.

These doings occurred about 1767. We are next introduced *per saltum* to Miss Hannah on her first *débüt* in the society of London, A. D. 1774. Mr. Roberts, however, takes care to tell us nothing of the immediate circumstances that carried her to the metropolis, or of the friends whom she had there to receive her. All that appears distinctly is, that shortly after her arrival in town, she sent to some friend a description of her sensations on first seeing Garrick play Lear, which by some means reached the hands of the great actor himself, and so pleased him that he sought the acquaintance of the writer, who, 'pothing loath,' was presently all but domesticated beneath his roof, and through him and his affectionate wife received on terms of cordial kindness into all their wide and splendid circle—including Reynolds, Burke, and Johnson—all the *dramatis personæ*, in short, of Boswell. Miss More's lively talents for conversation, coupled with strong sense and good temper, and we must add, a lavish-enough expenditure of flattery, ere long established her as a general favourite in this brilliant society. The foundresses of the *Bas Bleu*—the Montagues, Carters, Veseys, and Boscauwens—welcomed her as a sister spirit. Stimulated in turn by their approbation, and that of better judges than them, she turned to her literature with redoubled energy; and from this time the important part of her personal history may be read with sufficient accuracy, for a long series of years together, in that of a succession of works, all in their season popular—all commendable for moral tone; almost all considerably above mediocrity in point of literary execution; and some of them well worthy to outlive their century.

It would have been interesting to have the minutest particulars of this period of Hannah's career,—the statistics, so to speak, of her earlier authorship. The number of copies printed, and the amount of profits received, ought, if possible, to be set down in every literary biography: the comparison of such things at one period and another often leads to curious and instructive deductions. But to views of this kind the present writer is quite blind;

indeed, so little interest does he feel in the merely literary part of his subject, that he has not even enumerated the more important of Mrs. More's works in the order in which they were written. As in the collective edition of 1830 the several pieces are arranged without reference to chronology—it is out of our power to supply these defects on the present occasion. We hope the intelligent bookseller, from whose house all her better treatises issued, will be induced, should another reprint be called for, to affix accurate dates, and such other illustrations as may be properly expected now that his venerable friend is no more. It appears that the tragedy of 'Percy,' which was brought out with eminent success in 1777, under Garrick's patronage, and with a prologue from his pen, brought her, of theatrical profits, 600*l.*, and from Mr. Cadell, for the copyright, 150*l.* more. This, in those days, was a considerable sum to be realized by a single piece; and Cadell published of the *first* edition, four thousand copies, a then very large impression. These details are almost the only ones of the sort which we meet with in this part of the book.

'Sir Eldred of the Bower,' a flimsy enough ballad, in the style then so much in fashion among the admirers of the 'Reliques,' was the first thing she put forth after her reception into the great world of letters. Johnson, ever a lenient critic to comely young ladies, dropped, or suppressed, his usual contempt for compositions of this school, and instead of treating her to another such stanza as—

'I put my hat upon my head,  
And walked into the Strand,  
And there I met another man  
With his hat in his hand,'

he condescended to indite a quatrain, which Hannah, accepting it no doubt as a compliment to the authoress rather than her heroine, proudly engrafted on the text of her second edition: here it is—*valeat quantum*:—

'My scorn has oft the dart repell'd  
Which guileful beauty threw,  
But goodness heard and grace beheld  
Must every heart subdue.'

As we advance from the juvenile 'Search after Happiness,' to the '*Bas Bleu*,'—an elaborate eulogy on the club so styled—and which Johnson (therein highly extolled) calls, in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, 'a great performance,' it is easy to trace the progress of both ease and strength in Hannah More's diction and versification. Johnson, in the last year of his life, is said to have told Sir William Forbes, that he considered her as 'the best versificatrix in the English language.' As most of her poetical pieces are now forgotten,

gotten, we might, perhaps, amuse our readers by a few specimens of them; but we can hardly afford space enough for the correspondence, which is wholly new. It strikes us that ‘*Percy*’ is on a par with any tragedy of its day, except ‘*Douglas* ;’ and that if Hannah had persisted, she could scarcely have failed to produce very tolerable plays. The power of her expression in prose was, in her best time, admirable; and there is a great deal of very clever dramatic management in not a few of her *Tales*. But this field was soon shut to her for ever by the increasing sternness of her religious views. She arrived at the conclusion, that by contributing plays, however pure, to the existing stage, she should be heightening its general attraction as a place of amusement; and considering the English theatre as, on the whole, *the most profligate in the literature of the world!* (see her Works, vol. ii. p. 130), she made up her mind to abjure it, and all its concerns, for ever. After a little while she could scarcely be persuaded even to witness the representation of her own ‘*Percy*.’ Considering that she owed so much, in every possible way, to the Garricks, continued during twenty years to be domesticated nearly six months of the twelve under that roof, and has borne most touching testimony to the amiable virtues of both the great actor and his wife, it is difficult for us to imagine a more sterling instance of self-love sacrificed to principle, than we have before us in this successful authoress’s early and decided secession from the drama. In the collective edition of her Works (vol. ii.) she has inserted an apology for reprinting her tragedies, which includes a dissertation on the tendency of stage amusements, written in her happiest manner. We cannot pretend to go along with her sweeping denunciations of the whole affair; but as to the particulars on which she chiefly enlarges, she must receive the concurrence of every thinking person—certainly of every conscientious parent.

Hannah More, to her honour be it observed, is careful, in this her ‘*Histrionastyx*,’ to distinguish Shakspeare from other writers of the class she is condemning. Her eulogy of him is lofty and eloquent; but the reader perceives that she patronizes, after all, only the Bowdler Edition. If she had ever read Shakspeare in ‘*Bowdler*’ for herself, which, of course, she had too much wit to do, she would have discovered that the expurgator has excluded only that class of impurities from which, as she justly observes, there is the least likelihood of serious mischief resulting to any pure mind. Whether from innocence or haste, Mr. Bowdler has left the more delicate poison as he found it. But, in truth, the whole notion of a mutilated Othello, or Anthony and Cleopatra—(to say nothing of Falstaff, &c.)—is absurd and ridiculous: hardly less so, we must confess, than that of the amiable young lady who walked into a certain bookseller’s shop a few months ago with a blurred



blurred and blotted volume of Byron in her bag; and being asked to explain her errand, answered that she had come to ~~trust~~ for the publication of a 'Family Don Juan.' It seems obvious enough, that the only expurgation which is either necessary or practically useful, is that which every discreet person performs instinctively when called upon to read Shakspeare aloud in a domestic circle.

Mrs. More makes no apology of this kind for the republication of her 'Sacred Dramas.' These, too, had in their day great popularity, and perhaps they are still not without their share of favour. They appear to us, however, very dull things—so much so that we hardly wonder at Peter Pindar's frequent sarcasms upon

'The holy dramas of Miss Hannah More,  
Where all the Nine with little Moses snore.'

But their literary lead is not the worst. We own that we are obliged to regard them as not entirely above some of the criticism which she herself, in the preface to 'Percy,' bestowed on the old Mysteries and Moralities; pieces 'in which events too solemn for exhibition, and subjects too awful for detail, are brought before the audience with a formal gravity more offensive than levity itself.' Not to take specimens of what we must consider as a positively injurious class, let us ask whether any good purpose can be answered by such grotesque caricaturing as we have in her *David*—who exclaims, on first sight of *Goliath*,—

'But soft!—what unknown prodigy appears?  
A moving mountain cased in polished brass!'

Or in such Biobdignag swagger as this:—

'*Gol.* By Ashdod's faue, thou ly'st!  
~~The insect~~ warrior, since thou dar'st me thus,  
Already I behold thy mangled limbs,  
Dissever'd each from each, ere long to feed  
The fierce blood-snuffing vulture. Mark me well—  
Around my spear I'll twist thy shining locks,  
And toss in air thy head, all gash'd with wounds,  
Thy lip yet quiv'ring with the dire convulsion  
Of recent death!—*Art thou not terrified?*' &c.&c.

Miss More's lighter poems, such as 'Bonner's Ghost,' the 'Heroic Epistle to Miss Horne,' the 'Ode to Garrick's Dog Diagon,' and so forth, had, as these letters show, a prodigious vogue. Walpole appears to have thought himself honoured by being allowed to print some of them, in the most lavish style of splendour, at the press of Strawberry Hill—in short, they were eminently the fashion. They are now immersed in Lethe—all but a few terse couplets, which have floated down to the existing race on the stream of oral citation, and are now often in the mouths of people who fancy they belong to Swift or Gay. Such are—

'He

‘He thought the world to him was known,  
Whereas he only knew the town.’—  
In men this blunder still you find,  
All think their little set mankind.’—  
‘Small habits well pursued betimes  
May reach the dignity of crimes.’—

Every one knows by heart two couplets in her *Florio*, touching  
‘the good old times:’—

‘Love could subsist on slender bounties,  
And suitors galloped o’er two counties  
The ball’s fair partner to behold,  
And humbly hope she caught no cold.’

But we have wandered too far from the biography, and must return to Hannah as mixing with the literati of the Johnsonian cycle. We already hinted that she was accused of dealing largely in flattery among the established ‘lions’ of the day; and nothing, certainly, can be more fulsome than the style in which the letters now published show her to have bespattered Garrick, Johnson, Mrs. Montagu, and the leading bluestockings. Boswell tells us, that when Johnson complained of her flattering him so grossly that he had been obliged to ask Miss Reynolds to give her a hint on the subject, somebody observed, that she flattered Garrick also; ‘Aye,’ said the doctor, ‘and she is in the right there—first she has the world with her; and, secondly, Garrick rewards her. I can do nothing for her. Let her carry her praise to a better market.’—(*Croker’s edition*, vol. iv. p. 152.) And Mrs. Thrale has recorded a surly enough rebuke which the doctor found it necessary to administer directly on a subsequent occasion; viz.—‘Consider, madam, what your flattery is worth before you choke me with it.’—(*Ibid.*, vol. v. p. 254.) But whoever reads this ‘Correspondence’ will do Hannah More justice on this score, and acquit her of any very serious degree of insincerity. It is obvious that she came from Bristol to London at the age of thirty-one, with all the fresh extatic enthusiasm of a country girl of seventeen; and when, instead of having Johnson pointed out to her as he rolled along the pavement of Fleet Street, and gazing at Garrick from the side boxes, in company with Patty and Sally, and two or three of their little pupils, she found herself at once admitted to the inmost circle of the literary and theatrical magnates, it is not wonderful—we like her all the better for it—that her feelings were apt to overflow in language and gesture rather too warm for the accustomed inhabitants of the temperate zone. Once or twice she seems to have taken Dr. Johnson when he was not in a concatenation accordingly; but he, it is plain, swallowed the dose habitually with a good enough grace, and there is no evidence that Garrick or any of the other patients ever rebelled at all.

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'The doctor' appears to have liked Hannah from the first; and we hope Mr. Croker is quite right in discrediting the story of his having ever said, 'She did not gain upon him; she was an empty-headed woman.'—(*Boswell*, vol. iii. p. 413.) As for Garrick, in that house she was forthwith christened 'The Tenth Muse,' and then for shortness, and still more refinedly, 'Miss NINE.' The flattery which she received was, in fact, so extravagant, that she must have been pebble-hearted not to render what was obviously expected in return: Bishops and Judges shook their ambrosial curls at her footstool, and some of them indited encomiastic twaddle in heathen languages which their 'Pia Virgo' could not understand; the great ladies of the *blue* order were enchanted with the opportunity of mingling condescension with admiration; and Horace Walpole paid his 'Saint Hannah,' as he called her, the highest compliment in his power, that of so conducting himself towards her on all occasions as to leave her when he expired in the full belief that, though not a Christian in Mr. Roberts's sense of the word, he was as good a Christian as most of the prelates on the bench; and, wonder of wonders! 'a wit without malevolence.'

Nothing can be more amusingly unsophisticated than some of the humble and affectionate Patty More's letters to the sisterhood left at Bristol; the following passages belong to the very first chapter of Hannah's *Life in London*:—

'Since I wrote last, Hannah has been introduced by Miss Reynolds to Baretti, and to Edmund Burke (the sublime and beautiful Edmund Burke!) From a large party of literary persons assembled at Sir Joshua's, she received the most encouraging compliments; and the spirit with which she returned them was acknowledged by all present, as Miss Reynolds informed *poor us*. Miss R. repeats her little poem [Sir Eldred] by heart, with which also the great Johnson is much pleased.'

'We have paid another visit to Miss Reynolds. She had sent to engage Dr. Percy (Percy's collection—now you know him), quite a sprightly modern, instead of a rusty antique, as I expected. He was no sooner gone, than the most amiable and obliging of women (Miss Reynolds) ordered the coach, to take us to Dr. Johnson's *very own house*; yes, Abyssinia's Johnson! Dictionary Johnson! Rambler's, Idler's, and Irene's Johnson! Can you picture to yourselves the palpitation of our hearts as we approached his mansion? Miss Reynolds told the doctor of all our rapturous exclamations on the road. He shook his scientific head at Hannah, and said, "She was a *silly thing*." When our visit was ended, he called for his hat (as it *raised*), to attend us down a very long entry to our coach, and not Rasselas could have acquitted himself more *en cavalier*. We are engaged with him at Sir Joshua's, Wednesday evening. What do you think of us? I forgot to mention, that not finding Johnson in his

his little parlour when we came in, Hannah seated herself in his great chair, hoping to catch a little ray of his genius; when he heard it, he laughed heartily, and told her it was a chair on which he never sat.—pp. 49, 50.

But Patty's enthusiasm is even surpassed by Hannah's—in her account of a visit to Pope's villa.

'I have visited the mansion of the tuneful Alexander. I have rambled through the immortal shades of Twickenham; I have trodden the haunts of the swan of Thames. I could not be honest for the life of me; from the grotto I stole two bits of stone, from the garden a sprig of laurel, and from one of the bed-chambers a pen.'

What follows belongs to the next year, 1775, when they again repeated their visit to London. Hannah herself writes:—

'I had yesterday the pleasure of dining in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, at a certain Mrs. Montagu's, a name not totally obscure. The party consisted of herself, Mrs. Carter, Dr. Johnson, Solander, Mrs. Boscawen, Miss Reynolds, and Sir Joshua (the idol of every company), some other persons of high rank and less wit, and your humble servant: a party that would not have disgraced the table of Lælius or of Atticus. I felt myself a worm, the more a worm for the consequence which was given me, by mixing me with such a society; but, as I told Mrs. Boscawen, and with great truth, I had an opportunity of making an experiment of my heart, by which I learnt that I was not envious, for I certainly did not repine at being the meanest person in company.'—vol. i. p. 53.

This is from a letter of Sister Patty's, in the next year again, the third of the London excursions:—

'London, 1776.—If a wedding should take place before our return, don't be surprised,—between the mother of Sir Eldred, and the father of my much-loved Irene; nay, Mrs. Montagu says if tender words are the precursors of connubial engagements, we may expect great things; for it is nothing but "child," "little fool," "love," and "dearest." After much critical discourse, he turns round to me, and with one of his most amiable looks, which must be seen to form the least idea of it, he says, "I have heard that you are engaged in the useful and honourable employment of teaching young ladies." Upon which, with all the same ease, familiarity, and confidence, we should have done had only our own dear Dr. Stonehouse been present, we entered upon the history of our birth, parentage, and education; showing how we were born with more desires than guineas; and how, as years increased our appetites, the cupboard at home began to grow too small to gratify them; and how, with a bottle of water, a bed, and a blanket, we set out to seek our fortunes; and how we found a great house, with nothing in it; and how it was like to remain so, till, looking into our knowledge-boxes, we happened to find a little *larning*, a good thing when land is gone, or rather none: and so at last, by giving a little of this little *larning* to those who had less, we got a good store of gold in return; but how, alas! we wanted the wit to keep it.' "I love

love you both," cried the innamorato—"I love you all five—I never was at Bristol—I will come on purpose to see you—what! five women live happily together!—I will come and see you—I have spent a happy evening—I am glad I came—God for ever bless you; you live lives to shame duchesses." He took his leave with so much warmth and tenderness, we were quite affected at his manner.

'If Hannah's head stands proof against all the adulation and kindness of the great folks here, why then, I will venture to say nothing of this kind will hurt her hereafter. . . . Two carriages at the door—Mrs. Boscawen and Sir Joshua!'—vol. i. p. 67.

In the summer of 1782 Mrs. More spent some time at Oxford, and here again she had the good fortune to meet the Rambler, on a spot where he seems always to have been disposed to show himself in his most agreeable colours:—

'June 13.—Who do you think is my principal Cicerone? Only Dr. Johnson! and we do so gallant it about! You cannot imagine with what delight he showed me every part of his own College. Dr. Adams, the master of Pembroke, had contrived a very pretty piece of gallantry. After dinner Johnson begged to conduct me to see the College, he would let no one show it me but himself,—"This was my room; this Shenstone's. Here we walked, there we played at cricket." When we came into the common room, we spied a fine large print of Johnson, framed and hung up that very morn'g with this motto, "*And is not Johnson ours, himself a host?*" Under which stared you in the face, "*From Miss More's Sensibility.*" This little incident amused us;—but, alas! Johnson looks very ill indeed—spiritless and wan. However, he made an effort to be cheerful, and I exerted myself much to make him so.'—vol. i. pp. 261, 262.

We cannot quote these interesting lines without expressing the pleasure with which we have lately heard that the space between Pembroke College and Christ Church is about to be cleared and decorated; and suggesting that now is the time to open a subscription for a statue of Johnson to be placed in front of the gate of Pembroke.

In May, 1783, the year before Johnson died, Mrs. More, again domesticated with Mrs. Garrick, thus writes to her sister Sarah:—

'Saturday we had a dinner at home, Mrs. Carter, Miss Hamilton, the Kennicotts, and Dr. Johnson. Poor Johnson exerted himself exceedingly; but he was very ill, and looked so dreadfully that it quite grieved me. He is more mild and complacent than he used to be. His sickness seems to have softened his mind, without having at all weakened it. I was struck with the mild radiance of this setting sun.'

Mrs. More never saw him again; nor, though her subsequent correspondence contains many affectionate and respectful allusions to his character, does it afford Mr. Roberts any handle for connecting with her name—by dovetailing into this book—*ad anonymum*

anonymous paper found in her desk,' in which *somebody* tells a long and circumstantial story of the Doctor's being converted to a full belief in, and reliance on the propitiation of our Saviour, by the oral admonitions of Mr. Latrobe, and the letters of a young clergyman of the name of Winstanley, who had been, through Sir John Hawkins, introduced to Johnson as of 'views and character' particularly suited to serve him in his then condition (vol. i. p. 376). We cannot think it our duty to quote at length this wholly unauthenticated record of what the biographer modestly styles 'very interesting particulars not generally known,' about the death-bed of Dr. Johnson. We do not doubt that Mr. Roberts meant well when he introduced the paper into his work; but we must be allowed to say, that in so doing he has exhibited a remarkable, and what ought to be a memorable example, of the indiscretion in which authors of his class are apt to indulge when they see or fancy the slightest opportunity of insinuating anything to the disparagement of the rational and immense majority of the religious public in this country,—their faith and their practice. The particulars of Dr. Johnson's last illness are perfectly well known to all the world, except Mr. Roberts, and those whose reading is, like his, confined to the library of a sect. We have a minute account of it, day by day and hour by hour, from the pens of the friends who watched, with affectionate reverence, over the closing scene of this great and good man. We have the full narrative of Sir John Hawkins, and the diary of one of the two well known and eminently respectable clergymen of the church, who attended him daily. We have the diary of Mr. Windham, and that of Mr. Windham's servant; and whatever his physician Dr. Brocklesby had to tell, he also has freely told. Now all Mr. Latrobe's part in the affair was, that he called at Dr. Johnson's three days before his death, but *did not see* the doctor. (See 'Croker's Boswell,' vol. v. p. 322.) Mr. Croker's annihilation of the Christian Observer's edition of the romance about Mr. Latrobe is complete and perfect; and as to the story of Mr. Winstanley, it is enough to say that no such person is named, either by Sir John Hawkins, or in any other of the accounts of Johnson's Life hitherto published. The whole of this circumstantial narrative is, therefore, a dream, a blunder, or more probably a bungling piece of quackery—a 'pious fraud.' In any view, this attempt to persuade us that Dr. Johnson's mind was not made up as to the great fundamental doctrine of the Christian religion, until it was enforced on him *in extremis* by sectarian or methodistical zeal, cannot redound to the credit of Mr. Roberts's understanding. If he had condescended to peruse the Doctor's own 'Prayers and Meditations,' he would have found him to have been, as far back as his religious feelings can be traced, fully convinced of

of the *propitiatory sacrifice*. In the prayer on his birthday in 1738, transcribed by himself thirty years afterwards, he expressly states his hope of salvation to be 'through the *satisfaction* of Jesus Christ.' And in this faith as he had lived, so undoubtedly he died. Almost his last words to Dr. Brocklesby were to recommend Dr. Clarke's sermons, 'because they are the fullest on the *Atonement*.'

There is, we repeat, not the shadow of reason for believing that *Mrs. More* attached any importance to the contents of the anonymous sheet in question. Had she placed credence in the document, she would, no doubt, have taken some opportunity of publishing it, in the course of her own constant intercourse with the booksellers. But enough of Dr. Johnson.

This book renders important service to the memory of Garrick, in whom the light frothy vanity, almost inseparable from his professional place and character, appears to have been combined with many solid and admirable virtues. The household of this first of players seems to have been, in every respect, that of a gentleman and a Christian; and we only regret that *Mrs. More* should have brought her parting eulogy to what we must consider as a trivial and almost ludicrous conclusion. She winds up her praises of her 'warm, steady, disinterested friend' by bearing testimony to the memorable facts, that she 'never saw a card in his house,' nor met, 'save once, a brother-actor at his table!'

There is something very touching in this account of *Mrs. Garrick's* behaviour the day after his funeral—

'On Wednesday night we came to the Adelphi—to this house! She bore it with great tranquillity; but what was my surprise to see her go alone into the chamber and bed, in which he had died that day fortnight! She had a delight in it beyond expression. I asked her the next day how she went through it? She told me very well; that she first prayed with great composure, then went and kissed the dear bed, and got into it with a sad pleasure.'

After the lapse of a month, she writes from her friend's villa at Hampton:—

'February, 1779.—We have been at this sweet, and once cheerful, place near a week. Alas! it has lost its perfume, yet it is in great beauty; the weather is fine, the verdure charming; "and could we pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow," all would appear as beautiful as it used to do. Our first entrance was sad enough. Dragon looked as he used to do, and ran up to meet his master. Poor *Mrs. Garrick* went and shut herself up for half an hour. Not a sigh escapes our poor friend that she can restrain. When I expressed my surprise at her self-command, she answered, "Groans and complaints are very well for those who are to mourn for a little while, but a sorrow that is to last for life, will not be violent and romantic."'

A year later *Hannah* thus writes again from Hampton—

'Poor *Mrs. Garrick* is a greater recluse than ever, and has quite a horror

horror at the thoughts of mixing in the world again. On her wedding day she went to the abbey, where she staid a good while; and she said she had been to spend the morning on her husband's grave: where, for the future, she should always pass her wedding days. Yet she seems cheerful, and never indulges the least melancholy in company.'

Mrs. More's letters abound in wise and witty remarks on all sorts of subjects, out of which it would be easy for us to select an amusing and interesting chapter of *Ana*. Let a few specimens suffice:—

'Poetry is like brown bread; those who make it at home, never approve of what they meet with elsewhere.'

'Pope is the eternal embellisher of common sense, common life, and just thinking: every line is a maxim or a portrait.'

'Bristol is as bad as London, without being as good.'

'I used to wonder why people should be so fond of the company of their physician, till I recollected that he is the only person with whom one dares talk continually of oneself, without interruption, contradiction, or censure.'

In 1789, the day after Hannah witnessed the king's procession to return thanks for his recovery at St. Paul's, she says,—

'It is sometimes diverting, though sad, to see how party triumphs over probity. I was on Saturday at a very great dinner at Lord Somers's, and could find out the party principles of each one of the company, only by his saying how the king looked, and what degree of attention he gave to the service.'

Of one of what we may call the sentimental class of preachers she well says,—

'I think he very injuriously prefers complexional feeling to those right actions which are performed by people of a sober character, purely from a sense of duty. Is not this setting the virtues of the constitution above the Christian graces, and preferring that goodness which proceeds from a kindly combination of the elements, to the difficult exertion of religious principle? I do not scruple to say that such divinity revolts me. Sensibility appears to me to be neither good nor evil in itself, but in its application. Under the influence of Christian principle it makes saints and martyrs; ill directed or uncontrolled it is a snare, and the source of every temptation; besides, as people cannot get it if it is not given them, to descant on it seems to me as idle as to recommend people to have black eyes, or fair complexions.'

And, to conclude, here are her shrewd strictures on what was, even in her days, a besetting sin of the novelists:—

'That shameful fashion which our writers of this class have adopted from the French, of choosing married persons for the hero or heroine, adorning them with all the graces and accomplishments which can fascinate the fancy, bringing them into the most dangerous situations, embellished with the most pernicious descriptions, and making them  
commit



commit the grossest crimes under the mask of sentiment, and with the apology of irresistible passion, or unsuitable alliance, or some other equally false and corrupt motive: this, I doubt not, has been one grand and leading cause of the corruption of principle which has lately so peculiarly disgraced our courts of justice, and made it almost dangerous for a lady of delicacy to look over a newspaper, for fear of having her eyes offended with one of those disgusting trials.'

She has some pleasantries, which we think do her not less honour in their own way. The following excellent satire upon Frenchified English was addressed to Horace Walpole, and entitled 'A Letter from a Lady to her Friend, in the Reign of George the Fifth:—'

'*Alamode Castle, June 20, 1840.*—Dear Madam,—I no sooner found myself here than I visited my new apartment, which is composed of five pieces; the small room which gives upon the garden is practised through the great one, and there is no other issue. As I was quite exceeded with fatigue, I had no sooner made my toilette than I let myself fall on a bed of repose, where sleep came to surprise me.

'My lord and I are in the intention to make good cheer, and a great expense; and this country is in possession to furnish wherewithal to amuse oneself. All that England has of illustrious, all that youth has of amiable, or beauty of ravishing, sees itself in this quarter. Render yourself here then, my friend, and you shall find assembled all that there is of best, whether for letters, whether for birth.

'Yesterday I did my possible to give to eat: the dinner was of the last perfection, and the wines left nothing to desire. The repast was seasoned with a thousand rejoicing sallies, full of salt and agreement, and one more brilliant than another. Lady Frances charmed me as for the first time; she is made to paint, has a great air, and has infinitely of expression in her physiognomy; her manners have as much of natural, as her figure has of interesting.

'I had prayed Lady B. to be of this dinner, as I had heard nothing but good of her, but I am now disabused on her subject: she is past her first youth, has very little instruction, is inconsequent, and subject to caution; but having evaded with one of her pretenders, her reputation has been committed by the bad faith of a friend, on whose fidelity she reposed herself; she is therefore fallen into devotion, goes no more to spectacles, and play is defended at her house. Though she affects a mortal serious, I observed that her eyes were of intelligence with those of Sir James, near whom I had taken care to plant myself, though this is always a sacrifice with costs. Sir James is a great sayer of nothings; it is a spoilt mind; full of fatuity and pretension; his conversation is a tissue of impertinences, and the bad tone which reigns at present has put the last hand to his defects. He makes but little case of his word, but as he lends himself to whatever is proposed of amusing, the women all throw themselves at his head. Adieu.'

No one can rise from the perusal of the letters which have furnished us with these extracts, without being satisfied that Hannah  
More

More must have been a delightful addition to the society of London. But Mr. Roberts tells us, and the letters themselves confirm his statement, that even before Garrick died she had begun to suspect that the gay world was taking too strong a hold on her affections, and to revolve the possibility of realizing the vision of her earliest childhood, and building for herself, in some sequestered village, 'a cottage too low for a clock.' In the year 1786 she effected this long-cherished purpose, and *Cowslip Green* received her—a very tiny dwelling, with a pretty garden, at no great distance from Bristol, where her exemplary sisters were still labouring in their vocation. In due season these ladies satisfied their modest desires as to worldly wealth, and shared Hannah's retirement during the summer months, while she, in turn, joined them in the winter in a house which they built for themselves in Pulteney Street, Bath. In after time, they gave up both Cowslip Green and Bath, and erected a large and comfortable house at Barley Grove—a property of some extent, which they purchased and improved; but from the day that the school was given up, the existence of the whole sisterhood appears to have flowed on in one uniform current of peace and contentment, diversified only by new appearances of Hannah as an authoress, and the ups and downs which she and the others met with in the prosecution of a most brave and humane experiment—namely, their zealous effort to extend the blessings of education and religion among the inhabitants of certain villages, situated in a wild country some eight or ten miles from their abode, who, from a concurrence of unhappy local and temporary circumstances, had been left in a state of ignorance hardly conceivable at the present day.

It would be idle in us to dwell here on works so well known as the 'Thoughts on the Manners of the Great,' the 'Essay on the Religion of the Fashionable World,' and so on, which finally established Miss More's name as a great moral writer, possessing a masterly command over the resources of our language, and devoting a keen wit and a lively fancy to the best and noblest of purposes. She seems to us to have, even at an early period, attached an undue importance to many things, and to have, in the end, seriously abridged her own field of usefulness by the needless severity of her attacks on trifles. It is, for instance, quite melancholy to find her expending a solemn diatribe on the blasphemy of a newspaper paragraph which mentioned the 'ascension' of a balloon. These were sad weaknesses—but that, in spite of them all, she was the instrument of very great good to English society, high as well as low, who dares to dispute? How many have thanked God for the hour that first made them acquainted with the writings of Hannah More!

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Whenever she visited London in her middle life, she took up her residence under the roof of Mrs. Garrick, who had now almost entirely withdrawn from mixed society; and her friends of the giddy world and the blue world appear to have gradually given place to such honoured names as Beilby Porteus, Kennicott, Horne, and Shute Barrington. It is, in many points of view, to be regretted, that her habitual residence near Bristol prevented her from seeing such friends as these so often as she and they would have desired; for the consequence certainly was, that she gradually connected herself more and more closely with persons far inferior to her and them in intellectual rank, and at length came to be, not without some show of reason, regarded by the public at large as too much the adherent of a prejudiced and rather uncharitable party in the religious republic.

The genuine liberality of her heart and conduct was never better exemplified than in the whole affair of her intercourse with Ann Yearsley, 'the Bristol milkwoman,' whose story has recently been recalled from oblivion by Mr. Southey's Essay on the Uneducated Poets. The popularity of that elegant work renders it needless for us to go into the details of the case on the present occasion. She was warned on the threshold by her friend Mrs. Montague, in these striking and beautiful words:—

'I am surprised and charmed with your account of the poetical milkwoman; but I beg of you to inform yourself, as much as you can, of her temper, disposition, and moral character. It has sometimes happened to me, that, by an endeavour to encourage talents and cherish virtue, by driving from them the terrifying spectre of pale poverty, I have introduced a legion of little demons: vanity, luxury, idleness, and pride, have entered the cottage the moment poverty vanished.'

Miss More, however, persisted; and, by her own ardent efforts, and the assistance of her friends, soon rescued 'Lactilla' from all her pecuniary distresses. The sad result we need not dwell upon. No long time has elapsed before we find Hannah thus terminating a letter to Mrs. Montague:—

'I am come to the postscript, without having found courage to tell you what I am sure you will hear with pain, at least it gives me infinite pain to write it—I mean the most open and notorious ingratitude of our milkwoman. There is hardly a species of slander the poor unhappy creature does not propagate against me, in the most public manner, because I have called her a *milkwoman*, and because I have placed the money in the funds, instead of letting her spend it. I confess my weakness—it goes to my heart, not for my own sake, but for the sake of our common nature; so much for my inward feelings: as to my active resentment, I am trying to get a place for her husband, and am endeavouring to make up the sum I have raised for her to five hundred pounds. Do not let this harden your heart or mine against any future object. *Fate bene per voi* is a beautiful maxim.'

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The milkwoman presently put her slander into a printed shape ; and Mrs. Montague, on reading the libel, found one thing for which Mrs. More's letter had not prepared her : here is her comment :—

‘ Mrs. Yearley's conceit that *you can envy her talents* gives me comfort, for as it convinces me she is mad, I build upon it a hope that she is not guilty in the All-seeing eye.’

The last allusion Mrs. More herself makes to the behaviour of ‘ Lactilla ’ is on the occasion of a second publication of hers, in which the admirable patroness was again, after a lapse of two years, maligned and insulted with a cool bitterness that may well be called diabolical—and it is in these words—she is addressing Horace Walpole :—‘ Do, dear Sir, join me in sincere compassion, without one atom of resentment. If I wanted to punish an enemy, it should be by fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody.’ (vol. ii. p. 81.)

We think no one who has read a recent tract entitled ‘ Anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott, by the Ettrick Shepherd,’ can be at a loss for a tolerably complete parallel to the whole of this story of Hannah More and the Bristol Milkwoman. The unbounded benevolence on the side of the superior, and the festering vanity and jealousy of the inferior, at length bursting into open outrage against every good feeling and every rule of common decency, are alike in both cases ; with this small difference in favour of the milkwoman, that she did not keep silence until the object of her envious spleen was no more ; and with this difference also in favour of Hannah, that she was thus enabled to assert her own dignity—as who doubts Sir Walter would, under similar circumstances, have done ?—by the tranquillity of a compassionate forgiveness.

The second and third of these volumes are chiefly occupied with details about the Sunday and other schools established at Cheddar and elsewhere by Hannah and Martha More. In September, 1796, the former says, ‘ I think our various schools and societies consist of about sixteen or seventeen hundred.’ Some of these were fifteen miles from their residence ; and the devotion of the sisters to this wide-spread scheme of benevolence was such, that it may be said to have occupied them for many years as completely as any worldly profession occupies the most diligent and successful individual. Such conduct is above all praise. It is only to be regretted that Mr. Roberts has not followed up the most interesting series of letters in which this part of Mrs. More's history is conveyed, by something like a clear statement of the ultimate result of her exertions. He exposes, very properly, the noxious interference with which, from very small motives, a curate of one of her parishes thwarted and perplexed her ; and all that he says about

about the conduct of the then Bishop of Bath and Wells, who on every occasion supported and countenanced the sisterhood, is satisfactory to the mind; but we are left in the dark as to the great practical question, how far the scheme realized, in the issue Hannah More's fervent anticipations; and another scarcely less important, namely, whether the machinery she had arranged was found to be at all effective when advancing years and other circumstances made it impossible for her and her sister to continue their own daily labours in its superintendence. That much good was done it is, however, impossible for us to doubt; and we transcribe this account of the funeral of one of their humble assistants, as in itself a sufficient testimony.

'Cheddar, August 18, 1795.—We have just deposited the remains of our excellent Mrs. Baber, to mingle with her kindred dust. Who else has ever been so attended, so followed to the grave? Of the hundreds who attended, all had some tokens of mourning in their dress. All the black gowns in the village were exhibited, and those who had none had some broad, some little bits, of narrow black ribbon, such as their few spare pence could provide. The house, the garden, and place before the door were full. But how shall I describe it? Not one single voice or step was heard—their very silence was dreadful; but it was not the least affecting part to see their poor little ragged pocket-handkerchiefs, not half sufficient to dry their tears—some had none; and those tears that did not fall to the ground, they wiped off with some part of their dress. Though the stones were rugged, you did not hear one single foot-step. The undertaker from Bristol wept like a child, and confessed, that, without emolument, it was worth going a hundred miles to see such a sight. I forgot to mention, the children sobbed a suitable hymn over the grave. Here was no boisterous, hysterical grief, for the departed had taught them how to select suitable texts for such occasions, and when to apply the promises of Scripture. I think almost tears enough were shed to lay the dust.'

It is well known that Mrs. More, among other good works, gave a powerful support to the old constitution of these realms by various political tracts, in prose and verse, which she put forth during the revolutionary war. It is impossible to read the letters in which she adverts to the internal danger of her country at that period, without applying her language to the still more alarming condition of England at the present day. What a true picture is the following!—

'Bath, happy Bath, is as gay as if there were no war, nor sin, nor misery in the world! We run about all the morning, lamenting the calamities of the times, anticipating our ruin, and regretting the general dissipation; and every night we are running into every excess, to a degree unknown in calmer times. Yet it is the fashion to affect to be religious, and to show it by inveighing against the wickedness of France!'

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As to the revolutionary rulers of France themselves, we are sorry to say her indignant denunciation of *them* is exactly what, if she had now been among us, she could not have hesitated to utter concerning some of our own Reformers.

‘Judgment, memory, comparison, combination, and deduction, afford human sagacity but slender assistance in its endeavours to develope their future plans. We have not even the data of consistent wickedness on which to build rational conclusions. Their measures, though visibly connected by uniform depravity, are yet so surprisingly diversified by interfering absurdities,—such is their incredible eccentricity, that it is hardly extravagant to affirm that improbability is become rather an additional reason for expecting any given event to take place.’—*Remarks on the Speech of M. Dupont.*

But we must now prepare to shut these volumes. The sisterhood drop away from before us one by one, and the sterling sense and worth of every one of them are successively exhibited in the most touching manner in the details of a Christian death-bed. We have been dealing largely in quotation, but we are sure every reader will thank us for transcribing a page out of the correspondence of the late venerable Bishop of Limerick, just published, in which his lordship gives an account of a visit which he paid at Barley Wood in September, 1817, shortly after the death of Sarah More.

‘Feeling, as they do very deeply, the sad breach made in their circle, they are wisely, cheerfully, and piously submissive to this appointment of Providence; and neither their talents nor vivacity are in the least subdued. Patty is suffering, with exemplary patience, the most excruciating pain; not a murmur escapes, though, at night especially, groans and cries are inevitably extorted; and, the moment after the paroxysm, she is ready to resume, with full interest and animation, whatever may have been the subject of conversation. Hannah is still herself: she took Charles Foster and me a drive to Brockley Combe; in the course of which, her anecdotes, her wit, her powers of criticism, and her admirable talent of recitation, had ample scope. On the whole, though not unmingled with melancholy, the impression of this visit to Barley Wood is predominantly agreeable,—I might, indeed, use a stronger word: differences of opinion there do, it cannot be denied, exist; but they are differences; on their part, largely the growth of circumstances; differences, too, which will vanish before the earliest beams of eternity: I parted with them, as noble creatures, whom, in this world, I never might again behold; and while I felt some pangs, which I would not willingly have relinquished, it was with deep comfort that I looked forward in hope to an hereafter, when we might meet without any of those drawbacks, in some shape or other, inseparable, perhaps, from the intercourse of mortals.’—*Bishop Jebb’s Letters*, vol. ii. pp. 333, 4.

Our readers can hardly need to be reminded of the painful interest with which all orders of people heard, about 1828, rumours that pecuniary distresses were likely to trouble the closing period of Mrs. More's life. Her establishment at Barley Wood had got into sad confusion after the death of her sister Martha, who had through life been the manager of their domestic details,—dishonest and dissolute servants had wasted her substance,—and for a season it was doubtful whether enough remained to secure her the comforts to which she had been accustomed. In the end, however, it turned out that, though she must consent once more to change her place of residence, there would be no necessity for altering, in any essential respect, the style of her household economy. She removed to Clifton; and there, as has been already mentioned, she at last 'quietly and placidly ceased to breathe' in the September of last year. The account of her latter days, contributed to Mr. Roberts's book by her friend and physician, Dr. Carrick, is so interesting, that we would willingly extract it entire; but we can only give these fragments:—

'From the time Mrs. More removed to Clifton, her health was never otherwise than in a very uncertain and precarious state, and she seldom continued beyond a few days exempt from some attack of greater or less severity. . . .

'To the friends and admirers of Mrs. Hannah More, it was painful during her latter years to see those great and brilliant talents, which had justly raised her to the highest pinnacle of celebrity, descending to the level of more ordinary persons. Yet there was this consoling circumstance in the case of this admirable woman; that while the grand and vigorous qualities of her mind submitted to decay, the good, the kind, the beneficent, suffered no diminution nor abatement, to the last moment of consciousness. Age, which of necessity shrinks and impairs the bodily powers, generally blunts sensibility, and narrows the social virtues. The soul which in youth, and in the prime of life, teemed with every liberal and benevolent quality, is not unfrequently observed to grow cold and insensible, parsimonious, and even avaricious, when sinking into the grave. With this remarkable woman it was signally the reverse. Her beneficent qualities not only suffered no abatement, but expanded with her years.

'So long as her intellectual faculties remained but moderately impaired, her wonted cheerfulness and playfulness of disposition did not forsake her; and at no period of her declining life did an impatient or querulous expression escape her lips, even in moments of painful suffering.

It seems worthy of remark, that as it pleased the Almighty to protect this distinguished woman to a very advanced period of life, from the infirmities of temper, which often tend to render age both unamiable and unhappy, so it likewise accorded with his goodness to spare her from many of those bodily infirmities, which usually accom-

pany

pany length of years. To the very last her eye was not dim: she could read with ease, and without spectacles, the smallest print. Her hearing was almost unimpaired; and until very near the close of life, her features were not shrunk, nor wrinkled, nor uncomely, and her person retained to a considerable degree its wonted appearance, as at a much earlier period. Even to the last, her death-bed was attended with few of the pains and infirmities which are almost inseparable from sinking nature.—vol. iv. p. 299—304.

Our respect, nay, veneration for the memory of Mrs. More, who perhaps did as much real good in her generation as any woman that ever held the pen, has, whatever Mr. Roberts may think, made us lenient critics of his part in this work. We now leave him with respect for his motives and intentions; with regret for that narrowness of mind and feeling, which it is, we presume, too late to expand; and with a simple expression of our hope that, at some future period, the valuable letters embodied in these volumes may be printed by themselves. We are not aware that Mr. Roberts's connecting narrative has given us any one fact which is not stated in the text of the correspondence, either following or preceding the page where he has chosen to make it the subject of his circumlocutory prose.

ART. VII.—*Mémoires ou Correspondance Secrète du Père L'Enfant, Confesseur du Roi pendant les trois années de la Révolution, 1790, 1791, 1792.* 2 vols. Paris. 1834.

WE notice these volumes only to warn our readers against an imposition—not indeed so gross and shameless as the Memoirs of Louis XVIII. and Madame de Créqui, but yet very dishonest. The title-page announces this work as the *Memoirs or Secret Correspondence of the Confessor of the King* during three eventful years. The editor's preface adds, that the Père L'Enfant lived at court, and concludes (as he might do if his premises were but true) that these are indeed '*precious memoirs.*' Now, the truth is, that the Abbé L'Enfant was not—nor, if he really was the penman of these Memoirs, (which are not memoirs,) does he himself even pretend to have been—the king's confessor; that during the three years specified he never was at court at all, and never so much as saw either the king or the queen; that the pretended Memoirs are only a series of letters which, even if genuine, have no claim to the character of a '*secret correspondence,*' for they are chiefly and professedly mere repetitions of the journals of the day; and, finally, that, so far from being '*precious,*' they are so nearly worthless, that we shall not even do them the small honour—



honour of binding them, and should think we made a good bargain if we could obtain a couple of shillings for what has cost us ten. Our readers will judge of the interest of such a publication by the confession of the editor, that

'We have printed the correspondence entire, except some mysterious and allegorical passages, which we do not understand, or at least not clearly enough to be able to afford a key to them. There was certainly a political object hidden under these enigmatical passages, which however we have thought it advisable to omit, because we have not the means of explaining their secret meaning.'—*Notice*, xi.

This is excellent—the man publishes the *whole* correspondence, except the passages which might be really interesting; and these curious passages are hidden from the public eye, because the individual blockhead has not the means of explaining them—as if that would not have been the best reason for publishing them, in the possibility that others better informed than he might be able to elucidate these important secrets: and, to crown the absurdity, it happens that, by a whimsical inconsistency, this editor, who thinks it right to suppress what *he* cannot fully elucidate, has not given us one note—no, not a single syllable of explanation or observation upon *any part* of the correspondence!

The utter insipidity and insignificance of these *Mémoires*, as to any purpose either of information or amusement, relieves us from the necessity of adducing our reasons for disbelieving that they were written by the Père L'Enfant at all. We shall only say that we incline to suspect that they have been lately fabricated by rummaging the files of old newspapers; or, if they were really written at the time, they must have been the *nouvelles à la main* of some asinine *quidnunc* in town, to some equally ignorant correspondent in the country, which the editor finds it convenient to attribute to a priest who fell in the massacre of the Abbaye, and whose name might therefore be usurped with impunity. As an article in the *Biographie Universelle* furnished the editor of Madame de Créqui's *Memoirs* with his *fictitious heroine*, so we believe the editor—*i. e.* fabricator—of the present volumes has borrowed his hero from the same work. But however that may be, nothing can be more stupid than the result. In the 777 pages of which the two first volumes consist, (we are to have more, it seems, if the public consents to be duped,) we have been able to discover but one passage which contains anything like novelty. On the occasion of some difficulties in which the National Assembly is represented as having found itself in July 1791, after the return of the king, an *old woman* is quoted as having said, '*Voici le commencement de la fin.*' (vol. ii. p. 256.) Now, we had always heard

heard this *not* attributed to M. de Talleyrand on the occasion of Buonaparte's invasion of Spain; and we confess that we are rather inclined to believe it of the well-known old gentleman than of the anonymous old woman. M. de Talleyrand, we know, *affected*—for reasons obvious enough—to think that the 'Mémoires of Louis XVIII.' were genuine. We suppose that this little incident will prevent *his* vouching for the authenticity and originality of the 'Mémoires du Père L'Enfant.'

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ART. VIII.—*Memoirs of John Napier of Merchiston, his Lineage, Life, and Times.* By Mark Napier, Esq. Edinburgh, 4to. 1834. pp. 535.

THIS is an elaborate work, the fruit of long-continued and varied research. That it should be the first attempt to narrate in detail the personal history of the inventor of the logarithms, reflects little honour on Scotland.

The author of such a book can afford to be told, without circumlocution, of petty mistakes and errors. He has overlaid his memoir with circumstances possessing but the thinnest and most fanciful connexion with its proper subject; he has frequently deformed a naturally plain and manly style with vicious *panni* of trope and metaphor, which have about as ridiculous an effect as a garland of roses and lilies stuck on a lawyer's wig; and he indulges in sneers and innuendos, at the expense of certain contemporary writers, in a tone wholly unsuitable to a work of grave and dignified pretensions.

If his estimate of his ancestor's merits be somewhat exaggerated, with that we are little disposed to quarrel; and at all events there is no remedy for it,—the feeling in question inspired the writer to his task, and it is inextricably interwoven with the whole texture of his performance.

We think he might have spared us the old woman's story about the first *Napier* being a second son of some antique Earl of Lenox, who in some action; place and date unspecified, did such signal service, that 'after the battle, every one setting forth his own acts, the then king [name unknown] said unto them, ye have all done valiantly, but there is one amongst you who hath NA-PEER, and calling Donald into his presence commanded him to change his name from Lenox to Napeer,' &c. &c. The only shadow of evidence in support of this legend is in the fact that the *Napiers of Merchiston* bore, as far back as their line has been traced, the ancient arms of Lenox, with such a slight variation as  
might

might have naturally been adopted by a cadet. But the existence and fortunes of a second son of such a house, at a period after the Scots kings had ceased to speak Gaelic, would have no doubt been traceable in the chartularies of a nation proverbially studious of pedigree; and as to the matter of arms, why, if the legend of the name be true, should the Merchistons have been the only Napiers that bore the coat of Lenox? They may have been originally, as some other families of the same name certainly were, vassals of the ancient Earls of Lenox; and in this case an adventurer, removing into another part of the country, might have chosen to set forth, with a difference, the escutcheon of his chief, whose protection he still looked to in case of need, rather than the obscurer insignia of his own immediate race. We will not chase these dreams farther; the Scrope and Grosvenor controversy\* is enough to overturn all that the present writer says as to the infallibility of heraldic types as indications of descent.

The first ascertained ancestor of the philosopher is Alexander Napier, who purchased the estate of Merchiston in 1438, and was Provost of Edinburgh. He was, no doubt, a thriving trader of the town, who naturally invested his capital in lands close to its walls,—our author calls him “distinguished,” but specifies nothing save his provostship, which, however, was in those days a post usually held by men of some condition. His son, Sir Alexander Napier, was also a Provost of Edinburgh—but he rose

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\* We allude to a magnificent book, edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, of which two volumes, in folio, are already in our hands, and a third is daily expected. It contains the evidence adduced in the court of the Earl Marshal of England, in 1385-9, in a cause originating out of a grand heraldic dispute between two families, both in after time highly distinguished. Two knights, it seems, appeared in the army of Richard II., during his Scotch campaign of 1385, bearing precisely the same coat-armour, viz. *azure a bend or*: these were Sir Richard Scrope and Sir Robert Grosvenor. The one challenged the other's right, and four years passed before the dispute could be settled; but in the end either party brought a host of witnesses to show that the arms in debate had been carried from all memory by his ancestors, and the Marshal at length declared himself satisfied that neither had trespassed in the slightest degree against the laws and usages of heraldry. Three volumes folio on such a subject may cause the reader of 1834 to stare; but we can assure him this mass of evidence cannot be gone through without bringing out many curious traits of national manners. Among the witnesses on the part of Scrope are John of Gaunt, Hotspur, and ‘Geoffry Chaucer, Esquire, aged forty years, armed twenty-seven years,’ who deposes to having seen Sir Richard's banner in the camp of Edward III. all through the expedition of 1359-60, until he, Geoffry, was taken prisoner; and adds, ‘that he was once in Friday-Street, London, and walking through the street, he observed a new sign with those arms thereon, and inquired what inn this was which had hung out these arms of Scrope; but one answered him, saying, “These arms, Sir, are not hung out for the arms of Scrope, but are painted and put there by a knight of the county of Chester, called Sir Robert Grosvenor;” and this was the first time he ever heard speak of the said Sir Robert, or of any one bearing the name of Grosvenor.’—vol. ii. p. 412. The Editor promises to give us in his third volume the details of various other old causes of the like description.

to more important dignities; he was employed as ambassador to Denmark, England, and the Netherlands; and our author devotes several pages to great public scenes of which he was, or might have been, a witness,—though we are not quite sure that the sayings and doings of Charles the Bold, Louis the Eleventh, and other such personages, not forgetting one Mr. Quentin Durward, are much calculated to illustrate the invention of the logarithms. John, the third laird of Merchiston, was also a ‘merchant and magistrate’ of Edinburgh, a gentleman of the royal household, and a member of parliament. He married a lady of illustrious birth, Elizabeth Monteith, a granddaughter of the last of that primitive line of Earls of Lenox to which we have already made allusion. He was slain, fighting on the side of James III., in the battle of Sauchie, near Stirling, in 1487; and Mr. Napier concludes his chapter thus magniloquently, but to us unintelligibly:—

‘The period embraced by these successive provostships in the Merchiston family is said to have been palmy days for old Edina, who then commenced that mighty march of improvement, which has progressed from the Cowgate to the Acropolis, outstripping the admiration of the world and the patience of her taxed inhabitants.’ !—p. 38.

It appears to be made out by our author that the descendants of this third Baron of Merchiston had, through Elizabeth Monteith’s blood, a legitimate claim to the earldom of Lenox,—but how, if so, they permitted that dignity to be assumed by the house of Darnley, and borne by them without challenge, until all their minor titles merged in the crown, he offers no conjecture. The subject of ancient Scotch peerage law has engaged in our days a capacity not inferior to any previously alluded into this department of learning,—that of Mr. John Riddell; but it still remains exceedingly obscure. We suspect there will turn out to have been some renunciation and re-grant of the honours before the Darnleys assumed them. Such things, however on the face absurd and unjust, were common in far more modern days. The Merchistons, however, received a considerable share of the Lenox estates when the male line failed.

We have neither space nor desire to follow our author into the details he has brought together about all these lairds. The fourth and fifth fought at Flodden; the sixth fell at Pinkie; and the seventh, Sir Archibald Napier, was the philosopher’s father. He appears to have been a man of extraordinary abilities and no inconsiderable learning, both classical and mathematical; and though a bustling politician, and a leading member of the justiciary bench, the intellectual influence which he exerted

over

over the early development of his son's genius was, no doubt, such as to entitle him to occupy some space in these pages. By his marriage with a sister of that black villain, Adam Bothwell, the celebrated Bishop of Orkney, he acquired new connexions of the first importance; and took a prominent place, though, rare exception! without spot or blemish on his character, in the chief transactions of a most stirring period; but he seems to have been a most careful and affectionate father, and his illustrious heir, having been born in his early manhood, was to him, through the greater part of his life, more like a brother than a son—in which one fact we have what is worth chapters of eulogy on both.

The Napier was born in the Tower of Merchiston in 1550—four years after the birth of Tycho, fourteen before Galileo, and twenty-one before Kepler—all of whom were at the summit of fame before he was ever heard of out of his native circle of connexions. But these great men, even the most unfortunate of them, had advantages far above any that fell to his share. He was born, indeed, in a distinguished family, and was the heir of opulence, and in his own house was encouraged from the first in intellectual pursuits and exertions; but his lot was cast in a remote and barbarous country, in the most melancholy period of her history; and his biographer may well say, that,

‘When we regard his times, the wonder is, not that his great contemporaries of the continent became distinguished before him, but that after all he should have extricated his mind from so many toils, and placed himself by a single effort at the side of the astonished demi-gods of science.’—p. 56.

The first notice we have of him, after the date of his birth, is in the tenth year of his age, when his able but unprincipled uncle, the bishop, is found writing to ‘the rycht honorable and his best beluffit bruther the Laird off Marchinstoun’ in these terms:—

‘I pray you, Schir, to send your sone Jhone to the schnyllis—other to France or Flandaris; for he can leyr na guid at hame, nor get na proffit in this maist perullus worlde.’

This advice, however, was not complied with; and Napier never left the paternal roof until 1563, when he was entered at St. Salvator's College, St. Andrew's. During several winters before this the studies of that university had been cruelly disturbed—nay, for one year at least, wholly suspended, in consequence of the tumults of the Reformation; and in the only record now preserved of Napier's own academical career we have a specimen of the spirit of the times. In an address ‘To the Godly and Christian Reader,’ prefixed to his Scriptural Commentaries, (1593) he says—

‘In

'In my tender yeares and barneage in Sanct Androis, at the schooles, having, on the one part, contracted a loving familiaritie with a certaine gentleman, a Papist; and, on the other part, being attentive to the sermons of that worthy man of God, Maister Christopher Goodman, teaching upon the Apocalyps, I was so mooved in admiration against the blindness of Papists, that could not most evidently see their seven-hilled citie Rome painted out there so lively by Saint John as the mother of all spiritual whoredom, that not onely burstit I out in continual reasoning against my said familiar, but also from thenceforth I determined with myselfe (by the assistance of God's spirit) to employ my studie and diligence to search out the remanent mysteries of that holy Book; as to this houre (praised be the Lorde) I have bin doing at al such times as conveniently I might have occasion'—p. 86.

Hercupon the biographer says—

'A youth, under fourteen years of age, listening so intensely to an exposition of the Apocalypse from the pulpit, and bursting forth in disputation with his Papistical companion, until he conceived the daring project of leaving not a mystery of prophecy unfolded, is a trait seldom surpassed in the history of boyhood. Galileo, when a few years older, was also roused to powerful activity in the house of God. But it was his eye that was attracted,—a characteristic difference betwixt the practical and the speculative philosopher. In the cathedral of Pisa, to which city the young Italian had been sent for the benefit of an university education, he fixed his gaze upon the vibrations of a lamp. Amid the pageantry of that worship against which Napier warred, and of which Galileo was destined to be a victim, he watched, with the eye of an eaglet, the isochronal movements of the chain, and measured them by the beatings of his pulse. The result was the pendulum.'—pp. 86, 87.

This is only part of Mr. Napier's somewhat long commentary on a very short text; but having no further facts to produce respecting the juvenile studies of the great man himself, he goes off into an amusing enough but misplaced reviewal of the histories and characters of the other afterwards eminent persons who must have been educated at the same time and place with him, and were therefore probably his early friends—interweaving, moreover, as he advances, an account of the origin and primitive institutes of his university. This latter topic had been sufficiently treated in Dr. M'Crie's '*Life of Melville*;' and the biographer might as well have referred to a work so well known, and of such high authority. He introduces, too, some remarks in this chapter which we consider unfounded in substance, and rather pert in expression. As, for example:—

'In the year 1494, an act of Parliament passed in Scotland, imposing a fine of twenty pounds upon every baron and substantial freeholder who neglected to put his son and heir to school. The limited application

cation of this statute, which seemed to consider the highest class of nobility entitled to the luxury of ignorance, savours, perhaps, more of barbarity than the enactment itself does of the revival of letters."—p. 84.

It is known to every reader of Scottish history, that the titled nobility of that country were at no period educated below the standard of the gentry—quite the reverse; and if the limitation of the Statute of 1494 had *excluded* the heirs of the peerage, it would have done so only because it was notorious that their case did not require to be provided for by Act of Parliament; but the truth is, first, that the distinction between the titled lords and the others of gentle blood, was in ancient Scotland a very slender one: they considered the matter of nobility much more as the French and other continental nations did, than after the narrow fashion of England; and, secondly, that the lords *are* included in the Act in question, for though all barons were not lords, all lords were barons. Nor can we admire Mr. Napier's judgment when, in the course of his rather disparaging view of the state of literature in Scotland, before the appearance of his ancestor, he gives James I. a decided superiority over Bishop Douglas, Sir David Lyndsay, and Dunbar himself. Dunbar, at all events, possessed a genius such as never yet fell to the lot of any royal bard. He is in serious poetry and in comic, in mystic allgory and ludicrous narration, in elegy, and, above all, in satire, one of the great masters of the middle ages—a greater poet in all the high requisites of the art, than any that intervened in England between Chaucer and the era of Elizabeth.\*

Still more uncalled for is an *excursus* concerning George Buchanan, at p. 99, &c.; the only excuse for it being, that Buchanan became Principal of another college at St. Andrews four years after Napier matriculated at St. Salvator's. There is not the slightest evidence that Buchanan ever had any intercourse or connexion with the young laird of Merchiston, or with any of his family; but the biographer lets his real object escape him, and this

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\* We are happy to see that Scotland has at length produced an edition of Dunbar's collective works worthy of his high genius. It was published a few months ago by a learned antiquarian and bookseller of Edinburgh, Mr. David Laing, in two volumes 8vo.; and the biographical preface and notes are as creditable to him in one of his capacities, as the very beautiful typographical execution of the whole work is in another. This book ought to have a place in every library of English poetry: the difference of dialect was in those days inconsiderable, and no reader of Chaucer will find any difficulty in mastering Dunbar, who, in addition to his other merits, has that of furnishing most extraordinary details of ecclesiastical life before the Reformation. He was himself in orders, and boasts, in one of his productions, that he had preached his way from Edinburgh all through England to Calais; but in spite of all the beauty of his sacred poems, his personal manners seem to have been such, that, even in those unscrupulous days, neither prince nor prelate could venture on giving him a benefice.

is no other than to denounce the gross injustice of his countrymen in being more mindful of the poet and historian, than of the profound mathematician and elaborate interpreter of the Apocalypse. As to the mere populace, he spurns them for having invested Merchiston with the character of a sorcerer: i. e. a sorcerer: but does he not know that the estimation of Buchanan among the same classes is, at this hour, that of an incarnate Joe Millar? With respect to the more educated orders of the people, does Mr. Napier not expect, in any country, to find the same, either living or dead, of a great star of literature, properly so called, infinitely more wide-spread than that of even the most remarkable genius who shall have devoted himself to the abstruse departments in which his ancestor excelled? Every boy of good education in Scotland has the beautiful verses of Buchanan by heart, and has been taught to consider with pride, on account of the consummate grace of its execution, that history which, on the score of authority, is by all admitted to be worthless—embalming in its earlier part all the dreams of Sennachie tradition—and in the latter, reflecting real and momentous persons and events only as they were seen through the densest mists of religious and political partisanship—by one whom, nevertheless, we will not, like Mr. Napier, dare to pronounce a bad man, and designedly a false witness. Literature and science must be contented each with its own peculiar triumphs and rewards.

We ought, however, to beg our biographer's pardon. Merchiston, it seems, was a poet also. He quotes some of his vernacular verses—all, we suppose, that he has been able to discover—and he appends to them, what is no doubt meant for eulogy—'I have seen worse in an Oxford prize poem!'

Our author, on the sole authority of Crawford the peerage writer, assumes that Napier spent some time in foreign parts after he terminated his residence at St. Andrews; and hereupon we are favoured with a view of the then condition of the University of Paris, to which the young Scots of the day unquestionably were accustomed to resort. We pass over all this chapter. If Napier had studied at Paris, we should probably have found some allusion in his religious writings to the actual manners of the Catholic continent; and, at all events, he could have tarried but a little while beyond seas, since he appears as married and settled for life in Scotland immediately after he had attained his majority. It, therefore, could have signified little whether he ever sat at the

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The popular tradition, that Napier had a familiar spirit which continually attended him in the shape of a black cock, is referred by our author to the fact, that he held under the crown some fat acres called the *Poultry Lands*, and was bound, by his tenure, to supply the *cuisine* of Holyrood House, on certain solemn occasions, with what the Code Gourmand delicately terms an *Abelard de la basse-cour*.



feet of Ramus or Regiomontanus at all. The only doubt is, whether the tale might not be affirmed of any man of Napier's calibre and energy.

The biographer presumes that Napier's 'return from the Continent' was hastened by 'that state of affairs which led to the massacre of St. Bartholomew.' He espoused, at *Merchiston*, on the 2nd of April, 1572, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Stirling of Keir in Stirlingshire—a family second to few below the rank of peerage for antiquity, opulence, and historical distinction. But his must have been a hot honeymoon for a philosopher. The 'Douglas wars,' as they were called, from the stern Earl of Morton's share in them, and which ravaged the Scotch metropolis and its vicinity for some years after the assassination of the Regent Murray, were then at their height; Edinburgh Castle formed the head-quarters of Mary's party—Leith of the other; and Merchiston, from its position one of the keys of the capital, was often the scene of conflict. Within a fortnight after the wedding, the 'old war and weather beaten fortalice' was besieged by the queen's troops, who speedily, according to the contemporary journalist, 'won all the pairtis thereof except the donjon.' A detachment from Leith, and the guns of Edinburgh Castle, relieved the inhabitants of Merchiston at the moment when the queen's soldiers were setting fire to the outworks, 'thinking to have smokit the men out of the donjon.' This scene appears anything but *Marian*. The biographer, however, says:—

'Sir Archibald Napier and his illustrious son were too earnest in the Protestant cause to be devoted to a Catholic queen. But the relics and reminiscences of poor Mary, which are preserved in the family of Merchiston,—the little quaint pannelled closet there with its vast depth of window, still called Queen Mary's bed-room,—and above all, the long-cherished portrait, taken before sorrow had reached her,—are all touching indications that the house of Merchiston contained none of those factious rebels who dared to tell their sovereign that her "life was the death of the church, as her death would be its life."—' p. 140.

All this is prettily said—and we wish it were true—but it sadly 'wants confirmation.' Neither father nor son had any turn for battles and sieges, for 'clearings of the causeway,' or being 'smokit out of their donjon;' but although many of their near relations were immediate followers and tried friends\* of the queen, they had others equally zealous on the opposite side. The old laird was certainly a keen and determined Protestant: here, *de facto*, we

\* Mr. Napier talks of two consins-german of his hero, who were maids of honour to the queen before and during her captivity in England, as 'the *Messes* Montbray of Beaubourgall.' *Mess* was not a style in which these ladies would have at all rejoiced.

have his 'fortalice' garrisoned and defended against the queen's party; and the son, as we shall see, adhered with fervour through life to the principles of 'his barneage at Sant Androis.' As for the relics and reminiscences preserved in the family, 'the little quaint pannelled closet' and 'the long-cherished portrait,' Mr. Napier must permit us to say that there is hardly an old house in Scotland which does not boast of its *queen's chamber* and authentic original Mary Stuart. If one were to believe half the 'long-cherished' stories of this order, the poor lady could never have slept two nights in one place during her brief reign, and must have spent most of her mornings in sitting for her picture.

Napier lost his first wife in 1579, and soon afterwards re-married to Agnes Chisholm, of the ancient family of Cromlix, who had the honour to be great-granddaughter of King James IV. He had one son and one daughter by his first wife, and ten children by the second. But of his middle life we find few *domestic* anecdotes in these pages. A letter, dated 1580, shows him to have been then diligently employed in the superintendence of his father's estate in the Lennox. He appears to have loved and well understood both agriculture and horticulture. Indeed, we may apply to him, from youth to age, as far as the circumstances of his time and country, and one pitiable weakness, would allow, Cowley's eulogy of Evelyn,—that he

‘ In books and gardens placed aright  
His noble, innocent delight.’

The father was at this time one of the supreme judges, and appears, like other ornaments of the Bench, to have often been brought into *cummer*, i.e., trouble, in consequence of his decisions. The philosopher, in one of his letters to the old gentleman, alludes to these affairs, and makes special mention of one of the knight's legal colleagues, John Graham of Hallyards, who shortly after determined a case in which Sir James Sandilands was interested, in a way displeasing to that powerful baron. Next day Sandilands had Graham shot when riding to Leith; and another of the judges was about the same time seized when ambling on his pony for the benefit of his constitution and appetite, in the same neighbourhood—muffled in a cloak—mounted on a tall steed behind a moss-trooper—and conveyed, without more words, to the dungeon of a border laird, who had reason to apprehend that his lordship's opinion was unfavourable to his interests in a cause about to be argued before 'The Fifteen.' Amidst such scenes of civil disturbance and feudal violence were the intense studies of this philosopher pursued; and we ought not to omit that his comforts during his residence in Lennox, were occasionally improved by a visit of the Clan Gregor, against whom he

he found it necessary to enter into an alliance defensive with—or, in other words, to pay 'black mail' to—some of the outlying Campbells of Strath Earn. Towards the close of his life his estates in that district shared in the desolation of the 'Raid of Glenfruin,' made famous by the Lady of the Lake.

' Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen-Fruin,  
And Banochar's groans to our slogan replied :  
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu they are smoking in ruin,  
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.  
Widow and Saxon maid  
Long shall lament our raid,  
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe ;  
Lennox and Leven-Glen  
Shake when they hear agen  
" Roderich, Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe ! " '

But it does not seem that the mathematical agriculturist was on the spot when these picturesque savages enacted *Swing* among his barns, and ' spulzeit his bestiall.'

Napier must have been a singularly prudent person to avoid any dangerous entanglement in the religious feuds of his day. In 1584 James VI. began to deal sharply with the Presbyterian establishment on points Napier's attachment to which was well known ; and yet, though two of the philosopher's neighbours and intimate friends, Pont and Dalgliesh, appear in the list of sufferers, and the latter barely escaped *martyrdom*, the storm appears to have passed harmless over the Donjon of Merchiston. Perhaps the reputation which Napier had by this time attained as an astrologer may have served him in good stead with the British Solomon. Four years afterwards, this hurricane over, and the exiled religionists restored, we find Napier returned as ruling elder to the General Assembly, and thenceforth he appears as taking a prominent part in many ecclesiastical transactions of importance.

' The Marvellous Napier ' made his first appearance in the Assembly in ' the marvellous year '—so-called beforehand, says Archbishop Spottiswood, ' by the astrologues,' and which certainly did produce many wonderful events: among others, the death of Catherine de Medicis, ' bludie Jezabell to the sancts of God,' as James Melville the minister calls her in his Diary—the murders of the Duke and Cardinal of Guise, at the instigation of Henry III.—the assassination of Henry himself—and, above all, the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

" Terrible was the feir, persing were the pretchings, earnest, zealus, and fervent war the prayers, sounding war the siches and sobbes, and abounding war the teares at that fast and Generale Assemblie keipet at Edinbruche, when the newes war credible tauld, sum tymes of thair landing at Dumbar, sum tymes at St. Andros, and in Tay,

Tay, and now and then at Aberdeen and Cromertie."—*J. Melville's Diary.*

The dangers with which this island was in those days threatened by the power of Catholic Spain, appear to have roused anew the early zeal of Napier for the study and exposition of the Book of Revelations. 'He had long,' says his biographer, 'been brooding over its depths, and now began to perceive a divine light breaking in upon his hitherto obscure lucubrations.' In his own dedication of his *Plain Discovery*, not published however until 1593, he says to King James :—

'Then, greatly rejoicing in the Lord, I began to write thereof in Latin; yet I purposed not to have set out the same suddenly, and far lesse to have written the same also in English, til that of late, this new insolencie of Papists, arising about the 1588 year of God, and daily incresing within this island, doth so pitie our hearts, seeing them put more trust in Jesuites and seminarie priests than in the true Scriptures of God, and in the Pope and King of Spaine than in the King of kings, that to prevent the same, I was constrained of compassion, leaving the Latin, to haste out in English this present worke, almost unripe, that thereby the simple of this island may be instructed, the godly confirmed, and the proud and foolish expectations of the wicked beaten downe; purposing hereafter, God willing, to publish shortly the other Latin edition hereof, to the publike utilitie of the whole church.'

The Latin original never appeared; but, even before the English edition came forth, Napier had found opportunity to signalize his Protestant ardour by word and by deed. It is well known that in those days the High Calvinist party (to which he always adhered) considered James as almost an outcast in Israel on account of the reluctance which his Majesty manifested to allow the Kirk's vengeance full sway upon the persons and properties of the Romanists.

'It was insisted, that as the reformed religion had been constitutionally established, all who professed the Roman Catholic faith should be compelled either to embrace the Protestant doctrines, or suffer the pains of rigorous excommunication; and that, after such delinquents had continued for a whole year thus cast off from Christian society, their property should be forfeited to the crown.'—p. 158.

Our philosopher appears, on more than one occasion, to have been among the chosen organs of the Assembly in their efforts to overcome the 'weake scruples' of their prince, who only hesitated to confiscate half the soil of his *paupera regna*, that it might not be 'polluted with idolatry, and overrun by bloody Papists.' (p. 161.) Napier's father-in-law, Sir James Chisholm, was one of the foremost of the Papists, and was especially denounced in a proclamation of the Ecclesiastical Senate. Nevertheless, when on the 17th October, 1592, a select committee was appointed to follow the king wherever he might be

found, 'and lay before him, in a personal interview, certain well-digested instructions for the punishment of the rebels,' &c. Napier was one of the two barons intrusted with this 'extraordinary and perilous mission,' Maxwell of Calderwood being the other. With Melville, the Moderator—whose diary has been quoted above—another minister, and a couple of burghesses—for colleagues, these two bold barons forthwith girded their loins, and arrived, by no means welcome, at Jedburgh where King Jamie was then reposing himself.

Mr. Napier says,—

'His timorous heart must have quaked at the sight of the unflinching moderator of the church, and the majestic Merchiston; but he kept his trepidation to himself, and his rolling eyes shed no tears. James commenced with a violent invective against the synod of Fife, which had presumed to excommunicate beyond the bounds of its jurisdiction in the case of Sir James Chisholm; and spoke bitterly against the moderator's uncle Andrew Melville, and Mr. David Black. The representative of the church replied to this tirade, "as it pleasit God to gif; and efter the king's coler appeasit, we dischargit our commission in maist humble and fectful manner."—p. 165."

We suggest, that timorous as the king may have been, and majestically as the beard of 'the marvellous' may have floated, there is nothing in our author's own narrative to show that James quailed before its awful amplitude. He commenced with a 'violent invective'—he 'spoke bitterly,'—and though he gave the party smoother words next morning, they returned *re infectâ*.

Next year, 1593, appeared 'A Plain Discovery of the whole Revelation of St. John, set foorth by John Napier, laird of Merchiston, younger; whereunto are annexed certaine Oracles of Sibylla, agreeing with the Revelation, and other places of Scripture.' This book is dedicated to James in an epistle already quoted, and in which his sacred majesty is boldly counselled to 'purge his own country and his own house from all apparent spot of Antichristianism,' and then to—

'stand reformed' in the feare of God, ready waiting for that great day, in the which it shall please God to call your M. pr yours after you, among other reformed princes, to that great and universall reformation, and destruction of that Antichristian seat and citie Rome, according to the wordes prophecied, Apoc. 17, saying,—the ten horns are ten kings, &c.; these are they that shall hate that harlot, and shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eate up her flesh, and burne herselfe with fire;—beside also a warrant and commaund generally given to all men, Apoc. 18, saying,—rewarde her even as shee hath rewarded you, and give her double according to her workes, and in the cup that shee hath filled to you, fill her the double.'—p. 171.

It is on this treatise that Mr. Napier founds Merchiston's claim to be honoured as 'the first of Scottish theologians'—a title of which

which many readers may be easily induced to make him a present. There is no doubt that he was the first in Christendom who promulgated a detailed exposition of the Apocalypse—none that his exposition shows great ingenuity and research, and is full of proofs that he had mastered both the original tongues of holy writ, and could bring to their illustration all the resources of an excellent classical scholar. He appears also modest and humble in his vein, when compared with most of those who have since caricatured and travestied his scheme of interpretation; but still we believe his descendant will hardly persuade the world to class this production with the invention of the logarithms; and for our own part, we are rather inclined to think that Scaliger was not far wrong when he said ‘Calvinus sapit, quod in Apocalypsin non scripsit.’ Our author complains that little is generally known, in these days, of the ‘Plain Discovery,’ except that it fixed the day of judgment for some time ‘betwixt the yeares of God 1688 and 1770;’ and is wroth with Sir Walter Scott for saying—‘The sublime genius which marked, by the logarithmic canon, the correspondence between arithmetical and geometrical progression, had his weak point’—without having made himself minutely acquainted with the text of the ‘Plain Discovery.’ We must, however, refer those who feel more curiosity than Sir Walter appears to have done on this subject, to the ‘Discovery’ itself, or, what may perhaps satisfy a majority of them, the very full account of it embodied in this ‘Life of Napier.’

This interpretation of the Apocalypse had, however, high fame in its day. A French translation being published during the siege of Rochelle, its decided identifications and prognostics are said to have greatly encouraged the beleaguered Huguenots. The book was also rendered into Latin and German; and often reprinted in England down to the middle of the seventeenth century, when perhaps it began to be rather disagreeable to consider it as a ruled point that the world was to come to an end between 1688 and 1700. Our author does not enumerate the London editions: we have seen several of them, and one, an octavo, dated as low as 1645.

Passing this matter, in which, if Napier showed weakness, he showed no more than Newton did a hundred years after him, we arrive at a transaction in which all the zeal of our biographer will hardly allow him to deny the manifestation of ‘a weak point.’ It was alluded to in Sir Walter Scott’s short account of Merchiston Castle in the ‘Provincial Antiquities of Scotland,’\* but the particulars were reserved for the diligent inquirer now before us. Every reader of the history of those times is well acquainted with the dark and daring character of Logan of Restalrig, whose re-

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\* Miscellaneous Prose Works, vol. vii. p. 362.

mains—nine years after a life of cabals and conspiracies, and every species of violence and treachery, had closed—were exhumed and gibbeted, in consequence of the discovery then made that he had had a principal hand in the to this hour mysterious ‘Gowrie Plot.’ For the furtherance of his audacious designs at the period when he was close linked with the profligate Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, Logan contrived to get into his possession that gloomy and inaccessible fastness, on the wildest coast of the German Ocean, near St. Abb’s Head, which has since been celebrated under the name of Wolfscrag, in the ‘Bride of Lammermoor.’ Here Bothwell found, on many occasions, a safe and needful shelter; and hither Logan himself retreated as often as his patrimonial seat at Restalrig was, from its vicinity to Edinburgh, too hot to hold him. To this grim stronghold of Fastcastle, in July, 1594, the philosophic Napier went, or had nearly gone, upon a very strange errand; and one which will not seem the less strange because, as our author shows, Logan had been *outlawed* on the 13th of June preceding, in consequence of his declining to appear at the bar upon an indictment for *highway robbery*. Outlawed as he was, however, he had dared to visit Edinburgh, and the ‘majestic’ sage of Merchiston, the ‘Marvellous Napier,’ placed hand and seal along with this desperado to the extraordinary document which our biographer now exhibits:—

“At Edinbruch the day of Julij, yeir of God i<sup>m</sup> v<sup>e</sup> foirscoir fourteen yeiris—It is apointit, contractit, and agreit, betwix the personis ondirwrettin; that is to say, Robert Logane of Restalrige on the ane pairt, and Jhone Neper of Merchistoun on the uther pairt, in maner, forme, and effect as followis:—’To wit, forsamekle as ther is dywerss ald reportit motiffis and apparancis, that their suld be within the said Robertis dwellinge place of Fascastell a soun of monie and poiss, hid and hurdit up secritlie, quilk as yit is onfund be ony man: The said Jhone sall do his utter and exact diligens to serche and seek out, and be al craft and ingyne that he dow, *i. e.* [can exert], to tempt, trye, and find out the sam, and be the grace of God, ather sall find the sam, or than mak it suir that na sik thing hes been thair; sa far as his utter trawell diligens and ingyne may reach. For the quilk the said Robert sall giff, as be the tenour heirof, he’giffis and grantis unto the said Jhone the just third pairt of quhatsoevir poiss or lud treasure the said Jhone sall find, or beis fund be his moyan and ingyn, within or abut the said place of Fascastell, and that to be pairtit be just wecht and balance betwix thaim but [without] ony fraud, stryff, debait, and contention, on sik maner as the said Robert sall heff the just twa partis, and the said Jhone the just third pairt thereof upone thair fayth, truth, and consiens. And for the said Jhonis suir return and saiff bakcumming tharwith to Edinbruch, on beand [without being] spulzeit of his said thrid pairt, or utherways hairmit in body, or geir, the said Robert

Robert sall mak the said Jhone saiff convoy, and accompanie him saiffle in maner forsaid bak to Edinburgh, quher the said Jhone, beand saiffle returnit, sall, in presens of the said Robert, cancell and destroy this present contract, as a full discharg of ather of thair pairtis honestlie satisfiet and performit to uther; and ordanis that na uther discharge heirof but the destroying of this present contract sal be of ony awaill, forse, or effect. And incaiss the said Jhone sal find na poiss to be thair eftir all tryall and utter diligens tane, he referris the satisfactioun of his trawell and painis to the discretione of the said Robert.—In witness of thair presens, and of al honestie, fidelitie, fayth, and upricht doing to be observit and keipit be bayth the saidis pairtis to uther, thei heff subscriyvit thir presentis with thair handis at Edinburgh, day and yeir forsaid.

‘ROBERT LOGANE of Restalrige.

‘JHONE NEPER of Merchistoun.’

This deed, all but Logan's signature, is in the hand-writing of Merchiston himself; and there is every reason to suppose that he suffered some grievous injury from his outlawed ally in connexion with this business. In a lease granted by him in 1596, he allows his vassal to have any sub-tenants he may please, ‘allenarlie nocht of the surname of Logan.’ Here our information ends; and the biographer enters into a long dissertation, of which we can only give one paragraph.

‘We are prepared by the history of that age, by the lives of the most illustrious ornaments, from Cardan to Kepler, for any absurdity, however wild and baseless, proceeding from any intellect, however powerful and profound. But there is something in this little quiet Scotch contract, entered into betwixt the best man and the worst man whom Scotland then held, more startling than the *Harmonices Mundi* of the imaginative German philosopher, or the folly of Tycho Brahé and his prophetic idiot. Most of these instances of superstition create disgust from their extravagance, or doubt from the vagueness of the record; but here is a page of such chastened and decent magic, so authentically recorded, and soberly set down by the same hand that set down the *Canon Mirificus Logarithmorum*, that common sense herself must pause to consider it.’—pp. 224, 5.

It is, indeed, a very complete specimen of ‘chastened and decent magic.’ Napier is careful to mark that all his ‘ingyne and craft’ are to be exerted under ‘the grace of God;’ in this respect he is as guarded as Sidrophel himself, who, when Hudibras hints something about the potent help of Satan, answers indignantly, that the knight ‘has the wrong sow by the ear’—

‘For I assure you, for my part,

I only deal by Rules of Art,

Such as are lawful, and judge by

Conclusions of astrology;

But for the Devil, know nothing by him,

But only this, that I defy him.’

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The idea of having such a piece of business put into regular legal form, and the exact stipulations about the *third part* of the *pose*, are, however, as far as we have seen, peculiar to the magic shop of Merchiston Castle, and *must* be allowed to savour strongly of its *canny* locality.

In his Descriptive Essay already quoted, Sir W. Scott says it is curious to observe that contemporary with our hero, was a noted astrologer in England, by name *Napper*, and signifies his suspicion that this may have been a scion of the Scottish Napiers. The Rev. Dr. Richard Napper, of Sandford, Bucks, the chosen ally of Sidrophel—i. e. Lilly—was, it is now shown, a cousin-german of the philosopher—the son of his father's younger brother, who had married and settled in the south; and every one must see a strong family resemblance between the portraits of the astrological kinsmen with which this volume is embellished; that of Richard Napper here engraved is in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. He also has a majestic beard, as might well beseem the favoured mortal, that, if old Aubrey is to be trusted, 'did daily converse with the angel Raphael, who gave him the responses whereon he wrote *R. Ris*; that is, *Responsum Raphaelis*. . . . Raphael did resolve him in 1619, that Mr. Booth, of Cheshire, should, within three years, have a son to inherit; and Sir George Booth (the first Lord Delamere) was born, accordingly, December 18, anno 1622. 'This,' adds Aubrey, 'I did extract out of Doctor Napper's Original Diary. He was a good astrologer.'

To return to old 'Marvellous'—Mr. Napier conjectures, and plausibly too, that the *pose* was not the only thing the lord of Fastcastle had a fancy to, when he contracted for a visit of the wise man. The Popish chiefs, against whom Merchiston had taken so strenuous a part, were ultimately declared guilty of high treason, and their possessions confiscated by act of parliament in June, 1594, whereupon these men, driven to despair, began forthwith to muster their forces, with the view of trying one campaign more against the predominant Calvinists. They took the field accordingly, with the concurrence and secret aid of Bothwell and Restalrig, and the opposing general, the Earl of Argyle, received a signal defeat at Glenlivet in the October ensuing. Now, it was in the intervening July that the Fastcastle contract was executed; and the biographer intimates his suspicion, that the design of the outlawed bandit was to make prize of the seer of Merchiston, and compel him to be present in the Romish camp, there, by his superior skill, to neutralize the wiles and machinations of a famous sorceress, whom the pious Protestant Argyle had enlisted, and who really attended him through the campaign. That precisely about this time Napier attracted general attention, in consequence of his  
announcing

announcing himself to be in possession of some most extraordinary secrets, likely to bring any campaign in which he took part to a speedy conclusion, there can, indeed, be no doubt. One of these is thus blazoned by Sir Thomas Urquhart, the author of our admirable old translation of 'Rabelais.'

'He had the skill (as is commonly reported) to frame an engine which, by vertue of some secret springs, inward resorts, with other implements and materials fit for the purpose, inclosed within the bowels thereof, had the power (if proportionable in bulk to the action required of it, for he could have made it of all sizes) to clear a field of four miles circumference, of all the living creatures exceeding a foot of height, that should be found thereon, how near soever they might be to one another; by which means he made it appear, that he was able, with the help of this machine alone, to kill thirty thousand Turks, without the hazard of one Christian. Of this it is said, that (upon a wager) he gave proof upon a large plain in Scotland, to the destruction of a great many herds of cattel, and flocks of sheep, whereof some were distant from other a whole mile. To continue the thread of the story, as I have it, I must not forget that, when he was most earnestly desired by an old friend of his, even about the time of his contracting that disease whereof he dyed, he would be pleased, for the honour of his family, and his own everlasting memory, to reveal unto him the manner of the contrivance of so ingenious a mystery; his answer was, That for the ruin and overthrow of man there were too many devices already framed, which if he could make to be fewer, he would with all his might endeavour to do; and that by any new conceit of his the number of them should never be increased. Divinely spoken, truly.'

This was long considered as one of Urquhart's wildest rodomontades; but Mr. Napier gives us a document from the manuscripts in Lambeth Palace, which vindicates to a great extent the Knight of Cromarty's account of this miraculous machine. In July, 1596, his hero, still inflamed with the old zeal against Spain and the pope, transmitted to King James's ambassador at London, a list of 'secret inventions profitable and necessary for defence of this island, and withstanding of strangers—enemies of God's truth and religion,'—in which the third item is thus by himself described:—

'A piece of artillery, which, shott, passeth not linallie through theemie, destroying onlie those that stand on the random thereof, and fra them forth flying idly, as utheris do; but passeth superficially, ranging abroad within the whole appointed place, and not departing furth of the place till it hath executed his whole strength, by destroying those that be within the boundes of the said place.'—p. 247.

This is clearly what Urquhart alluded to; and we only wonder that he did not consider some of the other devices in the same paper

paper as equally worthy of celebration. The Armada was, no doubt, discomfited without the assistance of Merchiston's 'profitable inventions;' and this, such as it is, must serve as our consolation.

To be serious, however, we have no desire to insinuate that Napier's fancy may not have anticipated something like the steam-gun of Mr. Perkins, which probably will be found, whenever there is another great war among civilized nations, a most efficacious instrument in the defence of fortified places: still less are we at all disposed to question that, in another of the articles of Napier's catalogue, his descendant is entitled to recognize the germ of some of the most remarkable of modern discoveries in the science of catoptrics. His observations on this subject are extremely well worthy of attention, but they are drawn out (necessarily and properly) to such a length, that we must be contented with referring our readers to pp. 250—269.

In the next chapter we are thrown back from science—or the dreams of science—to the barbarous state of society in the country where Merchiston's lot had been cast. His father's sons by a second marriage were so much younger than him, that they always considered him also as standing to them *in loco parentis*, while, on the other hand, in their letters to his son, their nephew, this gentleman is uniformly addressed as 'loving brother.' This is a trait well worth preserving. These cadets were, however, separated otherwise, and more effectually than by disparity of years, from the philosopher, who painfully constructed their 'celestial themes,' as they successively came into the world: they were all hot, headstrong gallants, continually engaged in broils and duellings, the perfect plague and sorrow of the ancient judge Sir Archibald, and his great heir, who was by this time a man of fifty. One of them having slain a gentleman of the clan of Scott, in the course of an excursion to Ettrick Forest, in 1600, was shortly afterwards beset and murdered under the very walls of Holyrood House, by six avengers of the same name and kindred; and it was with the utmost difficulty that Sir Archibald Napier and the philosopher prevented two more of the younger brothers from pursuing this fatal feud. The reader of this story can hardly need to be reminded that the old border manners were still in a fine state of preservation. The 'Bold Buccleuch's' splendid exploit of storming Carlisle Castle at midnight, and rescuing from thence that king of thieves 'Kinmont Willie,' had, for example, occurred so recently as 1596; nor was the situation of the Scotch monarch such as to enable him, however anxious on the subject, to offer Queen Elizabeth any sort of reparation for this outrageous insult.

The fiercest of these refractory prodigals, the reader will *not* be surprised

surprised to hear, became in the sequel the rival both of his brother in astrology, and of his father as one of the lights of the Scottish bench. Our author says—

‘In those times, we can imagine a full exhibition of “the fifteen” to have resembled a menagerie at feeding hours, and well worth double price to have witnessed. A full attendance, however, was rarely to be counted on. A judge in his place one day was gone the next. It might be “auld Durie,” the President, carried off in his walks as if by demons, and concealed no one could tell where; or Hallyards murdered on the shore of Leith; or Edzell sent to Dumbarton Castle for his share in a desperate feudal combat fought on the High Street during the previous night; or the whole court adjourned to make room for the criminal trial of their brother Cliftonhall’s only daughter and heiress, who was “taken to the Castel-hill of Edinburgh, and there bund to ane stailk, and burnt in assis, quick, to the death,” for witchcraft. Among these, or such like, sat Alexander Napier, whose dictum, so encouraging to litigation, was “niver imbrace dishonorabell agriement, for all is dishonorabell quhair thair is not eie for eie, and tuith for tuith;” and who moreover read his session-papers in the stars, and wrote his interlocutors in the twelve houses of Heaven, being a most learned judicial astrologer.’—p. 320.

The philosopher had violent quarrels with his younger brothers at the time of his father’s death; but eventually succeeded in vindicating his right to some property of which they undutifully strained every nerve to despoil him. He appears to have had comfort, however, in the behaviour of his own children, especially in that of his eldest son. Scaliger said, that if he had twenty sons he would make none of them a scholar, and Merchiston seems to have had much the same fancy. His heir was in early youth attached to the personal service of the king,\* accompanied him to England in 1603, and was in the sequel elevated to the peerage, now possessed by his representative through the female line, the eighth Lord Napier. The first who bore the title appears to have been a man of high talents and character.\*

We must not exactly rival the manager who left out the part of Hamlet, and conclude our article without saying anything about the Logarithms; but what we do say on that subject must be short: our object has been to trace our author through his strictly biographical pages—and we well know that those who are capable

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\* The male representative of Merchiston is Sir William Napier, of Milliken, in Renfrewshire, Bart.: he comes from the third son of the philosopher. The Portuguese Count of Cape St. Vincent,—Colonel William Napier, the author of ‘The History of the Peninsular War,’—Colonel Charles Napier, the governor of the new Australasian colony,—and the learned author of the work before us, are all younger shoots of the noble branch. It must be allowed that the blood of Merchiston, in Spanish phrase, has been a strong blood.

of entering with real interest on the very laborious scientific department of his work would not thank us for a compendium. We expected, perhaps foolishly at such a distance of time, some account of the inventor's modes of study, and of the steps by which he worked out the grand problem which must ever entitle his name to be placed between those of Archimedes and Sir Isaac Newton; but we find nothing of the sort, except a vague tradition that in his latter years he was much afflicted with the gout, and, shutting himself out from general society, pursued his mathematics in a small room, situated above the battlements of Merchiston Castle, which has ever since continued to be visited by the venerating pilgrims of science. It appears, however, that it had cost Napier nearly half his lifetime to bring his invention to a state fit for publication: Tycho had certainly received from a Scotch gentleman of the name of Baillie some hints of the discovery full twenty years before the *Canon Mirificus* issued from the press of Andrew Hart, of Edinburgh—

‘With the exception of those little episodes we have noticed, of battle, murder, and sudden death, Popish plots, pestilence, and famine, ever and anon demanding more or less of our philosopher’s time and attention; together with the whole charge of his own twelve children, and more than half the charge of his unruly brothers—besides farming operations, extending from the shores of the Forth to the banks of the Teith, and the islands on Lochlomond; mingled with occasional demands upon his “singular judgment,” from the General Assembly of the church, to the dark outlaw who indulged in magic, and the courtly lawyer who sought a lesson in mensuration: with the exception, we say, of these inevitable interruptions, our philosopher had lived the life of an intellectual hermit, entirely devoted to his theological and mathematical speculations.’—p. 323.

‘The destiny of Napier was now about to be fulfilled. Scarcely conscious himself of the magnitude of the achievement, and while he was seeking his immortality in other speculations even more unapproachable, he had broken the spell which through all ages had bound the genius of numbers in her mysterious labyrinths,—which, invincible to the schools of Greece, and undisturbed by the revival of letters, had baffled Archimedes and tortured Kepler. In the year 1614, when his mind had exhausted the body, and, to use his own expressions to Charles I., “now almost spent with sickness!” Napier published his *Mirifici Canonis Descriptio Logarithmorum*.’—p. 327.

Our author’s ninth chapter is entirely devoted to this great achievement, and he certainly works out his exposition of its details, and compares and contrasts it with the leading discoveries of other masters of the mathematics, ancient and modern, in a style which reflects much credit on his enthusiastic diligence. We must, however, limit ourselves to the opening paragraphs:—

‘That

‘That our own estimate may not seem hyperbolic to those who (with Pinkerton) may imagine the logarithms to be “but an useful abbreviation of a particular branch of the mathematics,” we shall commence this chapter with the words of a philosopher who knew what he was writing about. “The life of the great Napier,” says Sir John Leslie, “devoted to the improvement of the science of calculation, was crowned by the invention of logarithms, the noblest conquest ever achieved by man.”\* He who wrote this sentence was no grantor of propositions, or one very widely awake to excellence in others; but he was deeply imbued with the powers of numbers, and knew, if any man did, the relative value of every conquest in the mathematics.

‘Unquestionably, the author of the modern analysis, the discoverer of the composition of light, the prophet of universal gravitation, is “immortal by so many titles,” that no country and no age can point to his equal. But (without taking into account many peculiar disadvantages under which Napier laboured) if we consider what really constitutes the magnitude of any conquest which an individual can claim, we will be inclined to admit, that the expressions used by Leslie are not the loose and exaggerated utterance of admiration.

‘In respect of its indications of abstract mental power, his invention or discovery (for it combines the characteristics of both) must, it is true, undergo a comparison with the fluxionary calculus of Newton; and by an authority at least as high as what we have quoted, that wonderful analysis was pronounced to be “the greatest discovery ever made in the mathematical sciences.” But the same author, in the same work, had previously declared, after a minute inspection of the intellectual order of the logarithms, “Of Napier, if of any man, it may safely be pronounced, that his name will never be eclipsed by any one more conspicuous, or his invention superseded by anything more valuable.”† Nor are these eulogies of Napier and Newton inconsistent with each other. The higher calculus was not so much an individual conquest, as the grand result of a succession of victories under separate leaders, and during distinct campaigns. Euclid, Cavalieri, and Descartes paved the way directly to that calculus. The torch that fired the pile had been passed from hand to hand through a succession of ages; and while a series of the most illustrious names in the annals of speculative power mark a constant progress to the point where Newton and Leibnitz *simultaneously* conquered, that gradual approach was latterly covered and fortified by a cloud of skirmishers, whose collateral aid, illustrated by such names as Torricelli, Roberval, Fermat, Huygens, and Barrow, well deserves to be remembered. The invention of logarithms presents a different aspect. They were the result of an unaided, isolated speculation, and unlooked for when they appeared: a victory, in short, in defiance of all established rules of progressive knowledge and systematic conquest. What right had a philosopher of the *sixteenth* century, born and bred, too, among the savages of Scotland,—“*Scotus Baro, cujus nomen*

\* ‘Leslie’s Philosophy of Arithmetic.’

† ‘Professor Playfair’s Dissertation.’

*mibi extitit*," as Kepler at first designed him,—to anticipate triumphs which, in the order of things, belonged to the close of the *seventeenth* ? What had he to do with so powerful a command of the doctrine of series, and the theory of indices, before that department of mathematical science was evolved,—or with the fruit of a tree before it was planted ?

On the other hand, so far as regards practical utility, what may compete with his invention ? A modern astronomer could better spare his telescope than his tables of calculation ; and almost miraculous as is the power of the infinitesimal analysis, the finest steps in the working of that exhaustless instrument of human investigation are dependent upon the aid of logarithms. When Newton attained the analysis, he had been already gifted with that engine, which ultimately afforded his calculus "many of the most refined and most valuable of its resources."\* He had, it is true, only to contemplate the logarithms through the medium of his own analysis in order to obtain a far simpler view and easier command of the former invention than its author could possess ; but it must ever be remembered, that, although Newton had the logarithms when he discovered the calculus, Napier had not the calculus, nor the steps which led to the calculus, when he conceived, discovered, and computed the logarithms. While, even in the comparison of practical utility, Napier's invention claims a sublime fellowship with Newton's, the latter does not descend in like manner to mere mortal necessities. Logarithms are so useful and prevalent in the ordinary arts of life, that many a practical man is most efficient with those tables, who neither knows nor cares about the mystery of their construction, and would sooner think of mastering the craft of his own spectacles than the fine theory of that invention. The practical application is familiar to the anti-philosophical midshipman at sea ; yet, so uncertain was the art of navigation until this aid raised it to the sciences, that the scriptural prophecy, "*Multi pertransibunt et augebitur scientia*," may be said only to have been fulfilled when the logarithms were published. High, then, and indisputable as is the throne of Newton, Professor Leslie was right, and used no exaggerated expressions, when he called Napier's invention *the noblest conquest ever achieved by man* ; and, the more closely the mathematical achievements of all ages are examined, the more just will this eulogy appear.—pp. 328\*331.

Mr. Napier next devotes a very amusing and interesting chapter to the reception which the invention of logarithms met with at home and abroad. The *Canon* was instantly appreciated by Kepler, whose enthusiastic letters to the Baron of Merchiston reflect honour on his name, and would of themselves be sufficient to put to silence all those cavillers, such as Hutton, who have ever ventured to dispute the entire originality of the discovery. Mr. Napier shows, not less distinctly, that the subsequent improvement of the

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\* 'Playfair.'

Canon, put forth in London by Henry Briggs, had been anticipated by the author himself, with whom the great English mathematician spent a whole month at Merchiston Castle, in the summer of 1615. Such was the Savilian professor's enthusiasm and veneration, that he made a second progress to Scotland for the sole purpose of renewing his intercourse with the Baron in 1616; but this was their last meeting. Briggs was preparing for a third visit to the romantic old tower when he received intelligence that the great inventor of logarithms, worn out by his vigils, had expired at Merchiston on the 4th of April, 1617.

His intellectual activity had continued almost to the last unabated, for the original publication of his *Rabdologia* is dated in 1617.

'In the progress of his great work, mechanical contrivances for relieving the difficulties of computing had not escaped him. From his extensive reading (in an age when books and those who loved them were rare in Scotland,) he gathered, that in Grece, and elsewhere, the *abacus* and other modes of palpable arithmetic had been in use for practical purposes. He saw that such contrivances were far beneath the dignity and power of intellectual operations, but his genius neglected nothing, so in passing he remodelled that chapter too, and enriched it with new stores. Both during the progress of the Canon Mirificus, and afterwards, he had contrived a variety of these methods, of which the most important was *RABDOLOGIA*, or the art of computing by means of figured rods, better known by the name of *Neper's bones*. These inventions he had not at first considered worthy of publication, but having communicated them to his friends, they were beginning to be known both in this country and abroad, and of course in danger of being pirated.'—p. 413.

*Neper's Bones* are, as most of our readers may remember, celebrated in Hudibras; they are not now in use; but we were surprised to find them confounded, in a late popular work, with the logarithms themselves.

Merchiston's last will is dated the fourth day before his death. He was buried in the old parish church of St. Cuthbert; but that edifice has disappeared; and if ever he had any other monument but his own works, there is none such now; except indeed this elaborate biography, which will henceforth hand down the name of one of his gifted descendants in honourable connexion with his own.

The effect of this book is certainly on the whole most extraordinary and most interesting. That such an invention as Napier's should have been the crowning triumph of a life almost entirely devoted to the most noble pursuits of science and learning, amidst the scenes of tumult and havoc here described, will ever be one of the most remarkable facts in the history of human intellect. The  
astrological



astrological and mechanical dreams, on which we have had occasion to dilate are characteristic not of the man, but of an age 'when the chrysolis of the adept was still hanging on the brilliant wings of science.' His theological labours, prompted by the external circumstances of his time, and darkened by its prejudices, are valuable as illustrating the extent of his acquirements in fields remote from mathematics, and as containing abundant evidence of the profound piety of this great mind. In every private relation of life he appears to have been a model of prudence and rectitude; and he neglected no public duties incident to his station in the world, but rescued, with equal decision, from the seductions of opulence and the convulsions of civic strife, the time requisite for completing one of the sublimest monuments of scientific genius.

This book may be advantageously *cut down* in preparing another edition, which we hope will assume a less expensive form; but the execution is, in all serious respects, honourable to the writer. There is a freshness and buoyancy of spirit about it which sustains the reader's attention throughout, and is well worth a century of tame elegancies.

ART. IX.—1. *Speech of Henry, Lord Bishop of Exeter, on occasion of a Petition from certain Members of the Senate of Cambridge, on Monday, April 21, 1834.* London.

2. *Thoughts on the Admission of Persons, without regard to their Religious Opinions, to certain Degrees in the Universities of England.* By Thomas Turton, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, and Dean of Peterborough. Cambridge, 1834.

3. *The Danger of Abrogating the Religious Tests and Subscriptions which are at present required from persons proceeding to Degrees in the Universities, considered in a Letter to his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester.* By George Pearson, B.D., Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge, &c.

4. *The Admission of Dissenters to graduate in the University of Cambridge.* A Letter to the Right Honourable Viscount Althorp, M.P., by the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

5. *A Letter to the Rev. Thomas Turton, D.D., &c.* By Connop Thirlwall, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

'I APPREHEND,' said the admirable prelate whose speech stands at the head of these pamphlets, 'that the application which has been made to Parliament to force Dissenters into the Universities is not so much an application to remove disabilities

abilities from the Dissenters, as an application to *persecute* the Church of England.—

‘The word’—continued his lordship—‘is not too strong for the occasion. For, what does this application amount to? That it shall not be in the power of the wisdom and munificence of any individual, or bodies of individuals, to establish any institution which shall give to the members of the Church of England the best possible education and instruction in the principles of their religion; because, when established, and when its success is most signally manifested, it must of necessity be such as shall exclude those who do not belong to the Church; but who, from envy, or from whatever other motive, may be anxious to intrude themselves into it.

‘My Lords, I scruple not to call this measure, if it be adopted, direct persecution; I will further venture to say, that such a proceeding would be contrary to every principle of law and equity, which the jurisprudence of this country has hitherto recognized. I affirm, in short, that Parliament has not the right, however it may have the power, to order it. It is, I apprehend, an admitted principle, that where a corporation has received its charter for a specific purpose, the law of England repels, and the Legislature of England has hitherto repelled, every attempt to break in upon that corporation, except on an allegation, either that its members have omitted to perform the duties for which they were incorporated, or that the purposes for which they were incorporated were originally, or have been declared by subsequent enactments to be illegal, immoral, or superstitious. Such, I will venture to say, is the principle of the law of England in respect to corporations; and even if a lawyer could devise any plea in derogation of it, I am quite sure that there is no Englishman, of plain understanding, who would not proclaim his assent to the reasonableness of that principle.’

A bill for the admission of Dissenters to degrees in the Universities was in the sequel rejected in the Lords by a large majority; so that the Church of England has received a respite—but that is probably all. Already Lord Brougham has been candid enough to tell us, that the attack upon these chartered bodies is to be renewed. We hope, however, that the nation, which has already shown some instinctive alarm at the danger which thus threatened the establishment, and through it, religion itself, will be still better informed of the nature and extent of that danger before another session, and, therefore, still better prepared to interpose for the preservation of both. In order to contribute our mite to this consummation, and believing that our pages are read by many whom the disputation which has been carried on at head-quarters may not have reached, we propose to draw the attention of the *uninitiated*, and those only, to a few arguments which may serve to show them the magnitude of the matter at issue; that the question is not to be regarded by the public as a mere struggle for and  
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against privilege between certain interested corporations and certain disinterested politicians ; but is a great national question—one in which every father and mother in England who have sons to bring up, nay, in which even the very poorest of our people, have a very deep stake.

We shall not spend or waste much time on the mere historical question, whether Dissenters were excluded from degrees before the time of James I. However, as the appeal has been made in this instance to antiquity, by a party from whom it would have scarcely been expected, a word may be said to show that it is not here, as indeed it seldom is, on their side.\* The royal mandates of James might, and did, serve to render the exclusion more clear and imperative, but it obtained already ; though the insignificance of Dissenters up to that time (the Roman Catholics excepted), and the laxity of church discipline under Archbishop Grindal, caused it to be a matter of no great notoriety. For it must be remembered that the Dissenters had not taken a shape much before the time of James. They owed their origin to the ultra-reformers, to such men as Hooper and Bradford ; cherished indeed, by intercourse with Geneva ; and were for many years merely the extravagant antagonists of the Church of Rome. But they were as yet no seceders from the Reformed Church ; they

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\* We discover, by a paper in the last number of the Edinburgh Review, which we had not seen till this article was in type, that the advocates of the Dissenters' claims have retreated further back into time, and are for decomposing, to a certain extent, the Universities into those original elements out of which their present construction arose—*occulto velut arbor ævo*—and to which latter, the inconveniences which subsisted under the old plan probably gave occasion. We may remark, in passing, that it is something like an acknowledgment that their case breaks down under them, when they can find no position for their argument which it suits them to occupy, short of a period when colleges were not yet in existence, and when a Dissenter (to make provision for whom we are thus labouring, and for nothing whatever else) was altogether unknown. But if facility be given for the formation of halls, as it is proposed, once more on the primitive plan, for the reception of Dissenters, and which should go on concurrently with the colleges, the boon, we apprehend, would not be at all satisfactory to the parties for whose convenience it is devised. Such halls, without endowment, consisting almost exclusively of poor and plebeian students (we do not use the word in any offensive sense), and who would come up to the University for the most part from very inferior schools, would present a most galling contrast (brought, as they thus would be, into close comparison with their rivals) to the opulent colleges, adorned by men of the highest rank in the land, and whose station gives dignity to the whole body, and filled with sound scholars educated at the best schools in England. Add to all this, that the intercourse between the colleges and halls, which might serve to qualify these invidious distinctions, would assuredly be next to nothing ; the internal economy of the halls having little in it which would assimilate with that of the colleges, and no school-friendships, in all probability, having been formed between the members of the two institutions, which might be continued at the University, and brace them together. The inmates of the halls would thus find themselves a strange and inferior caste, and whatever generous spirits they contained would feel the position in which their ill-judging friends had placed them, one of great mortification and annoyance.

received its orders, subscribed its articles, read its liturgy, occupied its pulpits; though they would have been glad to carry their opposition to everything papal farther than the more moderate party who prevailed approved. From enemies of the Church of Rome, they did not slide into enemies of the Church of England; at least not into open enemies, till towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth. The first *demonstration* they made seems to have been in 1572, when a Presbytery was erected at Wandsworth in Surrey, for as yet they had confined themselves to private meetings in London; this, however, was stealthy. In 1583, a Book of Discipline was drawn up, calculated, no doubt, to disturb the economy of the Church—for it insisted that no man should present himself to the bishop for ordination, till he had received a call from a congregation, and till the class to which he belonged had been made acquainted with the call, who should order his further proceedings at their pleasure—together with some other provisions of a similar tendency—but still it was to the Bishop that he was to apply. The authority of the Church was still, therefore, recognised. The party, however, crept on; and the country was by degrees divided into sections and organised,—the details of which are given in Archbishop Bancroft's book, entitled '*Dangerous Positions*,' &c. County classes, provincial synods, and a national synod, were the machinery of this confederacy. But all was done clandestinely; nor were the proceedings discovered, till some intercepted letters, in 1590, put the queen's ecclesiastical commissioners in possession of the secret, who took their measures accordingly to suppress them. The party do not, however, at this time, appear to have exceeded a hundred thousand persons; such being the number of names which a leader of their own thought it possible to collect throughout England for a puritan petition of grievances\*—an estimate of their forces, if we consider the quarter from which it came, probably not understated. They evidently were not as yet a marked body; for Shakspeare barely alludes to them, who would have been likely to do more had the character been quotidian; and, though Ben Jonson, in the '*Alchemist*,' sketches one or two of them off with a very graphic and caustic pen, introducing in a few strokes most of those features for which they were afterwards remarkable, yet his was a picture of them under James I., (for he has frequent allusions to the exiles at Amsterdam,) by which time nobody denies that they were conspicuous; that they had formally arrayed themselves against the Church; and, accordingly, mandates of a precise and stringent nature were passed by that prince for Cambridge, in order to

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\* *Dangerous Positions*, p. 137.

exclude them still more explicitly from that learned body. The remedy, therefore, was prescribed as soon as the disease had sufficiently manifested itself to call for the doctor.

We come to the same conclusions, from a consideration of the internal evidence yielded by the *ecclesiastical* literature of the country during this period.<sup>c</sup> Jewel's 'Apology,' published in 1562, was clearly the work of an author not having such a party as the Puritans in his thoughts, or at least the lengths they would go, or the line of reasoning they would adopt; otherwise, probably, he would have guarded his arguments more carefully than he has done, which are often such as the Puritans might, and afterwards did, employ against the Establishment itself. But his mind was full of the Pope, and he did not foresee, sagacious as he was, that some of the weapons with which he beats him down, might in turn be wielded against the Church of which he himself was a bishop—otherwise he would have sometimes trod more delicately; for though Jewel was liberal, he never meant to be lax. After him came Hooker, by whose time we perceive that the subject of ecclesiastical controversy had shifted from the Roman Catholic to the Puritan question. He did not publish till towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, and the progress which the Puritan cause had made during the thirty years which had elapsed since the 'Apology' is manifest. He does not wage war, as we have said, with the Roman Catholic, rather the contrary, but with the Precisian. And what is more, the fifth book of the 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' published in 1597, which was not written till some years after the four first books, gives token, we suspect, that even in that interval non-conformity had advanced—for whereas he appears to have thought, when composing his former books, that it was possible the controversy might be brought to a peaceable issue,<sup>\*</sup> in the latter he predicts the probable downfall of the Church, and within the space allotted to the age of man:—'The time thereof may peradventure fall out to be *threescore and ten years*, or if strength do serve unto fourscore, what followeth is *likely to be small joy for them whosoever they be that behold it.*'† The event did come to pass even as he foreboded from the signs of his own times, and in twenty years less than the shorter period he had assigned for it.

James, therefore, like Hooker, took the alarm, and gave protection to Cambridge, now that he saw the nonconformist was likely to prove formidable to the peace of that society. Not that he did much more by his mandates than express at a critical moment his own determination to stand by the exclusive prin-

<sup>\*</sup> Eccles. Pol. b. i. § 16. and b. ii. init.

† Eccl. Pol. b. v. § 79.

ciples which his\* predecessor had sanctioned for the Government of the universities—for other statutes there were, both national and academical, already passed since the Reformation, which, though chiefly directed against the Roman Catholics, incidentally touched the Puritans too. The Act of Uniformity was one of these, which, inasmuch as it was binding upon the whole country, was binding upon the universities: by this, the use of any other service besides that of the Common-Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments was forbid, and attendance on the same every Sunday enjoined, under penalties and pains. Then, by one of the university statutes, Queen Elizabeth required ‘the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper to be administered in every college on the first day of term;’\* and by another, she prohibited ‘all persons from preaching or teaching publicly or otherwise within the university, anything whatever against the religion received and established by public authority in her kingdom, or against any part of the same.’† And still we find her legislating in the same spirit for a particular college (Trinity), where she required ‘the deans to see that all the fellows, scholars, pensioners, and sizars, attended on Sundays, and holidays, morning and evening prayers, the *holy communion* and the sermon;’‡ and ordaining, that ‘if any one of the fellows, scholars, or others, living within the college, be convicted of heresy, or of a probable suspicion of heresy, &c., he be ejected from the college without previous notice.’§ Yet we are assured by the member for Cambridge town (Mr. Pryme), says Mr. Wordsworth, who makes these triumphant quotations from the university and college statutes, that ‘in the time of Elizabeth and Edward VI., as it had been remarked by his honourable colleague, there was no exclusion of any class!’ On the contrary, it appears that rigid conformity to the Church of England was exacted of every member of the university under Elizabeth—that laws both public and private were provided adequate to enforce such conformity—and

\* Primo uniuscujusque Terminis die fractio panis et sacrosancta communio celebratur in singulis collegiis.—Statuta Reg. Eliz. c. 50. Univ. Stat.

† Prohibemus ne quousquam in concione aliqua, in loco communis tractando, in lectionibus publicis, seu aliter publice intra universitatem nostram quicquam doceat, tractet vel defendat contra Religionem seu ejusdem aliquam partem in regno nostro publicâ auctoritate receptam et stabilitam.—Stat. Reg. Eliz. c. 45. Univ. Stat.

‡ Doctores videant ut omnes socii, discipuli, pensionarii, sizatores, et subsizatores diebus festis et Dominicis precibus matutinis et vespertinis supplicationibus, *sacra communio* et concionibus . . . intersint.—Stat. Eliz. c. 5. Trin. Coll. Stat.

§ Statutum et ordinamus, si quis sociorum aut discipulorum aliorumve intra collegium vitam degentium hæreses aut probabilis suspitionis hæreses convictus sit, sine ullâ monitione collegio omnino prævetur.—Stat. Eliz. c. 38. Trin. Coll.

that, if they sometimes slumbered, so that Cartwright, for instance, and his followers, were permitted to make head, (though he was at length expelled, a proof that there was already law enough to reach him,) it was probably by reason of that general relaxation of discipline which obtained, as we have said, under the primacy of those days—rather than from any positive want of legal control; whilst, at the same time, as the Puritan spirit more distinctly developed itself, James might well consider it consistent with sound policy to back the decrees of Elizabeth by a word of his own.

We have written at greater length than we intended, on a part of the question which we do not after all think of much consequence; the main point for our determination being, whether the restrictions, even supposing them to have had their origin with James, were not at first imposed for a good reason, and ought not for the same good reason still to be retained. We now, therefore, turn to the practical view of the subject, as the one in which we are concerned.

If you unchurch your universities you must unchristianize them—is the country prepared to do this? The Dissenters have scruples against our doctrine and discipline—their consciences must be relieved. But the mere exemption from signing the articles cannot suffice for this purpose, whilst there are *theological lectures* delivered by churchmen, which they must attend, and *daily services* of the Church, in which they must partake. Conceive a lecturer engaged in expounding the Gospel of St. John—a Gospel expressly written to refute erroneous notions of the nature of Christ, and to teach that he was ‘very God of very God’—a Gospel, to the interpretation of which, according to us, this is the very key—how is he to proceed with his Socinian pupils? for he must not for the world wound their consciences by compelling them to listen to a doctrine which they abhor. Is he to adopt the text of the ‘Improved Version of the New Testament,’ and cast a suspicion upon the genuineness of every passage too stubborn to be mistranslated? Is he, with that version, to render John i. 10,—ὁ κόσμος δι’ αὐτοῦ ἐγενετο—‘the world was *enlightened* by him;’ or this quotation, which is repeatedly made from the Psalms in other parts of Scripture,—*Εἶπός μου εἰς σὺν, ἐγὼ σήμερον γεγέννηκα σε*—‘Thou art my Son, this day have I *adopted* thee’? How is he to deal with St. Paul’s Epistles, and yet observe due complaisance to the same auditors, believing as he does from his heart that they teach as plainly as words can the doctrines of original sin, justification by faith in Christ, and the influence of the Holy Spirit? Is he to be ever on the look-out, and blink such chapters and verses as he may conceive to be offensive to one or other

other of his class? What if he be taken by surprise, and suddenly come upon the text, 'I suffer not a woman to teach,' and then bethinks him that he has at his elbow a young Ranter or Quaker? Or upon the passage which represents the man who speaks and prays in an unknown tongue in the church, as a 'barbarian,' and then observes by his side a Roman Catholic—perhaps an Irishman too—who might consider the appellation personal? What if he has convinced himself by an accurate study of the internal testimony which Scripture bears to the point, as well as by the writings of Ignatius and other early fathers, that the Episcopal form of Church government is the Apostolical form, and then undertakes to explain the Epistles to Timothy and Titus, without offence, to a bench of juvenile Presbyterians?

And if it be contended that, in point of fact, the lectures delivered in our colleges (at least in Cambridge) do not take so ample a range through the New Testament as we here suppose, it is obvious to reply that it is next to impossible for a lecturer to handle even the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, without passing in review the several articles both of doctrine and ecclesiastical polity, which Scripture, as a whole, is thought to establish, seeing that the germ of them all, perhaps without exception, is discoverable in those portions of Scripture, however they may be more fully developed in the Epistles. And, indeed, that such has been the practice of Mr. Evans, the tutor of Trinity College, to whom this department of instruction has been confided, appears from the detail of his own lectures which he has felt himself called upon to state by the turn the controversy has taken. Whilst his text was only the Diatesseron and the Acts, he fetched a compass and gave dissertations, amongst other subjects, upon the Canon of Scripture, the Logos, the Lamb of God, the Son of God, the Sons of God, Justification, Sanctification, Election with reference to the several articles of the Church, Baptism, Regeneration, Confirmation, the Eucharist, Prophecy, Miracles, the Lord's Day, Church Government. Nor is it to be believed that he or any man could throw the same spirit into any one of these lectures, if he had composed it under a sense that there were certain parts of Scripture put under ban; and that the restraints of his position, whether actually prescribed, or only dictated by delicacy towards the hearers he was addressing, deprived him of the use of either of his hands.

Or suppose that the subject of the lecture is not Scripture, but some work on the evidences—where is the unhappy tutor to find one to his purpose? It is not easy to meet with a book written in a more catholic spirit than Bishop Butler's '*Analogy*,' as it is impossible to find one so well fitted to settle the faith of intelligent



gent youths whose studies may lay their minds open to sceptical objections—but then, suggests Mr. Wordsworth, how is the chapter, perhaps the most convincing of all, ‘On the Appointment of a Mediator and Redeemer,’ to be handled, meant as it is to uphold such a dispensation? Will not the Socinian again have reason to complain that he is made to listen to one-sided arguments, on a subject which is an abomination to him? Or if ‘Paley’s Evidences’ be taken up by the lecturer,—for again we choose for our illustration the work of a man of a very catholic spirit, and one whose authority is often appealed to by liberal thinkers—there will be found a great deal in it which it must be a grievance to a great many to hear. His remarks on the Canon of Scripture, on the Apocryphal books, on the miracles of the Apostles, as contrasted with those reputed to have been wrought in a later age, would not, for example, be satisfactory to the Romanist—not yet his quotations which go to prove the inspiration of Scripture, to the Rationalist. It must be remembered that the parties concerned have already given token of the highly sensitive state of their consciences, by their conscientious, not pecuniary, objections to the payment of church-rates; to living in the same island (for that is all they are required to do) with a Church establishment; and to receiving the blessing of a minister in the marriage service, because he professes his own belief in the Trinity. It is obvious that men whose moral sensibilities are thus keen cannot feel otherwise than painfully alive to the least shock of orthodoxy, which might be even inadvertently imparted to them by the unwary lecturer.

But it is said that these non-conformists will be few; that the usual lectures of orthodox divinity might be still continued for the benefit of the great body of the students, who will be still, it is presumed, members of the Church of England—and that a special lecture of a less exclusive character might be devoted to the rest. We should like to see the kind of dissertation which it is proposed that some liberal-minded doctor should draw up for a group of stripling Socinians, Roman Catholics, and Jews—one which, although duly conveying to them his notions of Revelation, shall not violate the conscience of a man amongst them all. We do not envy the recollections which that person would be laying up for himself, who, holding deliberate opinions upon what he believed the most vital of all questions, could reconcile it to himself to suppress those opinions, and let the youth of a Christian country depart from his lecture-room, with as much religious edification as they would have received, if Jupiter were yet God, and Socrates in the professor’s chair. We apprehend, indeed, that after a trial or two the task would be abandoned in despair, and the motley

motley class be left to themselves, and spared the infliction of lectures that must be so worthless. But then we tremble for the orthodoxy of the more numerous division of students, who, upon finding that a man had only to profess dissent in order to evade the lecture, would be likely to start scruples as sincere as many others now afloat; and when next admonished by their tutor for absenting themselves from his chambers, would be each provided with the unanswerable defence; 'Sir, I have scruples; I lay revolving them in my bed this morning whilst you were lecturing; but all to no purpose; they were stubborn.'

All *divinity lectures*, therefore, must soon cease. But how would it fare with the daily *services* of the Church? What public form of worship for the college chapel could be devised, in which this strange congregation could participate? Could a devout believer in the Godhead of the Saviour, who most thankfully remembered his Cross and Passion, and had no other hope for himself than what it yielded, consent to take a share in devotions from which these cardinal doctrines were excluded; and must not the simple Humanitarian demand their exclusion, being, as they would be to him, mere fictions? How could Protestant and Roman Catholic kneel at the same altar, when the latter would not allow the minister (if he were of the former persuasion) to be a priest, nor the communion of the body and blood of Christ at his hands to be a sacrament, nor his fellow-worshipper to be within the pale of salvation? Possibly a service might be devised such as would not positively exasperate either party, and such a service, it is singular enough, Sir F. More does sketch out in his Utopia—*nulle concipiuntur preces, quas non pronuntiare quicquid inoffensâ suâ sectâ possit*;<sup>\*</sup> but, by assigning it to a commonwealth where silver and gold were to be reduced to contempt, by serving for hand-cuffs, and the vilest utensils; precious stones to be disparaged in like manner, by being made children's toys; and where it was to be the special duty of magistrates and priests to exhort the aged and infirm members of the community to deliver society of an incubrance by self-destruction—the chancellor shows how practicable he thought his own ritual.

Upon the whole, therefore, the opinion of the London University, to be found in the Introduction to the Calendar of that learned body for the year 1832, is sound and good; and we thank Mr. Goulburn for teaching us that word; for in his speech, we believe, on the Cambridge petition, it was first exhumed. 'It is manifestly impossible,' we there read, 'to provide a course of professional education for the ministers of religion of those con-

\* Lib. ii. sub. fin.

gregations who do not belong to the Established Church. It is equally impossible to institute *theological lectures* for the instruction of lay students of different religious persuasions, which would not be liable to grave objections. Still less is it practicable to introduce *any religious observances* that would be generally complied with.' We will not weaken such authority by a syllable of comment.

The college chapel, therefore, must be closed. But this is considered no evil, and by Mr.—now Lord—Stanley too, who is reported to have 'unhesitatingly expressed his dissent from the compulsory attendance of students, morning and evening, in the chapel of the college.' There are many persons in the House of Commons from whom we should have expected such a sentiment, but this statesman was not of the number. If attendance were not compulsory we all know it would soon cease, as it has ceased in all parish churches where prayers were once daily. Young men, and old men too, need urging to the discharge of duties, the obligation of which is fully acknowledged nevertheless. Such is human nature, the corruption of which is overlooked in so many of the civil, political, and above all, ecclesiastical speculations of the day, which usually proceed upon the supposition that we have only to be convinced of what is right, to do it—as though there was no indolence to retard, or passion to disturb us. Whatever may be the motives, and they are probably of a mixed kind, (as they are upon most occasions,) by which youths in a college chapel are gathered together, this we must say, that we do not observe more reverential behaviour in any place of worship than there. God only can search the heart; but as far as man can judge, the undergraduates are as much under the impression, that they are met in God's house to render to him an offering of prayer and praise, as any congregation elsewhere—and a more interesting spectacle we do not know, which it could not be if there was in it any tincture of reverence, than that presented to the eye of a casual visiter of our universities, in the chapel of a great college—the flower of the land before him—the hope of England—coupled with the reflection which the place where they are assembled suggests, that the generation to whom the chief interests of the country in every department are to be soon confided, are thus taught betimes to have the fear of God before their eyes. We know no parish church where a greater proportion of the congregation partakes of the communion than in the college chapel, though this is altogether a voluntary act—nor any parish church where the benches are better filled than in the university church, though attendance there, again, is altogether voluntary—to say nothing of the number of undergraduates

graduates dispersed through the several places of worship in the town, in some of which, indeed, they form a substantial part of the assembly. These are facts which bespeak that the young men in general, whatever may be the case with a few of Mr. Beverley's friends, do attend the chapels of their respective colleges, with such feelings as the founders of those colleges hoped to cherish in them; and yet, for all that, it may be necessary, in order to the establishment of the habit and its continuance, to adopt the practice which has Scripture for its warrant, though statesmen may dissent from it, 'and *compel* them to come in;' and these are facts, we will add, which plead very strongly for leaving a system which works so well, alone.

And after all, who or what are the great majority of the young men who are to be relieved from this compulsory resort to the house of God? They are not men of fashion or the sons of such; they are not to be loungers in London, or politicians who will circumvent God, but they are the children of that middle class in which so much of the hardy virtue of the country abides, who have kneeled at their mothers' knees to pray—and sat at their fathers' feet to learn—and been accustomed to offer up, under their own roof, the morning and evening sacrifice, in common with their kindred—and carried with them to college a parent's advice and blessing—and had their good resolutions recruited by communications from their home—and on their return to it have to fall again into the habits of a Christian household—and in very many instances are to end all by becoming themselves the appointed ministers of God's word and sacraments. Such men—and of such a large proportion of the members of the University consists—would still probably yield to the natural indolence, 'the syren sloth' which besets us, and by degrees abandon chapel, if the matter were left entirely to their own option; but they would feel all the while that a *fence* of virtue had been removed when the coercion was withdrawn, and in their riper years most reasonably reproach the authors of its abandonment. If however it be proposed with respect to chapel, as it was with respect to theological lectures, that attendance shall be required of churchmen, whilst another service shall be prepared for nonconformists, the same difficulties present themselves as before. The impossibility of framing a service—as the impossibility of framing a lecture—which shall suit all palates, from the Romanist to the Jew, must cause the relinquishment of the attempt, and the consequent exemption of the Dissenter from compulsory attendance at any form of worship whatever; and then, as before, when an idler is summoned by the dean for absence from chapel, he will be at liberty to plead, especially on winter mornings, that he has again discovered in himself

himself scruples, and can no longer consent to do violence to his conscience. We may have stated the case somewhat broadly; but, state it how we will, it must be perceived that no discipline can be maintained where there are such loop-holes for a breach of it.

It has, however, been said that the Dissenters will still be few in number—that they will continue to bear so insignificant a proportion to the whole body of students, that they may be safely thrown out of the reckoning, as a disturbing force, in contemplating a great experiment like the present. We have shown the practical evils which would accrue from a recognition of any number of them as students, however small. But is it so sure that they will not thrive under encouragement? They are to be admitted to degrees—therefore, to votes in the Senate-House; for it would be invidious, indeed, to pass a law for their special exclusion from privileges to which a degree naturally entitles. Now a clause in the Act of Uniformity might perhaps serve to keep them out of the field as candidates for professorships; but would they long acquiesce in this bar to their pretensions? Would they be long satisfied with being permitted to confer their suffrages upon churchmen for such offices of academical trust, distinction, and influence? Will it not be a hardship at least as substantial as many a one against which they have clamoured so loudly, that they must be compelled to elect a man whose sentiments they abominate? Having once granted them degrees you have stamped them with your approval; and with what show of justice can you shut them out from your professorships, at least from such as laymen are qualified to hold, which are many? ‘For will not the stock-arguments be again set in array? ‘What! exclude a man from the chair of Botany or Astronomy, because he rejects the Articles! What has a confession of faith to do with the management of a telescope or the dissection of a dandelion?’ Really such antiquated notions are a little too bad for the nineteenth century! Such sentiments, started by a liberal party in the University, if there happened to be one, echoed by their liberal mouth-pieces in parliament, and enforced by their liberal friends in London, who might be ready to fill the Cambridge and Oxford coaches at a day’s warning, and swamp the opposition of the resident members—might eventually lift the Nonconformist into the chair of the professor, and give him an opportunity, if he pleased, of distilling much leprous heterodoxy into the secure ear of his auditors even whilst descanting on matters the most foreign.

Mr. Mühlentfels, a German professor in the London University, delivers a course of lectures to the students of that institution, in  
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the year 1829. The 'Introduction' to these lectures, (forming in itself a part of the course) he has published; and our attention has been drawn to it by the well-argued pamphlet of Mr. Pearson, in which it is examined at some length. The subject, we should inform our readers, on which the professor proposes to hold forth, is 'German Literature.' What can be more innocent? The scene of the lectures, we may add, a university professing not infidelity, but the absence of religion;—and the audience, a number of beardless boys.

We should be very sorry to misrepresent Professor Mühlensfels— and really his dissertation is so hazy, that it is possible we may discover objects of alarm in it which do not in truth exist. It will be found, however, that these lectures on *German Literature* involve a sketch of the Reformation, and even of the character of the Mosaic writings. Now, certain it is that he speaks of Luther as even inspired by the Divine Spirit (131)—as an instrument of Providence—as under a Divine impulse (138). Yet the inference we might have drawn from such expressions becomes qualified, when we perceive it hinted, that, in adopting and stamping with his authority High German as a language, Luther was *also* led by 'a certain inspiration' (145); and when the proof of the Divine Spirit being in a man is made to consist in its leaving traces which endure through all eternity (151),—a test which would apply to Homer just as well as to St. Paul. We know not, therefore, in what sense we are to consider the Sacred Volume as 'inspired' (146), whilst we meet with such passages in Professor Mühlensfels' as the following:—

'If we trace the history of mankind to its earliest dawn, where it disengages itself from *mythology*—if we inquire into the historical documents of each separate people which by language and literature has transmitted its records to posterity—we find *mythology and tales* to be the dark commencement of *all* history; with which, indeed, they are so interwoven, that the criticism of modern commentators was requisite, in order properly to distinguish between mythology and actual history. Witness the Roman, Jewish, and northern histories, where this process has been successfully pursued by such eminent scholars as Niebuhr, De Wytte, Gesenius, and Geijer.'—p. 6.

Again,—

'It is an undeniable fact that the Jewish people became, in the hands of Providence, the means of sustaining that pure and genuine creed of a single and omnipotent God, which had been gradually lost in the other nations of the world, amidst the increase of immorality. But it is equally certain that they soon fashioned their God after their own idea. In their rude stubbornness, their pride and contempt for other nations, the Jews wanted a national god, and they formed one for themselves. The hierarchy of the Levites was gradually confirmed by

by laws emanating from sacerdotal influence; and the Almighty Jehovah, strong, powerful, and severe in his punishments, seemed in the eyes of the priests a necessary authority, in order to bridle the stubborn and selfish people.'—p. 9.

Once more—the professor is illustrating the history of mankind by the history of an individual:—

'I may here allude to the fact,' he observes, 'as forming a characteristic feature of the boyhood of mankind, that all those nations of antiquity which are mentioned in history were distinguished by their disregard, or rather contempt, for other nations: A child cannot establish the worth of others—reflection never leads it from self-application; but, in consequence of the predominance of its sensual nature, it seeks for the exclusive possession of enjoyments, praises its received and self-acquired advantages, and longs for those pertaining to others. With the exception of the Romans, this egotism is more perceptible in the Jews than in any other people. They regarded the Pagans as the rejected children of Jehovah; and it is remarkable how similar national feeling and mythology are upon this point.'—p. 10.

According to the same conceit, the literature of the Hindoos is said to betray the child; that of the Jews (whereby is meant the Old Testament) the boy, 'though bordering more on the juvenile' (11); but that of the Greeks, the beauty and vigour of youth. Then, it seems, 'the first poets are priests; the premises (?) of poetry, in all nations, are *Epic songs* celebrating the deeds of gods, as fancy and feeling prompt the poet' (92). Whereupon the poetry of the Hindoos, Hebrews, and Greeks, is passed in review, and of the second in this order it is said,—

'In the literature of the Israelites this Epic character is likewise preponderating. The Pentateuch, at least the first book, and the greater part of the second, is a grand *epos* of the loftiest character, in the style in which a child would speak of the exploits of his ancestors—of the love and of the anger of his fathers. The character of objectiveness is everywhere apparent. The descriptions of the plagues in Egypt; of the passage through the Red Sea; of the journey through the deserts; are all related in the highest epic style,' &c.—p. 101.

And this is lecturing upon German literature! Surely, the old universities may be excused if they look with some jealousy upon national education conducted in such a spirit—the youth of the country kidnapped into scepticism, under the mask of the belles lettres.

But to return to the question before us. Other inroads of the Dissenters may be easily foreseen. The Cambridge petitioners do not advocate any interference with the statutes of the colleges—colleges, therefore, are for the present to be allowed to close the door against the admission of nonconformists to fellowships.

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Mr. Wordsworth, indeed, makes it matter of some doubt whether a liberal interpretation of the statutes of Trinity College, Cambridge, would not already render a graduated Dissenter eligible in that society. But, however that may be, must not this barrier, whatever it is, like that by which the professorships are protected, give way before the spirit they are creating? Suppose a Dissenter to take the highest honours; let him be senior wrangler and medalist, or double first class-man; with what grace can his college turn him adrift on the world without a provision, whilst it is at the same moment admitting to its preferments persons altogether his inferiors—persons whom, in fact, he has distanced in the race of academical renown? Here you have a youth, it will be said, who has satisfied all your own tests of merit to the uttermost—his talents rare, his industry unwearied, his acquirements vast, his character spotless; but because, in addition to these his many virtues, he has the misfortune to have a conscience and will not strain it by subscription, you expel him from your body as an unclean thing, and bid him seek his fortune where he can. It is easy to imagine the blasts of Alecto which will be sounded upon this subject by all the popular organs of the day—from the hustings—from the House of Commons—from the newspaper office. Now we ask of those who, whilst they advocate the Dissenters' claims to degrees in the university, profess to be altogether opposed to their invasion of college patronage, where is the wisdom of thus driving the colleges into a corner—placing them in a position which cannot fail of exposing them to public obloquy—and putting arguments into your adversaries' hands, which they must be clumsy, indeed, if they cannot wield so as soon to batter your selfish and prejudiced ordinances (as they will be called) about your ears? Oh! but you will then have set yourselves on the vantage-ground, will be the reply—you will have made all the concessions which can in reason be demanded; and if the Dissenters will not be satisfied with these, but still cry 'give, give,' you will unite all parties against them, and down they will be put with a strong hand. Alas! and just so were we coaxed into Catholic emancipation. Give the Catholics seats in Parliament, it was contended, which is nothing but an act of justice, and if they shall dare to abuse their power to work the downfall of the Establishment, wo be to them! then will you find us rise up indignantly in its defence as one man. Was the danger overrated, and has the pledge been redeemed?

Besides—the students being exempted from all subscription, the conventional standard of orthodoxy will be lowered—those peculiar sentiments which characterize the Church of England, and which are believed to have Scripture for their warrant, will be relaxed.



relaxed. 'A change will pass over the spirit of the universities, which will materially affect churchmen—they will be no longer what is called sound churchmen, and out of these will you have to draft your fellows and professors. Will the cause of dissent reap no advantage from the lukewarm character of the men opposed to it—champions of the church neither cold nor hot—and who might mistake the feelings of a Gallio for those of a philosopher?

It is our belief, therefore, that after the concessions proposed, not a great many years would elapse before the universities would be made up of a multitude of sects, amongst which the Church of England would be but as one. Time was when it would have been at once acknowledged an evil that things should come to this pass—as it would have been acknowledged an evil that circumstances should compel the discontinuance of daily prayers in the chapel—and having brought our argument to such a point, in either case, it would have been regarded as a *reductio ad absurdum*, and there would have been no need to proceed with it farther. Now things are altered; and there are many, perhaps a majority, of our present representatives, who would see no great harm in the condition of the universities being what we have described—that they should be the receptacles of all manner of rival sects, and should accordingly possess all manner of rival lecturers. But we are afraid that the practical working of such a system (if it deserves the name) would be fatal both to *literature* and *religion*. Lord Bacon, in a passage quoted by Mr. Wordsworth, containing a happy application of a classical image, professes to be of the opinion that the cause of *learning* is promoted by peace rather than contention.

'The works which concern the learned,' says that great man, 'are foundations and buildings, endowments with revenues, franchises and privileges, institutions and ordinances for government, *all tending to quietness and privateness of life*, and discharge of cares and troubles, much like the stations which Virgil prescribes for the hiving of bees—

"Principio sedes apibus statioque petenda  
Quo neque sit *ventis aditus*; nam pabula venti  
Ferre domum prohibent."

Nothing can be more propitious to the advancement of literature and science than the present construction of the universities. There exists an amicable but most stimulating rivalry amongst the members of each college individually, and collectively amongst the colleges themselves; there is a common consent touching the object proposed for the attainment of students, the means of attaining it, and the value of it when attained; and there is an  
implicit

implicit reliance on the impartiality of the judges, who are known indeed to feel a deep interest in the candidates, but are utterly exempt from all imputation of acting under party prejudice or in heat of blood. Would it be favourable to the cause of literature to convert this peaceable scene into an arena on which factions might fight, and intrigues wriggle themselves out, and all the angry and rancorous passions of sectaries explode? Would you sow your Universities with seeds of mutual suspicion, jealousy, or distrust, and promote an everlasting struggle above ground and under ground amongst a score confederacies for the precedence of their members; so that the very fountain of your honours should be poisoned, and wranglers, and medalists, and class-men, be made, or be supposed to be made, which would be almost as bad, under the predominant influence of an Independent, Presbyterian, or Episcopalian star?

With respect to *religion*—how that would fare under such a system—what would be the declension of faith in the leading doctrines of the Gospel—we are not left to determine by mere conjecture. The Regius Professor of Divinity in Cambridge, himself habituated to that philosophy which builds its conclusions on experiment, and distrustful of theories which he thinks must be bad indeed not to become plausible when recommended by ingenious and eloquent men, has put forth a clear, calm, and temperate pamphlet, of which the words are weighed, wherein the whole question is reduced to the test of actual experience. Accordingly, he traces with great care through a period of sixty years, and with Dissenters for his authorities, that there may be no room to charge him with misrepresentation of facts, the working of an establishment conducted upon this liberal plan, and on a large scale, in the academy instituted by Dr. Doddridge at Northampton, and removed after his death to Daventry. Dr. Doddridge, the founder, was himself in the main orthodox—a believer in the Trinity and the Atonement—and the will of Mr. Coward, of whose bequest for the education of dissenting ministers this academy availed itself, seeming, as it did, to meet the views of the testator, actually required that they should be instructed in the doctrines of the Gospel, according as the same are explained in *the Assembly's Catechism*. Nothing, therefore, could be farther from Socinian than the institution in its origin. But it was open to all comers—no subscription was required; and many Arrian and Socinian pupils did resort to it—a fact of which Dr. Doddridge was aware, and a fact which told upon his lectures; for though his own views were to a considerable degree Calvinistic, he never assumed, we are informed by Dr. Kippis, himself an Unitarian, the character of a dogmatist, but represented the arguments and referred to

to the authorities on both sides, and left the students to judge for themselves. After a while assistants are wanted; the same liberality which admitted students of all creeds was extended to the teachers—indeed, the supply was accommodated, as it was natural it should be, to the demand, and the assistants were Arians, at the least. Thus did Dr. Doddridge, himself, as we have said, a believer in the Trinity and Atonement, and Mr. Coward's trustees, instructed to promote the principles of the Assembly's Catechism, contrive by their liberality to send out of their academy a number of young ministers, respecting whom it was a matter of uncertainty whether they really had any positive opinions at all on some of the most momentous points that can occupy the attention of mankind, at no small danger to the faith of entire congregations committed to their charge. The same lax principles continued to operate after the death of Dr. Doddridge. There was a Trinitarian tutor in Dr. Ashworth, and an Arian sub-tutor in Mr. Clark; and Dr. Priestley, himself a student there for three years during this period, describes the beneficial effects of their plan of proceeding in the following glowing terms. The passage occurs in the memoirs of his own life.

'In my time the academy was in a state peculiarly favourable to the serious pursuit of truth; as the students were about equally divided upon every question of much importance—such as liberty and necessity, the sleep of the soul, and all the articles of theological orthodoxy and heresy; in consequence of which all these topics were the subjects of continual discussion. Our tutors also were of different opinions; Dr. Ashworth taking the orthodox side of every question, and Mr. Clark, the sub-tutor, that of heresy, though always with great modesty.'

Dr. Priestley was himself a believer, in his own way, and peace be to his memory! but we apprehend he made more sceptics than most men of his time, and for that result, probably, this academy was in a great measure answerable. To Mr. Clark succeeded a Mr. Robins as sub-tutor, who is spoken of as an able man, but his peculiar religious sentiments do not fully appear. They were probably, however, like those of Mr. Clark, for in a memoir of Mr. Thomas Toller, a dissenting minister, a student at Daventry in his time, and much attached to Mr. Robins, we are told, by Robert Hall, that as he grew riper in years, 'that generality in his statements of revealed truth which was the consequence of his education at Daventry, and which almost invariably characterised the pupils of that seminary, totally disappeared, and he attained to all the riches of the full assurance of the mystery of God the Father and of Christ.'

From assistant, Mr. Robins was promoted to principal tutor in

1775,

1775, an office which he retained to 1781, and then made way for Mr. Belsham, who had already been a student there, and who turned out at last a complete Unitarian of the modern school; so much so, that having some misgivings as to his fitness for executing Mr. Coward's will, which required the doctrines of the Assembly's Catechism to be taught, he in his turn abandoned this ill-fated academy; not, however, before his mode of conducting the lectures—which was to give the comments of Trinitarian, Arian, and Unitarian expositors, upon each controverted text, and leave them to make their own impression—had caused many of his pupils, and of those some of the best talents, and closest application, and the most serious dispositions, who had been educated in all the habits and prepossessions of Trinitarian doctrine, to become Unitarians,—a result at which he professes his surprise and mortification.—Such was the progress of the Northampton and Daventry academy (university, it would in these days be called) during the period we have said; and the review of its operations on the whole, the Regius Professor prefers giving in the words of the memoir to which we have already referred. Hall there says:—

‘At the time of Mr. Toller’s admission into the Daventry Academy, the literary reputation of this seminary was higher than that of any other among the Dissenters; but partly owing to a laxness in the terms of admission, and partly to the admixture of lay and divinity students, combined with the mode in which theology was taught, erroneous principles prevailed much; and the majority of such as were educated there, became more distinguished for their learning, than for the fervour of their piety, or the purity of their doctrine. . . . The celebrated Priestley speaks of the state of the academy while he resided there, with great complacency: nothing, he assures us, could be more favourable to the progress of free inquiry, since both the tutors and the students were about equally divided between the Orthodox and Arian systems. The arguments, by which every possible modification of error is attempted to be supported were carefully marshalled in hostile array against the principles generally embraced; while the theological professor prided himself on the steady impartiality with which he held the balance betwixt the contending systems, seldom or never interposing his own opinion, and still less betraying the slightest emotion—of antipathy to error, or predilection to truth. Thus a spirit of indifference to all religious principles was generated in the first instance, which naturally paved the way for the prompt reception of doctrines indulgent to the corruption, and flattering to the pride, of a depraved and fallen nature. To affirm that Mr. Toller sustained no injury from being exposed at so tender an age to this vortex of unsanctified speculation and debate would be affirming too much, since it probably gave rise to a certain general manner of stating the peculiar doctrines of the gospel which attached chiefly to the

earlier part of his ministry; though it is equally certain that his mind, even when he left the academy, was so far imbued with the grand peculiarities of the gospel, that he never allowed himself to lose sight of the doctrine of the cross, as the only basis of human life.'

In our opinion, this precedent of the regius professor stands fast, notwithstanding the effort that has been made by an able antagonist to set it aside, chiefly on the score that Cambridge is no theological seminary, nor its lectures deserving the name of theological lectures.\* For as, on the one hand, the academy of Northampton and Daventry was not, as Mr. Thirlwall's argument would seem to require, an exclusively theological seminary,—since it had lay as well as clerical students; very copious lectures on what Dr. Doddridge calls pneumatology and ethics—(including, of course, those subjects which Mr. Thirlwall rebukes the Fellow of St. John's, for classing under the head of religious instruction); on the classics for the two first years;† and on mathematics and experimental philosophy;‡ insomuch that Robert Hall, we have seen, speaks of its 'literary reputation' being higher than that of any other of the dissenting academies, at the very time when he is disparaging its theology, and saying that those who were educated there proved rather learned than devout; §—So, on the other hand, Cambridge is not exclusively devoted to letters and science, for it has clerical as well as lay students, and theology forms a much more considerable ingredient in its pursuits than Mr. Thirlwall seems to have been aware. For his statement has been keenly resented by the tutors of many of the colleges, and by none so effectually, though in language extremely temperate, as by the tutor of his own college, to whose counter-statement we have already had occasion to refer. No doubt the study of divinity in Cambridge has of late years increased—is now increasing—and we believe it is the opinion of few, indeed, that it ought to be diminished—the wholesome impulse having been received, not through 'the base arts of a miserable priestcraft,' which has suddenly bestirred itself to perpetuate the exclusion of Dissenters;—though, had this been the case, animated as the Dissenters profess themselves to be by the spirit of the apostle, they would of course have rejoiced that Christ was preached though it were 'even of envy and strife;'—but rather through a conviction which has been gaining strength in the country, that, whilst we have advanced beyond our forefathers in refinement, we have fallen far behind them in Christian knowledge; and that as this ignorance has begun to make itself felt by the bitter waters, which have flowed and are flowing from it on all sides, it was high time for the clergy

\* See Dr. Kippis's *Life of Dr. Doddridge*, p. 55.

† See Job Orton's *Life of Dr. Doddridge*, ch. vi.

‡ *Works*, iv. 307.

(through

(through whose hands almost every person of influence in this land passes) to cast the branch into that fountain-head of public opinion, our universities and schools;—for in these latter too the subject of religion has been seriously taken up—here, at least, it will be allowed, under no fear of intrusion from Dissenters—and to make them, what every particular in their construction declares to have been the intention of their founders that they should be—nurseries for men duly qualified to serve God in Church and State. This attempt at national regeneration we trust nothing will occur to frustrate—much less that a dereliction of duty in past times will now be pleaded in bar of all return to it for the future. We know not where we are to stop in our road to ruin, if we make every breach, which culpable neglect may have occasioned, an argument for pulling utterly and altogether down.

We think we have now said enough to justify the assertion with which we set out—that the question before us is one in which every parent in England, who has sons to educate, has a deep stake. Surely, he would not desire to have them sent, at the most critical period of their lives, to a place where religion could not be maintained in its integrity—where religious services and religious instructions must be either altogether suppressed or greatly modified—or where religious peace must give way to the polemical disputations of angry boys, who will learn to be sophists first, and sceptics afterwards. Nor is it to parents only that the appeal may be made, but to all; for when it is considered that such is to be the preparation for *sacred orders* too—and that out of these schools—whether of mere secular learning, or of the most *jejune* natural theology, or of wild ‘unsanctified debate,’ according as one system or another might finally happen to prevail—the *parish priest* is to go forth—the question becomes one of great concern to every householder of England, however humble.

We believe that this matter was taken up without due consideration—and that the discussion which it has provoked will open the eyes of many who, at first sight, might have been disposed to abet the measure: Nay, we do not despair of such being the case with many of the Dissenters themselves:—Not indeed with that political and factious body who have of late disgraced the name, and fought with Papists and Infidels a carnal warfare under a tri-colour flag—but with conscientious men amongst them who clave to the doctrinal articles of our own church as strongly as we do ourselves—and who can scarcely, therefore, wish to see Oxford and Cambridge—the nurseries of the Reformers, and the strongholds ever since of opinions which both they and we consider vital—sink into such spectacles as the academy of Northampton and Daventry.

ART. X.—1. *Dacre, a Novel*. Edited by the Countess of Morley. 3 vols 8vo., 1834.

2, *Two Old Men's Tales*. { 2 vols. 8vo., 1834.

“ OH! YE, who patiently explore  
The wreck of Herculanean lore,  
What rapture! could ye seize  
Some Theban fragment, or unroll  
One precious tender-hearted scroll  
Of pure Simonides.”—

—So exclaims the purest and greatest of our living poets. But were it ours to summon the libraries of Herculaneum to render up their dead, we could conceive ourselves hesitating for a moment between love for the works of art of the ancients and curiosity as to their common life—and doubting whether to raise up again some record stamped with the universality of genius, or preferably some fugitive scrap, or excerpt from a young lady's correspondence, showing what Lyce had to say to Næra touching the new chlamys of Varus, or the toga virilis of Telephus, or telling how Septimius had detected Lydia, and pronounced against her the ‘*Res tuas tibi habeto*,’ and the ‘*Exi oculis oculis*’ with which a Roman flirt was rejected upon the wide world. We should doubt whether not to bring to life, in preference to the precious scroll from the pen of Simonides, a Roman novel, if such there were,—a reflection of the volatile peculiarities of the age, which by setting forth the details of the lives of private men, their social transactions, their relations with each other, their talk, their sports, their feelings, might lighten up for us those ancient modes of existence of which our knowledge is so indistinct, and be as it were a torch carried before us amongst the ruins of Time. We can conjure up something like a picture of the senator, the military commander, or the demagogue; but we stand greatly in need of a sort of knowledge which is gone past redemption, to make us feel that we can conceive anything vividly and with the sense of reality concerning the private gentleman, the common-place member of society, the average man of antiquity; or concerning what may be called the hero of private life—the De Vere, the Trevelyan, or the Dacre of the days of old.

When the present time shall be ancient, will its fashionable novels have wholly perished? Will its newspapers altogether escape the researches of the antiquary? Will the common life of our age be no more distinctly perceived in a remote retrospect than that of older times is by us? The ‘hireling print devoted to the Court’ in which Puddingfield read the announcement of the signature of Magna Charta, ‘when messengers were instantly dispatched

dispatched to Cardinal Pandulfo, and their Majesties, after partaking of a cold collation, returned to Windsor, and the extract of a letter from Egham, which Beefington found in the same journal, are, alas! the only things of the kind which remain to us from the middle ages; and though hireling prints and letters from Egham might not be so plentiful in those days as they are at present, yet there must have been an abundance of scattered writings connected with private life, and giving token of the times, of which, so far as the earlier of the middle ages is concerned, hardly a specimen remains. We are apprehensive, therefore, that despite the press and all the efforts which it makes—

• ‘To give

To fluent operations a fixed shape,’

the every-day life that we are now leading will flow on and lose itself in the past, without leaving any much more durable records of what it was, than those which are written in the running stream. If, however, any of these chronicles of fugitive manners and customs were to be built up like a coin or medal at the foundation of some edifice, so to transmit a memorial of our manners to a later time, those manners could not be found in any more vividly or more faithfully portrayed than in ‘Dacre.’

Before we go farther, we have a trifling matter of controversy to adjust with the accomplished person to whom this book is attributed. In an article upon fashionable novels in a former number, we ventured to allege that fashionable life does not present a very interesting aspect of human nature, and that the stronger affections and profounder passions of men are to be found more abundantly in rural retirement; and we quoted Dr. Johnson and the shepherd in Virgil in support of the assertion, that Love is a native of the rocks. We are thus contradicted:—

‘There have been some who think that love is a native of the rocks; but its birth-place matters little, when once it is called into being, for it can thrive alike wherever it is transplanted. It shrouds itself in an atmosphere of its own creation, and sees the surrounding objects through the medium of its own fanciful halo. The existence of colour depends not more on the rays of the sun, than depends the hue which is lent to all that is external, upon the internal feelings of the mind. The bustling scenes of gaiety may appear ill suited to the indulgence of deep feeling; yet the mind which is preoccupied by one absorbing thought has not only an inward attraction that bids defiance to the intrusions of others, but has even the power of converting into aliment all that should tend to destroy its force. The crowds that pass before the eyes of a lover seem but as a procession of which his mistress is the queen. If he talks to another, it is to listen to the welcome



welcome theme of her praise from the voice of partial friendship ; and if the actions of others ever attract his attention, it is to observe, with the jealous watchfulness of a lover, the manner and reception of those whom he regards as rivals.'—*Dacre*, vol. i. pp. 120-1.

And elsewhere we are informed, that under the smooth varnish of social politeness, and in the unromantic scenes of gay frivolity which the nineteenth century yearly exhibits in a luxurious and civilized metropolis, every variety of human passion is to be found in the same force as in the age of chivalry itself ; ' for though that age is past,' says the authoress, ' the age of nature and of feeling remains.'

From the time when we first took a pen in our hands, we have never felt a pleasure in being contradicted ; and now that we have grown old and rigid in our ways of thinking, we cannot get over these passages. When we said that other times and places were more favourable for the growth of the feelings than a fashionable drawing-room of our days, we spoke expressly of the more fixed affections and the profounder passions. Now it is not to the maxim which affirms the perennial character of nature and feeling that we will yield this opinion. We do not deny—never meant to deny—that there may be animating hopes, sentimental sorrows, outbreaks of passion, smiles, tears, hysterics, in as large a proportion amongst sofas and ottomans, as in any ' antre vast or desert wild' that ever existed. Moreover, they may be as lively and passionate while they last—but it is not in the nature of things that they should be as fixed and profound. A rapid presentation of new objects will of necessity accelerate the succession of the feelings. It is impossible that, under such circumstances, the character should acquire the strength which is imparted to it by uninterrupted, undivided, habitual and rooted affections. It is impossible that the affections should acquire the stability which strength of character can alone impart. The despair of May 1834, suffered by Lady Emmeline Errant of Curzon Street, because Lord Thistledown left her off, may be as great perhaps as that of Mistress Milicent Mowbray, whose lover was killed in a tournament of 1434 ;—but Mistress Milicent's would be an affair of two or three years, whereas in Lady Emmeline's case, *sal volatile* and a new object would usher her into the ' genial month of June' in a genial frame of mind, bearing no marks of the casualty.

Human nature, it is commonly said, is the same in all ages and places. In these current sayings there is generally much truth involved, and but little discrimination. It might be said with as much of truth (both dogmata being partially true), that human nature is different in all ages and places—

Once

'Once in the flight of ages past  
There lived a man: and who was he?  
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,  
That man resembled thee.'

That is, the universal elements of humanity (so exquisitely touched and summed up in the beautiful poem from which we quote) did as certainly exist in that man as in any.

'Unknown the region of his birth,  
The land in which he died unknown:  
His name has perished from the earth—  
This truth survives alone:

'That joy and grief, and hope and fear,  
Alternate triumphed in his breast:  
His bliss and woe—a smile—a tear!  
Oblivion hides the rest.

'The bounding pulse, the languid limb,  
The changing spirits' rise and fall;  
We know that these were felt by him,  
For these are felt by all.

'He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;  
Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;  
Had friends—his friends are now no more;  
And foes—his foes are dead.

'He loved—but whom he loved, the grave  
Hath lost in its unconscious womb.  
Oh! she was fair—but nought could save  
Her beauty from the tomb.

'He saw whatever thou hast seen\*;  
Encountered all that troubles thee;  
He was—whatever thou hast been;  
He is—what thou shalt be.

'The rolling seasons, day and night,  
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,  
Erewhile his portion, life and light,  
To him exist in vain.

'The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye  
That once their shades and glory threw,  
Have left in yonder silent sky  
No vestige where they flew.

'The annals of the human race,  
Their ruins, since the world began,  
Of him afford no other trace  
Than this—THERE LIVED A MAN!'

These

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\* 'The Common Lot,' by the poet Montgomery. We mean, of course, the individual

These stanzas, which, with some little allowance for poetical license in the seventh, are as true as they are beautiful, go far to exhaust the generic attributes of man. But when we pass to the different species and classes, though in none is any elementary quality absolutely extinct, yet do we assuredly find some, even of the *most* elementary qualities, sensibly modified and subdued. The human nature of Mayfair is still human nature no doubt, and passions will come of it as the sparks fly upward; but the form which is there given to the element is more that of the fireworks than of the furnace.

The authoress of 'Dacre' deals with humanity under these forms—imparting, however, to the lovers of her creation, the constancy and ardour, which she insists upon extending to fashionable life. Though we dissent from the general opinion, we do not object, of course, to individuals in the class being supposed to be exceptions, or to the endowment of those individuals, in order to make heroes and heroines of them, with qualities which, though not characteristic of their class, are not certainly *absolutely* incompatible with such a situation in life.

The hero and heroine of this novel—along with their ardour and constancy, and their other virtues—have each a conspicuous failing; and the masculine and feminine fault alternately operate to the creation of the perplexities with which the course of their true love is troubled. Dacre is proud; Lady Emily Somers carries the principle of filial duty to a weak excess.

The pride which shrinks from pressing a suit or declaring a passion, lest a refusal should follow, is very properly represented as belonging to the character of a man who has been brought up in fashionable society, and continues to move in it. Love and self-love are pretty fairly matched in such men, and the most amorous of them are, perhaps, less vulnerable through their affections than through their vanity. In every class of life it may be expected that a man who is in love and in doubt will be slow to bring his case to an open issue, so long as he conceives that he may steal a march upon his object by delay. It may also be expected that the fear of a wound to his affections may make a timid man slow; and if he were generously in love, he might be of the same mind with the unfortunate lover of Fair Helen of Kirconnel, and think the time was 'a' weel spent,' whatever the issue might be; but when no further progress can be made in a woman's good graces, and when the lover is sufficiently assured that further time must be spent to no purpose, the reasonable course

individual properly designated Montgomery, and, properly also, designated a poet; not the Mr. Gomery who assumed the affix of 'Mont,' and, through the aid of certain newspapers, has coupled his name with divers other additions not less factitious.

would

would seem to be, to clear up the question, and make an end of it. Whether a man takes the lingering course, however, or the resolute one, his love may be equally the prevailing impulse; but when, as in the case of *Dacre*, he abandons the pursuit, and retires from the field, it cannot be the fear of a defeat to his affection that deters him from declaring himself, because he could not be in a worse position upon that point than the one to which he withdraws; and it must be the discomfiture of his pride, therefore, which he fears,—the wound to his vanity which would be inflicted by his defeat becoming known to society. This is the natural weakness of a man of the world, and is dexterously made use of to torment the hearts of these fashionable lovers.

The weakness of Lady Emily Somers is not so characteristic of the time and class as that of the hero. We are not addicted in these days to the *superstitions* of filial duty, yet there may be found amongst us, though rarely, views of that duty which deserve the name,—such sentiments as were felt in their full force in the days of *Clarissa Harlowe*. The principles which were commonly inculcated in those days seemed to assume the infallibility of parents—to forget that fathers and mothers might happen to be villains or fools, and to exact the same blind obedience on the part of any given offspring to any given individuals standing to them in the parental relation. ‘We would obey her, though she were ten times our mother,’ says *Hamlet*, thrown upon the reverse of the natural sentiment, by a sense of the ridicule of making that sentiment irrespective of persons, and binding under all circumstances. The just view of the filial obligation in the case of adult offspring—the view which, being just, is therefore of the highest morality,—would never fail to take into account the comparative reasoning powers and virtuous dispositions of the parties. Habit will produce in the well-disposed as much of a leaning towards a coincidence of judgment with their parents, as is right or desirable in such persons; and if to habit be added a prejudice and a superstition, the effect will be to cramp the energies of independent minds, and to tempt others with the offer of an easy escape from the duties and difficulties of life. ‘This world would not be the world of trial it is said to be—trial to the understanding as well as the heart—if we could be acquitted of our responsibility by simple submission—if we were not bound to think and act for ourselves even against the will or judgment of the best of parents. Even when submission implies the greatest self-sacrifice, it is not necessarily on that account the highest act of duty. Our highest duty is to keep our minds free, our hearts fresh, our spirits healthy, our energies alive—to let no fortitude be misemployed, no sufferings be wasted. In respect to the real duty

duty of self-sacrifice, to the question when it is a duty and when not, Simeon Stilites did not fall into a greater mistake than Lady Emily Somers. It was a mistake, however, not unbecoming a heroine, and it is turned to good account in sustaining the interest of the novel.

We will extract another incidental passage, because it contains an opinion to which we cannot assent:—

‘There are, perhaps, not more than two things in this world in which women can be even supposed to have an advantage over men: they are not expected to fight duels, and they are allowed the enjoyment of an endless variety of finger work. They are never obliged to give their friends and acquaintance, who have had the pleasure of saying an ill-natured thing, the still further satisfaction of shooting them through the heart on a cold winter’s morning; and when they have nothing to think about, or wish to get rid of the thoughts they have, down they sit, and resigning their whole souls to the cares of cross-stitch and tent-stitch, embroidery and tambour, bead-work and braiding, knitting and netting, chain-stitch and gobble-stitch, hemming and sewing, they beguile in busy idleness the tedium of vacuity or depression. Far other is the case of men. Drawing and cherry-nets are their only resource—for the former, there too often lacks the needful supply of talent—for the latter, alas! the encouragement of a sufficient demand; and then they are reduced to conscious idleness.’—vol. ii. pp. 40, 41.

This statement appears to us to be rather plausible than correct. Without affecting to speak as practical men concerning knitting and netting, or to have at any time given our minds to chain-stitch and gobble-stitch, we must, nevertheless, hazard an opinion upon them; and our theory is, that these manual and sedentary occupations tend more than anything else to abandon the mind to desultory musings—if in a state of indifference—or if otherwise, to the domination of a ruling subject of thought, whether pleasurable or painful. Boccaccio has compared the condition of men with that of women in a state of love-melancholy, and considers, as we do, that men have greatly the advantage.

‘Ed se per quegli alcuna malinconia mossa da focoso disio sopravviene nelle lor menti, in quelle conviene che con grave noia si dimori . . . ilche degl’ innamorati huomini non’ aviene, si come noi possiamo apertamente vedere. Essi, se alcuna malinconia o gravezza di pensieri gli affligge, hanno molti modi da alleggiare, o da passar quella, perciò, che allor, volendo essi, non manca l’andar attorno, udire ed vedere molte cose, uccellare, cacciare, pescare, cavalcare, giocare, o mercatare. De quali modi ciascuno ha forza di trarre, o in tutta o in parte, l’animo a se, e dal noioso pensiero rimuoverlo almeno per alcuno spatio di tempo; appresso il quale, con un modo o con altro, o consolation sopravviene, o diventa la noia minore.’—*Prohem. al Dec.*

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In these latter days, however, one change has taken place which tends to redress the balance. The resource of the needle was as open to love-lorn woman in the fourteenth century as it is at present; but there is one resource—that of reading, which was not; and it is our belief that the women of the present age have the advantage in this particular, not only over the women of preceding generations, but over the men of their own. We believe that there are at present far more men than women who are not readers, and that many men are driven to read chiefly because, for the sake of conversing with women, they find it necessary to make themselves acquainted with the books which are their topics. As to the kind and quality of this female reading, we have every disposition to preserve a courteous silence; but speaking of the *extent*, we have no hesitation in saying that the average of female reading has outgrown the average of male.

If the light remark, to which we have been taking an exception, be not altogether correct, there are many in these volumes more seriously made, which are just and pregnant, and afford evidence of a thoughtful insight into the feelings and ways of mankind.

‘Whether I shall ever succeed in being useful, is, I fear, very doubtful,’ says Dacre; ‘but I have determined not to be idle. *A lonely man, like me, cannot afford to despise himself.*’

In these few words how much is said, and how much more is suggested, concerning some of the best uses of adversity!

Before we quit the subject, we ought to observe, that there is a faultlessness in point of taste, and an ease and lightness of style in this novel, which are well suited to represent the agreeable gracefulness of the society in which its scenes are laid. The characters are numerous and life-like, and, without being violently contrasted, are diversified and stand in free relief from each other; and there is a knowledge of the component parts of society in high life, and an insight into the working of that complex machine, which could only be the result of an acute and discriminating faculty of observation, exercised upon the largest specimen of a society—say rather of a cluster of interpenetrated societies—which the world affords,—the metropolitan society of England; those of its circles, that is, which are considered to constitute what is commonly called ‘*good society*’—*ista colluvies vitiorum!*

The ‘TWO OLD MEN’S TALES’ are likewise by a Lady; though, after much controversy, the belief seems to have prevailed, almost universally, that the book was masculine. These stories are of a totally different class and design from those which have been so plentifully produced of late years—the representation of  
manners

manners being here merely incidental, the representation of feelings essential and predominant. The authoress has courage enough and a sufficiently ardent imagination to plunge deep into romance, with the assurance that a glowing fancy and the energy of passion will carry her through all difficulties. The romantic colouring does not consist in the manners, customs, and costume of either of her stories being other than those of the age we live in; but is thrown over them by the representation of highly-wrought sensibilities and of tragic or extraordinary events. Upon us the impression of these tales was such as we recollect to have received from the novels which we stole and secretly read in the days of our boyhood; we found them interesting and affecting to a degree which made us begin again to think that the serious occupations of life were weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, compared with that of reading novels. With that power by which a writer can reach the heart of a reader, it is plain that this authoress is eminently endowed.

For the rest, her characters are few and distinct, her conceptions, though free, compact; and there is a clear decisiveness of purpose in the conduct of her narratives, which makes the reader feel that there is nothing for him to do but to go along with her. As to style there is some want of art, but none of vigour; devices are prodigally employed, which practice and consideration would teach her to employ sparingly; but this is evidently not from any defect of resources, but because she has not been led to perceive that certain favourite forms of rhetorical or colloquial phraseology (that of emphasis by iteration, for instance) require to be taken care of, with a view to preserve their force and freshness. But these faults are few and immaterial; they would hardly be perceived on the first perusal; and the novel which obtains a second must have merits by which any such faults of style are amply redeemed.

ART. XI.—*Origines Biblicæ; or Researches on Primeval History.* By Charles Tiltstone Beke. London. 1834.

THE author of this volume has, we doubt not, wrought himself into a serious belief in the truth of his theories; nor, considering the suspended state of biblical learning, as concerns the Old Testament, in this country, are we at all surprised that they should have made some impression upon 'the reading public.' But we must express our own honest conviction that, where these subjects have been more fully investigated, and command more interest among scholars, if Mr. Beke should obtain a hearing, he is little likely to acquire converts. The system  
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of our author is altogether subversive of the established notions of early, indeed of later Scriptural geography. As a religious question, this is unimportant. Though we acknowledge our unwillingness to dis sever the very remarkable connexion which has always appeared to us to subsist between the earliest profane history, or tradition, particularly that of ancient Egypt, with the sacred records, we trust that we have no prejudice which may not be wrested from us by the strong arm of truth; and we should be ready to surrender this deep-rooted feeling to solid and sufficient argument. On such subjects we can apprehend no danger from the freest inquiry, or even the most paradoxical novelty of opinion. It is purely a question of the *interpretation* (we wish this distinction were constantly kept in view during the discussion of such matters), not of the *authority* of the sacred writings; an examination into the real meaning, not into the credibility of the sacred writer. To those who have read the work of Mr. Beke, this declaration would be quite unnecessary: we have made it in order to guard him *in limine* from being the victim of that jealous sensitiveness which trembles at the slightest departure from the prevailing opinion, even on points totally disconnected with religious doctrine; and to disclaim, on our own part, the slightest participation in these illiberal and unworthy arts of controversy. He asserts, and the whole tone of his volume confirms, his sincere reverence for the sacred writings, to the truth and authority of which he is persuaded that he is rendering valuable service by his own new, and, as it seems to us, fantastic arrangement of the early geography of the world. His views concerning the inspiration of the Scriptures, although he believes the Book of Genesis to have been compiled, in part, from pre-existing documents, might satisfy the most rigid orthodoxy; and he disclaims with great earnestness not merely all connexion with, but even all knowledge of the Rationalist School of Germany.

Now we may respect the prudent timidity with which Mr. Beke has scrupled to venture his faith in the inspiration of the Scriptures in such dangerous society—yet we cannot but think that he would have conducted his argument, if indeed he had written his book at all, much more to the satisfaction of well-informed and scholar-like readers, if he had enlarged the sphere of his reading in that quarter. We do not urge Milton's bold and characteristic argument, not merely for unlicensed printing, but for the indiscriminate reading of all works, whatever their tendency:—'I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where the immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.' Still for an author, and an author



author on a subject of pure erudition, to refuse all communion with one great class of writers who have discussed the subjects on which he treats with most penetrating sagacity, with unwearied diligence, with the full command of all the sources of information, and an intimate acquaintance not with one but with the whole family of Eastern languages, because their theological system is erroneous or imperfect, betrays a pusillanimity of faith somewhat mistrustful of the power and stability of divine truth. Nor is there less ignorance than timidity in this indiscriminate proscription of German biblical learning. If the cautious inquirer will scruple to commune with Bauer or with Eichhorn—if he denies himself the rich treasures of the one great philological and critical commentary on the Old Testament, that of Rosenmüller—the writings of Michaelis, however in some respects more free and curious than suits our present rigid tone of writing on such subjects, might have been consulted by the most diffident and scrupulous Christian writer. To such an inquiry the ‘*Spicilegium Geographiæ externæ Hebræorum post Bochartum*,’ with the Epistles of J. Reinhold Forster, is indispensable. From the more learned German writers Mr. Beke would have derived another most essential advantage; he would have seen the necessity of a much more profound and laborious preparation for such a work, of more copious and general reading, of a more critical and extensive acquaintance with the genius and the structure of the Eastern languages. We are constrained to observe, that on many important points, vitally connected with his whole system, he has contented himself with very hasty and second-hand information. His learning is too much that of modern compilations, and derived from the elementary books with which our recent literature swarms. He has seldom consulted, and still more seldom deliberately investigated, the original authorities. The whole theory of hieroglyphic interpretation, as commenced by Dr. Young, followed out with such apparently brilliant success by Champollion, by his scholar Rosellini, by our own countrymen Messrs. Burton and Wilkinson, and which involves the whole of his extraordinary hypothesis of the situation of the Scriptural Mizraim, is dismissed by Mr. Beke with a reference to one single *English review* of M. Klaproth’s hostile essay. That every opinion of M. Klaproth deserves the most serious consideration,—that all his doubts as to the reality and extent of the modern discoveries demand the most patient hearing, we fully admit; but among the claims which the system of phonetic interpretation advances upon our attention, by no means the least remarkable is the manner in which the monumental history of Egypt, which it traces, harmonizes with and illustrates the history of the Old Testament.

tament. Mr. Beke may intend to discuss these matters at greater length, and with more profound inquiry, in a second volume; but we must fairly warn him, that unless he succeeds, not merely in detecting inaccuracies and contradictions among the hieroglyphic interpreters—a task by no means difficult as respects a writer so much too rapid and brilliant for the laborious career of antiquarianism as Champollion himself—but in disproving—in utterly razing to the ground—the whole series of facts developed in that most curious volume, the ‘*Monumenti Storici*’ of Rosellini, he will still find us hardened unbelievers. To Rosellini's work we shall probably, before long, direct our readers' attention; in the mean time we cannot but suspect that Mr. Beke will find it difficult to elude the very curious coincidences between the words and titles decyphered in the least doubtful hieroglyphic inscriptions, and those in the Hebrew text: he will find more serious impediments than he has contemplated, to the establishment of his original indeed, but in our opinion monstrous, hypothesis of a new kingdom of the Mitzraim in the barren and waterless desert between the two arms of the Red Sea, and occupying the space between Egypt and Palestine.

The following statement of Mr. Beke comprehends the chief points in which he differs materially from the earlier writers on the Geography of the Old Testament. The Jews, according to our author—and, no doubt, so far he is in the right—during the later distracted periods of their kingdom, and the Babylonian captivity, with their reverence for the sacred volume, had lost much of their knowledge of its true meaning. ‘At this time (he broadly says) the geographical information of the Israelites must, like *all other* knowledge retained by them, have been reduced to the *lowest ebb*.’ On the return from the captivity, when the vigour of the ancient religion revived, and the study of their Scriptures became more zealous and profound, the Jews—

‘Assumed the authority of determining the sites of the countries and places which were so interesting to them, as recorded in or connected with their national history. In doing so they were aided, no doubt, in many instances by the natural localities, by architectural remains, and by other distinguishing marks; but in the far greater number of cases they must have been left to their own deductions from the Sacred Writings; which deductions would have been founded, in great measure, upon the perverted and erroneous notions of history and geography which they had either acquired in the countries of their captivity, or adopted from the Egyptians and Greeks with whom they were now brought into immediate contact.

‘The following remarkable instances of this process of error may be adduced to illustrate the position thus asserted:—The national vanity of the Babylonians having led them, by a corruption and perversion

version of the only true history, to attribute the foundation of their capital to Nimrod, and to assert that the tower of Babel was erected in the place where Babylon stood—the Jews adopted this erroneous notion during their captivity, and retained and perpetuated it after their return from Babylon into their native country : So the name of Syria, which in the first instance was applied to Aram or Coelosyria alone, having under the Greeks, received so extensive a signification as to include Mesopotamia also, the Jews in like manner extended the application of the name of Aram ; and hence Mesopotamia was conceived to represent the country of Padan Aram, in which was situate Haran the dwelling-place of the family of Têrah, the father of Abraham.—The Scriptural country of Mizraim, also, having by the fulfilment of prophecy become “ the basest of the kingdoms,” and being in fact merged in its powerful neighbour the *Egypt* of profane history, the Jews of Alexandria, who knew of no other kingdom in that direction than the mighty monarchy of the *Ptolemies*, regarded those princes as the successors and representatives of the *Pharaohs*, and Egypt itself as the country which had been “ the land of bondage” of their forefathers.’—pp. 9, 10.

Now, the first thing that strikes us in this bold statement is the utter inadequacy of the hypothesis to account for the facts, as well as the extreme improbability of the facts themselves. What valid authority have we that the Babylonians *did* attribute the foundation of their capital to Nimrod?—that the name of Nimrod appeared in their accredited authorities, or *was* identified with any of their famous ancestors? Did they derive all their knowledge of the ‘Mighty Hunter’ from the records of their oppressed and despised slaves? Themselves soaring in their monstrous astronomical fictions, to an antiquity which would make them look on Nimrod as a man of yesterday, and reduce the longest chronology of the Jewish Scriptures to a narrow and contemptible fragment of one of their immense cycles, did their ‘national vanity’ condescend to derive honour from the supposed accordance of their own traditions with those of the Israelites? The same links of evidence are wanting as to the Tower of Babel. Had the Babylonians any original tradition of this event?—was it floating among the mythic legends disseminated throughout the whole East, and in which, though of doubtful date, yet apparently of very high antiquity, we trace, as in those of the Flood, a dim resemblance to those recorded in the Old Testament? Did they derive all their belief on the subject from their intercourse with the Jews during the captivity? If the tradition was of ancient date, already incorporated into the national annals, its locality already fixed, it is quite conceivable that it should have gained full possession of the popular belief; and even that some vast mass of shapeless ruin—some *Birs Nimrud*, like that

that in which, to the present day, the superstitious Arab beholds the immemorial vestige of divine wrath—should have been invested with the awful and mysterious majesty of the heaven-blasted Tower of Babel. But unless the tradition was thus domiciliated, and had gained a local habitation—if it was only borrowed at a later period from the Jewish annals,—an event so inseparably connected with the divine displeasure was not that which national vanity, in its wildest and most fantastic mood, would choose forcibly to enshrine in the annals of the country; the pride of ancestry would not have been flattered by a descent from forefathers of such awful impiety. We think that we could help Mr. Beke to a much more rational hypothesis on his own side of the question. It is well known to scholars, who have investigated the later opinions on this subject, that Eichhorn called in question the derivation of Babel (Babylon) from the Hebrew word signifying ‘confusion,’ an etymology which requires the addition of an *l*. He suggested rather its origin in two Arabic words, signifying the ‘gate or city of Bel,’ the first monarch, or the god of the Babylonian empire. The Jews of the captivity, from the similarity, or rather the identity of the name of the city of the great Bel with the Babel of Nimrod in their own sacred writings, might naturally suppose the identity of the cities themselves. Nothing, according to the writer of the recent ‘History of the Jews,’ could present a more striking and overpowering contrast than

‘their national Temple—a small but highly-finished and richly-adorned fabric, standing in the midst of its courts on the brow of a lofty precipice, and the colossal temple of the Chaldean Bel rising from the plain, with its eight stupendous stories or towers, one above the other, to the perpendicular height of a furlong.’—*Hist. of Jews*, vol. ii. p. 1.

In their mighty conquerors, therefore, the awe-struck imagination of the Jews would recognize, as it were, the lineal descendants of the giants which ‘were in those days;’ and in the structures of such stupendous, such oppressive, such hitherto unconceived vastness and height, raised, as they were, to idolatrous worship, they would trace, if not the completion of that impious edifice, which was built, that its ‘top might reach to heaven,’ at least works planned and executed in the same gigantic spirit of defiance and rivalry against the Most High. To this conjecture, in our judgment far less improbable than his own, Mr. Beke is welcome; for our own part, we see no reason for departing from the common opinion.

The manner in which our author accounts for the extension of the name of Aram to Mesopotamia is equally unsatisfactory with

this first part of his Babylonian hypothesis. Because the Greeks extended the name of Syria from a district to a province, (if indeed they did so,) the Jews who, at least those of Palestine, had little connexion till a late period with the Greeks, gave a similar extent to another name! With regard to the Egypt of the Scripture, as from the days of their father Abraham, down to the present, in which Cairo and Alexandria swarm with Jews, there seems to have been a constant, and in general, intimate connexion between the two countries, interrupted only by short periods; as the learned Jews of Alexandria were engaged in the fiercest antiquarian disputes with the Græco-Egyptians—in which the Egyptian polemics accused the Jews of being descended from a race of filthy lepers, whom their ancestors were glad to cast forth from amongst them—while the Jews retorted, by boasting the manner in which their God had led them out 'with a high hand:' it is somewhat unaccountable, that it never occurred to either party that the Jews never had been in *Egypt* at all, and that the real kingdom of the *Egyptian Pharaohs* is scarcely mentioned in the Old Testament.

We shall confine our observations chiefly to these main points, without detaining our reader with Mr. Beke's theory of the dispersion of the nations during the flood. But even in this, an axiom which we venture to lay down, has been constantly present to our minds. Next to the accurate knowledge of what is contained in the Scripture, the most valuable is that of what is not. There is a kind of cabbalism constantly at work, which is discovering not mysteries in the letters, but a whole series of historical facts in the simplest and plainest sentence; while, at the same time, those who are fond of framing such theories, possess a singular facility of overlooking clear and indisputable circumstances which are adverse or fatal to their views. Take the following passage as an example:—

'First, then, the place where the ark rested on the mountains of Ararat must have been at or near the highest point of them; for it was two months and fourteen days, *i.e.* from the seventh—[*lege* seventeenth]—day of the seventh month to the first day of the tenth month after, the ark had so rested, before the tops of the mountains were seen by Noah. We may further reasonably assume, that the descent from the ark to the valley below was easy and without difficulties or impediments, since we may rest satisfied that through the goodness of God it could not have been otherwise. That the resting-place was not in the pent-up valley of any lateral stream may also, I think, not unfairly be assumed. Notwithstanding the resignation of the righteous Noah, and his implicit confidence in that Almighty Providence which had so miraculously preserved him from the destruction which had overwhelmed the rest of the human race, we may yet conceive

ceive that the weakness of human nature would not have permitted his faith and resignation to be at all times entirely perfect. How deep, then, must have been his despair, if, on leaving the ark, he had found himself in the valley of some secondary stream, surrounded by mountains, with the prospect confined, and nothing cheering to direct him as to the course he was to take! • But if we assume the place of the ark's stranding to have been upon a mountain within view of the open and wide-spreading valley of the Euphrates, then indeed might the patriarch and his family have had reason to rejoice; for their confidence in that Almighty Power which had so long preserved them would have been confirmed, and they would have been encouraged unhesitatingly to descend, and to take possession of the earth which had been restored to them. It is not, however, absolutely necessary to suppose that the ark rested on an eminence commanding the valley of the Euphrates itself, since the valley of some principal branch of that river would probably have answered the purpose equally well with that of the main stream.

• It may be asserted with still greater confidence, that the ark must have rested on the western side of the mountain, or, at least, that the descent from it took place in that direction. The time when God commanded Noah and his family "to go forth of the ark," could only have been in the early morning; and the first act of the patriarch was to build an altar unto the Lord, and to offer burnt offerings, which he doubtless accompanied with thanksgivings for his deliverance, and prayers for his future protection. *From the Ark*—that is, towards the west—would the faces of Noah and his sons have been turned in thus offering their sacrifice to the Almighty; and in that direction, whilst the morning sun threw its enlivening beams over the smiling face of the regenerated world, would they have beheld the beauteous token of the "everlasting covenant [then made] between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth."—pp. 37, 38.

On what intimation, either direct or indirect, in the narrative in the Book of Genesis, rests half this most circumstantial and not unsanciful detail? Why is all the unlading of the ark, with all its animals, as well as human inhabitants, crowded into a few hours? Why *must* Noah have left the ark early in the morning? Why must he have looked toward the west? Why must the sign of the rainbow have appeared on the day when, or even within many days after, Noah left the ark? The first impression from the narrative in Genesis is certainly that it was not immediate. As to the patriarch's despair at finding himself imprisoned in a narrow, pent-up valley, our author has overlooked two material points. The world was not new to Noah, however its face might be altered. Mr. Beke himself has argued with considerable plausibility against the philosophical notion that man rose progressively from a state of the

lowest barbarism. Those who admit, with the sacred volume, that Noah was the second parent of the human race, must likewise acknowledge, that the patriarch and his family must have been well acquainted with the arts, inventions, and general civilization, whatever it might be, of the antediluvian period. If 'Noah, then, and the seven other persons saved in the ark, were members of an artificial, and, most probably, a highly advanced state of society,' were they likely to be alarmed at finding themselves in a confined valley, 'even if this valley was to all appearance as completely mountain-locked as that of Prince Rasselas in Abyssinia? And would not the wild animals, bounding away, or speeding about in the lightsome joy of freedom from their long confinement, or in search of fresh pasture, by their rapid disappearance have shown at once that the boundaries were not insuperable?

We revert to the first of the three questions which we proposed to examine—the position of the Tower of Babel, as described in the Book of Genesis, on the site of the Babylon of Oriental history. Mr. Beke advances an argument, certainly conclusive, if supported by satisfactory evidence. The plain of Babylon, according to this theory, was not even an unwholesome swamp, unsuited to the habitation of man, and unlikely therefore to be chosen as a dwelling place by the new founders of the human race, but *actually covered by the Persian Gulf*. Mr. Beke adduces, to support this hypothesis, the authority of some modern geologists, a very doubtful passage of Nearchus, and a statement of Pliny, in our opinion so extravagant as to labour under strong suspicion either of corruption in the text or inaccuracy in the author. There is every probability that, as in all the rivers which flow from Central Asia towards the Indian Ocean, vast accretions of land have taken place at the embouchures of those streams which discharge themselves into the head of the Persian Gulf. In the opinion of Mr. Lyell adduced by Mr. Beke, the union of the Tigris and Euphrates must undoubtedly have been one of the comparatively modern geographical changes on our earth. But Mr. Lyell always tempers his boldness of speculation with the caution of a philosopher; and for those *vaster changes* which have taken place upon the surface of our planet, however he may trace their 'progressive development to existing causes, he would require, we suspect, periods not merely extending far above any historical era, but even far above the existence of the human race. Mr. Beke's is the first attempt to reconstruct history on the principles of the young science of geology; but if historical speculation allies itself with science, it must submit to all the severe rules of scientific disquisition. It must take nothing for granted; it must not be content with sketching on a map the probable

probable line of coast which it may choose to assign, to the Persian Gulf or any other body of water. It must not only enlarge, if necessary, the borders of the received chronology, but be in possession of accurate geological information as to the nature of the dry land which it thus converts into sea. When Mr. Lyell, or some other equally observant and highly gifted geologist, shall have surveyed the whole of this tract, and, on his geological responsibility, shall have—established we will not say—but found reasonable grounds for conjecture, that at the date assumed by Mr. Beke the sea did advance so far inland, we shall bow to his authority.

Let us then examine the passages adduced from ancient writers in favour of this theory, which would carry the Persian Gulf, according to our author's map, not only above the conflux of the Euphrates and the Tigris, but at least 300 miles in a straight line inland. Nearchus states the distance from Babylon to the sea, at the time of his voyage, as 3300 stadia, or little more than 200 miles, while the actual distance from Hillah is at least 300. From hence Mr. Beke would infer that, since the time of Alexander, the sea has receded 100 miles. 'But,' observes Dr. Vincent, '3300 stadia (of sixteen to a mile) make little more than 200 miles English; the real distance by the river is more than 400 miles. But may not Nearchus calculate this distance in stadia of *eight* to a mile?' On this doubt of a most erudite geographer, so fatal to his theory, Mr. Beke observes, that 'the accuracy of the mode thus adopted by the learned translator, and by geographers generally, of reconciling apparent discrepancies in the works of ancient writers, by varying the standard of measurement, may legitimately be questioned.' Is then Mr. Beke prepared to show that one uniform stadium was adopted by ancient writers? or to solve upon any other hypothesis the countless contradictions which are found in the writings not merely of the Greek and Roman historians, but of the geographers themselves, and which have perplexed and often baffled the D'Anvilles, the Gosselins, the Rennells, and the Mannerts of modern days?

The passage of Pliny relates to the site of the city of Charax, on the confluence of the Tigris and the Eulæus; and it observes Mr. Beke, not merely establishes the fact, that 'nowhere were new lands formed more quickly, or in greater quantities,' but would also seem to determine the actual rate at which the Persian Gulf had been filled up during the four hundred years immediately preceding Pliny's own time. 'Alexandria (on the site of which Charax afterwards stood), having been built by Alexander the Great, at the distance of ten stadia only from the sea, on which it had



had a maritime port—whilst in *Juba's* time it was but 50,000 paces, or about fifty miles—was in Pliny's own time as much as 120,000 paces, or about 120 miles, from the sea.' This is a remarkable passage: let us investigate it a little more closely. Between the time of Juba and that of the elder Pliny, we cannot allow more than seventy years. Juba, when quite a boy, was led in the triumph of Julius Cæsar upon the defeat of his father, and exchanged the wild freedom of a barbaric Numidian prince for the happier station of literary ease and distinction in Italy: he may be said to have flourished as an author during the reign of Augustus. The date of Pliny's death is well known, the second year of the reign of Titus, in which Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed. The sea, then, according to this statement, must have receded seventy miles in seventy years—a mile in the year. But Mr. Beke is, no doubt, wrong in translating *Jubâ prodente*, 'in Juba's time.' Juba wrote his great work from various authorities, chiefly Carthaginian. It was, as related to the history of Africa, esteemed of the highest authority, and would have been of inestimable value if preserved to modern times. But the Numidian prince appears to have been a very industrious and indefatigable collector. Pliny seems to have known the voyage of Onesicritus and Nearchus only from his report. From which, then, of Juba's various authorities—for there is no reason for supposing that Juba could have possessed any local knowledge of these countries—did he assume the distance of Charax from the sea? Of what date was that authority? Most modern geographers have placed Charax about the distance assigned by Juba from the sea, and have either neglected or mistrusted this passage in Pliny. Some of the authorities adduced by the great naturalist might seem, indeed, to be of no slight weight, particularly the latter; they were ambassadors from Arabia, and merchants trading to those parts. But a most competent judge on such questions has expressed the following opinion on the general trustworthiness of Pliny's geography:—

'To great merits Pliny adds the usual faults of those ardent spirits who would embrace the whole sphere of human knowledge; he often copies instead of analysing, and does not always understand what he copies. Little informed on the comparative length of the different Greek, Egyptian, Babylonian, and other stadia, he calculates all the measures which he finds in his authors at eight stadia to the Roman mile. Hence, for instance, he assigns to Babylon a circuit of sixty Roman miles: these are the Babylonian stadia of Herodotus, reckoned as if they had been Olympic stadia.'—Malte Brun, *Géographie*, vol. i., p. 219.

But Mr. Beke has altogether omitted the strongest argument for

for the identity of the Shinar of the Old Testament, with the plain of Babylon—the nature of the soil, and the abundant supply of those peculiar building materials, which according to the account in Genesis, may have suggested the notion of erecting a vast and lofty edifice with comparatively slight labour and expense. These we know, both from ancient history, and from the enormous masses of ruins which cover the whole district, formed the immense wall and colossal structure of Babylon. It is impossible to read the verses in the book of Genesis, and then turn to the description of Babylon in Herodotus, and not to feel convinced that they relate to the same site. ‘They found a plain in the land of Shinar, and they dwelt there. And they said one to another, Go to, let us make bricks, and burn them thoroughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar.’\* ‘Babylon,’ says Herodotus, ‘is situated in a *great plain*.’ Strabo,† we would here further observe, compares the plain of Babylon to the sea;—‘As to those who travel over vast plains such as that of Babylon, or over the sea, all that is before, and behind, and on every side, is one level.’ ‘The brick walls, the ‘*muri coctiles*,’ of Babylon, may be found in almost every historian, and many of the poets of antiquity; but the two sentences of Herodotus, relating to the building of her walls, might seem almost a paraphrase on Genesis. ‘And when they had drawn out sufficient bricks (from the trench), they baked them in furnaces, and afterwards using for mortar warm *asphaltus*, &c. (bitumen—the word translated *slime*),’ &c., Herod. i. 179. To us, accustomed to dwell in *urbe lateritiâ*, the coincidence is less striking; but both the writer of the book of Genesis and the Grecian historian seem to imply that the extensive use of brick in the Babylonian buildings was something rare and remarkable. The bitumen mortar was no less celebrated and peculiar to the Babylonian structures, though it was probably used subsequently in other cities of the East. Diodorus Siculus describes the supply of bitumen as inexhaustible—not merely sufficient for the enormous edifices of Babylon, but burned for fuel by all classes.

As to the second point upon which Mr. Beke departs from the received geography of the Old Testament—the situation of Padan Aram, or Aram Naharaim, Aram of the two rivers—his arguments are more plausible; as the subject, it has long been admitted, is embarrassed with considerable difficulty. On the whole, however, we are by no means disposed to recede from the usual interpre-

\* Genesis xi. 2, 3.

† “ὡς περ διὰ πιδίαν τοῦσι μεγάλων, οἶον τῶν Βαβυλωνίων, ἢ διὰ πιδάγους, περιστάται τὰ πρὸς πάντα, καὶ τὰ κατόπι, καὶ ἐκ πλαγίων, ἐπίπιδαν.—L. ii. p. 209.

tation, which we think may be maintained with less violence to the text of the Scripture, and harmonizes better with the whole history. Padan Aram has been hitherto considered to be Mesopotamia; the Naharaim, the Euphrates and Tigris. With regard to the latter, it may be admitted, with Mr. Beke, that the term, like the Doab of India, might be applied to any county inclosed within the course of two rivers. Still it would be little likely to be conferred on a district between two such insignificant streams as the Wady Kanoudi and the Wady Lowa, or even that between the Abana and the Pharphar. Mr. Beke must, however, state his own argument.

‘How the site of Haran could have continued during so many ages to be placed within the Mesopotamia of the Greeks is really inconceivable, when we consider the clear and unequivocal distinction between them, which is established by the narration of the proto-martyr Stephen. His words are, “The God of glory appeared unto our father Abraham, *when he was in Mesopotamia, before he dwelt in Charran*, and said unto him, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and come into the land which I shall show thee. Then came he out of the land of the Chaldeans, and dwelt in Charran: and from thence, when his father was dead, he removed him into this land, wherein ye now dwell.” It is manifest from this emphatic statement that Haran was not *within* the land of the Chaldees, or Mesopotamia, and consequently that the latter cannot, by any possibility, be identical with Padan Aram.’—p. 124.

This apparent discrepancy between the speech of Stephen and the text of Genesis has been amply discussed by biblical critics. Yet, for our own part, if their discrepancy were still greater and more evident, it would not in the least perplex our faith. The whole speech of Stephen—the whole view of the history of his forefathers, which it relates with such pregnant brevity, is obviously framed according to the accredited and received notions then prevalent among the Jews.\* It abounds in traditional allusions, which more rigid commentators have employed much unprofitable ingenuity in explaining away. It could not, indeed, in common sense or in real wisdom be otherwise. Had Stephen departed in the least particular from the established views of the early history, as taught by the wise men, the scribes and lawyers of the day, he would have given unnecessary offence; the solemn, all-important, all-absorbing question of the divine mission of Jesus, and the truth of Christianity, would have been in danger of degenerating into, or might have been interrupted by, idle and antiquarian disputes

\* For instance, the Egyptian learning of Moses, and the delivery of the law through the dispensation of angels—a common tenet among the later Jews,

on the interpretation of the text of *Genesis*. The statement of Stephen strictly harmonizes with the prevailing notions of the time, and, indeed, with no great difficulty, may be brought into accordance with the older Scriptures, and this without removing Haran beyond the boundaries of Mesopotamia; though, in fact, the situation of Haran is a question of very slight importance.

The Jews supposed the first call of Abraham to have taken place, not in Haran, but in Ur of the Chaldees. They rested that belief on *Genesis* xv. 7. So in *Nehemiah* ix. 7; and though the general course of the narrative in *Genesis* would lead to the opinion that no call took place till after the first migration to Charran and the death of Terah, yet the description of the call begins, in our version, with the words, 'Now the Lord *had* said unto Abraham,' leaving the date of the transaction indefinite;—and Rosenmüller observes on the Hebrew word—'Dixitque, vel potius, dixerat autem, nempe quum esset in Chaldæâ, priusquam Carras venisset.' That this was the established opinion we have the authority of Philo de Abrahamo, v. ii. p. 11; and of Josephus *Antiq.* i. 7, 1. But the most remarkable evidence that the Jews of the later times, at least, drew a distinction between the land of the Chaldeans and Mesopotamia, though the former must have been comprehended within the latter, is to be found in the Book of Judith\* :—

'This people are descended of the Chaldeans; and they sojourned heretofore in *Mesopotamia*, because they would not follow the gods of their fathers, which are in *Chaldea*. For they left the way of their ancestors and worshipped the God of Heaven, the God whom they knew: so they cast them out from the face of their gods, and they fled into *Mesopotamia*, and sojourned there many days.'—*Judith* v. 6-8.

Mr. Beke is thus mistaken in supposing Mesopotamia and the land of the Chaldeans to be equivalent terms; and the passage in the Book of Judith furnishes the most satisfactory commentary on that in the Acts. Eastern tradition, as preserved by Nicolaus of Damascus, has certainly established Abraham in the neighbourhood of that city: and although there is no direct authority for this, unless with Mr. Beke we make the Damascena Regio, Padan Aram, yet it is by no means inconsistent with the narrative. Abraham, when he began his migratory course towards Canaan, may have rested for a considerable period on his way: the rapid narrative in *Genesis* may have omitted that and other intermediate stages. Nor does Mr. Beke extricate himself with success from the passages in Numbers which describe Balaam as summoned

\* Mr. Beke may mistrust the *Greeks*, of the Book of Judith, the only existing original, but he has himself, in another part, laid great stress upon its authority.  
from

from 'Pethor, which is by the river of the land of the children of this people,' (Numbers xxii. 5,) and 'brought from Aram, out of the mountains of the East.' It is true that the different reading, 'the river of the land of the children of Ammon,' is not without respectable authority; but the Djebel Haouran will hardly answer to the 'mountains of the East.'

'But the account given of Jacob's flight from his father-in-law Laban will enable us to determine yet more exactly the site of Haran. We are told,\* that Jacob "fled with all that he had; and he rose up, and passed over the river, and set his face towards the mount Gilead. And it was told Laban on the third day that Jacob was fled. And he took his brethren with him, and pursued after him seven days' journey; and they overtook him in the mount Gilead." The usual acceptation of the words of the text יָרַדְהָ שִׁבְעַת יָמִים (*derekh shibhath yamim*), is, *a journey of or during seven days*; the meaning of the passage being accordingly considered to be, that during the space of seven days Laban pursued after Jacob, who, as his flight was not discovered until the third day, had thus two days start of him. Considering Haran to be identical with Charræ, or Carrhæ, in Mesopotamia, (the scene of the defeat of Crassus by the Parthians,) the rate at which Laban must have travelled so as to overtake Jacob in Mount Gilead, (a distance of nearly, if not quite 400 miles,) must consequently have been about 60 miles per day.'—p. 128.

Though Laban might have travelled at that rate, proceeds Mr. Beke, in the ardour of pursuit, Jacob, encumbered with his cattle and family, could not have fled with the same expedition. We suspect that there is a great mistake, which lies at the bottom of this difficulty, in taking Haran as the name of a town; it ought to be considered a pastoral district, probably, of considerable extent, and reaching to the Euphrates. Abraham and his Mesopotamian kindred were a nomadic people, not confined to one spot, still less enclosed within the walls of a town. The impression on reading the narrative in Genesis is unquestionably that the first act of Jacob's flight was to cross the river, and that the seven days are to be calculated from the shore of the Euphrates; but in what part he crossed, and where the mountainous district of Gilead commenced, it is impossible to decide. Shuckford estimated the distance at two hundred and fifty miles. At all events, Mr. Beke's Haran in the plain of Damascus, notwithstanding his ingenious explanation of the seven days' journey, allows a distance as much too short for the flight and pursuit, as the usual interpretation too long.

But the most extraordinary paradox advanced by Mr. Beke, and

\* Gen. xxxi. 21—23,

we must honestly confess, that maintained by the feeblest and most unsatisfactory arguments, is his notion that the Mitzraim of Scripture is not Egypt, but a kingdom which he has been pleased to found in the desert and unwatered Peninsula of Mount Sinai, and the district to the north up to the frontiers of Palestine. It would be really a curious psychological phenomenon to trace the process by which such an hypothesis grew up within the mind of a man endowed with considerable ingenuity, of some reading, and of perfect candour; how it gradually obtained full possession of him, blinding him to every adverse argument, and magnifying with the force of a solar microscope all the slight probabilities on which his system rests.

It is not the rapid and dashing essay of a young writer, careless of truth if he can obtain the credit of originality; a brilliant display of clever writing, which, if it can cause an immediate sensation in literary circles, neither expects nor much regards the duration of its existence. It is not a Warburtonian hypothesis, advanced in the conscious plenitude of intellectual strength, and upheld with dogmatic insolence, by a man who aspires to be the dictator of literature—and whose delight is to defend a difficult or a desperate cause *à toute outrance*. Still less is it the vision of a poetic mind, carried away by the predominance of the imaginative faculty, creating, like Sir W. Jones, on the first splendid opening of the Eastern world of letters, a great central empire and a dynasty of magnificent sovereigns, from whom descended all the civilization of the East. This is the grave hallucination of a quiet and industrious man of letters, patiently working everything round to his favourite hypothesis, catching at every floating straw of argument, and weaving it into the somewhat incongruous texture of his theory.

The Old Testament, harmonizing with every record of ancient history, and as has been recently shown, with the monuments of the country, represents the *Egypt on the banks of the Nile* as a great, and civilized, and conquering kingdom; while in the *Mitzraim* of Mr. Beke, there is neither vestige, memorial, nor tradition, of any civilization, or of more than a few wandering Arab tribes. Some inscriptions have, indeed, been found, graven on the rocks in an unintelligible language, but in all probability the work of pilgrim travellers. From the remotest period, when the sacred books of the Jews are the only authentic history, down far within the historical era, the connexion between the Jews and the Mitzraites was almost perpetual, and probably only appears to have been at all interrupted from the scantiness of the Hebrew annals during some periods of their history. Within the historical era, facts are mentioned

tioned by the sacred and profane historians, the conquests, for instance, of the Pharaoh Shishak and the wars of Necho, which confirm and throw light upon each other, as clearly as the best recorded events of modern Europe. The slighter coincidences in the names, and the signification of titles and words, would require, and have indeed occupied, volumes in tracing them out with anything like the cumulative fulness of which the argument is capable. The Mizraim of the Old Testament was a corn country, abounding in grain when the neighbouring provinces were suffering famine, yet subject itself to occasional periods of dearth. It is constantly mentioned in connexion with a great river, and artificial water-courses. It was visited by caravans trading in those commodities which were necessary to the Egyptians to fill their vast receptacles of the dead, their Necropoleis, with embalmed bodies. The population was divided into castes; the troops were chariots and horsemen, whose images we may imagine that we behold in the long processions and combats on the walls of Thebes, and in the sepulchral chambers. We are wasting words while we write with the utmost rapidity the points of coincidence which crowd upon us between the Mizraim of the Scriptures, and the Egypt of profane antiquity. We have omitted the singular appropriateness of the description of the Plagues of Egypt, which, whether we take it according to the view of Bryant, or the ultra-rationalist theory of Eichhorn, equally affixes itself to the country, to the climate, to the river, to the constitution, to the religion, to the people of Egypt. Yet Mr. Beke has soberly and deliberately come to the following conclusion:—

‘With respect to Egypt itself, it is necessary that I should here state, unequivocally, my conviction, that that country is not the *Mizraim* into which Abraham went down, and after him Jacob and his family, and out of which Jehovah brought the children of Israel; nor is it, I consider, the kingdom of the Pharaohs of a subsequent period; neither, consequently, can it be the country which was the object of the denunciations of the prophets.’—p. 167.

Let us, then, in order to do full justice to the ingenuity, even if we cannot admit the theory, of our author, submit the arguments in support of this singular hypothesis to an examination, which, however brief, may still be fair and candid. Mr. Beke adduces again the high authority of Mr. Lyell for the philosophic confirmation of the curious tradition preserved by Herodotus, concerning the recent origin of the Delta. The eastern branch of the Nile, he supposes, down to a late period, to have extended beyond the meridian of Suez, while the Gulf of Suez stretched up much further to the north; but, however he may narrow the isthmus, provided he does not

not altogether destroy it, and unite the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, to which we suspect that there are, and must always have been, insuperable impediments from the difference of level, we cannot comprehend how this argument can bear upon the general theory. This, however inclined, he has not ventured to do; and as long as a land passage existed, sufficient for a caravan, so long there is no difficulty in supposing that Abraham actually went down, in time of dearth, to Egypt—that the traders in spices, and other Eastern commodities, to whom Joseph was sold, pursued the same course—that Jacob and his family were brought down from Palestine—that the body of Jacob was sent back—and that Moses, when he fled from the court of Egypt, found his way to the pastoral tribe among which he lived until his mission to the court of Pharaoh. As for the departure of the Israelites, and the discomfiture of Pharaoh, the total change in the character of the country only renders more doubtful that which nothing but the unreasoning dogmatism of modern critics would expect to fix with certainty—the precise part of the Red Sea which witnessed the miraculous passage of the Israelites, and the destruction of Pharaoh. On the passage of the Red Sea, our author has received an argument from a friend, which strikes us as clever and curious, though far from satisfactory. In order to show that the passage took place over the Gulf of Akaba, the eastern, not over the Gulf of Suez, the western fork of the Red Sea, he supposes that ‘the summoned east wind,’ blowing over the ocean, as well as over that particular branch of the sea, would keep up the waters on the western shore all along the Red Sea, which would consequently run with a more than ordinary tide up the western branch, while the eastern would remain dry. Our author, however, seems to tremble at this approach to the rationalism of introducing secondary agents, though the secondary agents rest on the authority of Scripture itself, and requires an entirely different miracle to divide the remaining waters, so as to be a ‘wall unto the children of Israel on their right hand and on their left, so that they walked upon dry land in the midst of water.’ In the text we may observe, by the way, that the natural cause and the divine agency are intimately connected—the effect is the consequence of the command laid upon the east wind. This is another instance of the wisdom of acquainting ourselves both with what is contained, and with what is not contained, in the sacred text.

The next argument of Mr. Beke attempts to show that the term Yam-suph, applied to the sea over which the Israelites passed, is likewise applied to the Gulf of Akaba. That it is so there is no question; but that it belongs exclusively to this branch, Mr. Beke  
has



has failed to prove. There is every reason to suppose that this term, which means the *weedy sea*, is most appropriately, and always has been, used for the whole Arabian Gulf, including both its upper forks or branches. How nobly has Milton made use of his learning to enrich his poetry, in allusion to this appellation of the Red Sea:—

‘Thick . . . . . as scattered sedge  
Aflote, when with fierce winds Orion armed  
Hath vexed the Red Sea coast, where waves o’erthrew  
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry.’

We may add, that, according to Niebuhr, the whole gulf is still called *Al-souf*, the weedy sea. Though Bruce denied, later travellers have amply proved, the propriety of the appellation.

Such are the arguments, for we cannot ascribe that name to the inferences arising out of his arbitrary classification of the descendants of Noah,—and requiring, rather than affording, confirmatory proof,—by which the splendid and powerful kingdom of the *Mitzraim* is transferred from the shores of the Nile to that region immemorably denominated the Wilderness, or *Stony Araba*. We can discover, in the whole book, but one more point of argument, which we shall presently notice, derived from prophecy. We would, however, first state, that having succeeded in this magical creation—equal to the fabled powers of the founder of *Tadmor*, as enriched by Oriental imagination—our author has no difficulty in removing *Sinai* and *Horeb* to a more convenient situation, and finding a new desert for the wanderings of the *Israelites*. The former he places at *Mount Hor*, where less venturous interpreters of the *Old Testament* have been pleased to find a tradition which, harmonizing, to a degree of credibility rarely belonging to tradition, with the *Scriptural* account, has pointed out the grave of *Aaron*. The latter he places in the great Arabian desert—a region so wide and so little known, as to afford both space and obscurity for their hitherto untraceable journey.

It is rather more embarrassing to adapt *Arabia Petræa* for the site of a flourishing kingdom. Our first question is—where are the fertile corn-fields which supplied not merely the *Mitzraites*, but their famishing neighbours? Where is the region which could not only support its own vast population, but likewise a population of at least 3,000,000 of slaves, who turned out, according to the numbers in the text of *Exodus*, 600,000 fighting men—slaves who, if they groaned under the tyranny, were by no means scantily supplied from the flesh-pots, of their opulent masters? Where is the river usually supposed to be the source and teeming mother of all this luxurious abundance—the river by  
whose

whose banks Moses was exposed—whose waters were turned into blood? Let our author be heard:—

'This question is one, however, which cannot be at all satisfactorily answered without a particular investigation of the country through which that river once flowed, and which now represents the desolate and deserted kingdom of Mitzraim; nor until that investigation has been accomplished, can it justly be said that the non-existence of a river in the present day, is a proof that no such river could have existed in the time of the Pharaohs; knowing, as we do, the vast physical changes which take place (even before our eyes) in other parts of the earth's surface; and considering also, that in that particular country important alterations have indubitably been effected merely by the change which has taken place in the coast line by the gradual advance of the land upon the sea, and also by the equally progressive encroachment of the sands of the desert; whilst it may not even be unphilosophical to imagine that some more considerable geological change in the surface of the country has taken place, in order to carry completely into effect the denunciations of the Lord, "And the waters shall fail from the sea, and the river shall be wasted and dried up."—p. 287.

But before we proceed to the prophesyings, on which our author lays so much stress, we must express our astonishment at his assertion, that artificial irrigation is unknown in Egypt. The remarkable passage in Deuteronomy—'The land whither thou goest is not as the land of Mitzraim from whence ye came, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs'—has till this time been adduced as a remarkable instance of the graphic fidelity of the sacred writer, and the immutability of Eastern customs. Our author may not have read the very curious description, in Philo, of the hydraulic machine moved by the foot. He may have paid little attention to modern travellers, among whom Shaw explains the passage by another custom of actually directing the water from the cisterns into the gardens by pressing earth down with the foot. Niebuhr, however, describes the machine (called by the Arabs, *sakki tdir beridsjel*, the water-engine) as exactly the same which was in use in the time of Philo, and no doubt in that of Moses. All this Mr. Beke might have found in so common a book as 'Burder's Oriental Customs,' or in any historical commentator on the Old Testament. It is true that the Nile was the chief source of Egyptian fertility; but the water of the flood has always been kept up in tanks and cisterns, and artificial channels; and these are the 'pools' and the 'pools,' which, as well as the 'river,' were turned into blood during the plagues of Egypt.

But when Mr. Beke, at the close of the last extract, appeals to the 19th chapter of Isaiah, we confess that our critical zeal takes  
fire

fire at this profanation of, one of the most beautiful passages of Hebrew poetry. The beauty consists not so much in the unrivalled spirit and imaginative richness, as in the living fidelity and truth. It is Egyptian—purely, vividly, exclusively Egyptian, in every image, in every allusion. In any great eastern kingdom the ‘idols might be moved at the presence’ of the Lord, and the heart of the people melt in the midst of it. But was it in Arabia the Stony that the cities were so numerous and powerful, and that conflicting kingdoms wasted the land by civil strife? How often, on the other hand, in Egyptian history, ‘has city (fought) against city, and kingdom against kingdom?’ The Alexandrian translators, with local propriety, have translated ‘nome against nome.’ Without going back to the theory of Marsham, espoused by Gatterer and others, that the dynasties of Manetho were not of successive, but of contemporary kings, who reigned in different parts of Egypt, the reader of Herodotus will immediately call to mind ‘the twelve kings,’ as well as the civil wars, in which, since Grotius, interpreters of the Scripture have generally traced the accomplishment of this prediction. We will not insist on the charmers, the familiar spirits, and the wizards—superstitions, though peculiarly prevalent in Egypt at all times, yet common, no doubt, to most eastern tribes:—let us proceed to the next verse:—

‘And the waters shall fail from the sea,  
And the river shall be wasted and dried up.’

In this parallelism both *the sea* and *the river*, in the general opinion of Hebrew scholars, mean the Nile. Diodorus informs us that the Egyptians called the Nile *Πελαγος*, l. i. 12; it is called *Πελαγος* by Herodotus during its overflow; and both Rosenmüller and Gesenius have observed that in the Koran it is described by the Arabic noun, which is the same as the Hebrew one here interpreted ‘sea.’ But who that is not enslaved to a system will not recognise in these vivid words the suspension of the periodical inundation of the Nile? Who would argue that—  
‘The words, “the river shall be wasted and dried up,” have been held to refer to the Nile; and yet, during the 2500 years which have elapsed since the period when those words were uttered, that mighty river has continued to roll its waters into the sea, *without diminution, and substantially without change!*’

To what other country, less dependent for its glory, its power, its vital existence, upon its full and overflowing river, would the malediction apply with the same tremendous energy? The reader who would feel its full force, will do well to look at Volney’s powerful description of the famine caused by one failure of the inundation, in which it was estimated that a sixth part of the population

population perished. We cannot refrain from giving the few following verses, in which we have taken the liberty of mingling together, according to our own judgment of the real force and signification of the original, our authorized version, with those of Lowth, Rosenmuller, and the unrivalled one of Gesenius:—

———— ‘The water-courses stink;  
 The canals of Egypt are drained and dry;  
 The reeds and the flags wither;  
 The meadows by the water-courses, by the margin of the water-courses;  
 The seed sown by the water-course is withered, is blasted, is no more.  
 Then mourn the fishers;  
 Troubled are all that cast the hook in the river;  
 They that spread the net over the face of the waters languish;  
 They that work the fine-combed flax are confounded—  
 The weavers of the snow-white robes.’

“We have not ventured, in the fourth line, to retain the characteristic ‘paper reeds’ of our version; but to the traveller who has visited Egypt—to the scholar who has studied the antiquities and the manners of Egypt—to the reader who has seen the splendid publication of the ‘Tuscan government,’ published under the care of Rosellini, how forcible, how pregnant, how appropriate is every allusion! In the latter volume we have the fisher casting the angle and spreading the net; the whole process of gathering the reeds, of weaving the linen, copied from paintings on the walls of the excavations, much older probably than the time of Isaiah, but with all their lines as distinct, and their colours as fresh, as if they had been drawn but yesterday. We really pity Mr. Beke, if he is insensible to the exquisite, the religious feeling of poetry, which thrills our hearts at the life and the truth of these, as well as other passages in the Hebrew prophets, which allude to Egypt, and, by the graphic fidelity of every touch, bring before us the whole country, with its singular products and manners: if, instead of this, he has to imagine, in the barren desert, a kingdom, a state of society, a people whose local circumstances, manners, and religion, will harmonize with equal accuracy with the language of the sacred writer. For ourselves, we cannot consent to allow the transcendent poetry of Isaiah and Ezekiel to become thus dry, barren, vague, and unmeaning, at least without evidence and argument of a very different character from the inferences, and surmises, and conjectures of these ‘*Origines Biblicæ*.’

‘The other prophecies on which Mr. Beke insists are those

which describe the total degradation of the Mitzraitish kingdom, and the eternal failure of its princes :—

‘The prophetic announcements, “The sceptre of Mitzraim shall depart away,” and “There shall be no more a prince of the land of Mitzraim,” have been applied to Egypt, although those announcements were followed by the accession of the powerful native dynasty of the descendants of Lagus, who retained the sceptre of that country during nearly three whole centuries—and, in like manner, the denunciation upon Mitzraim, “It shall be the basest of the kingdoms; neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations: for I will diminish them, that they shall no more rule over the nations,”—has been considered to be accomplished in the subsequent state of Egypt, in spite of the facts, that under the sway of the Ptolemies that country attained a higher degree of opulence and splendour than it had probably ever possessed under any preceding monarchs;—that during the peaceful and happy reign of Philadelphus it “was the first power by sea, and one of the first by land, in the world;”—and that under his successor, Euergetes, its empire actually extended over the whole of the then known portions of the continents of Africa and Asia.’—p. 301.

We leave Mr. Beke to settle one part of this question with some other modern interpreters of prophecy. We know that there are certain worthy persons who have been seriously apprehensive and sadly embarrassed by the rise of Mohammed Ali, and cannot quite make out how to reconcile his Egyptian kingdom, particularly now that he has renounced his allegiance to the Porte, with these prophecies of Jeremiah and of Zachariah. We have been cautious not to disturb still further the trembling faith of these deep critics with any appeal to profane history, nor have we ventured to adduce the precedents of the magnificent Ptolemies, or the not less splendid Fatimite Sultans. But, for our own part, we are quite content to rest the veracity of the prophets on the total extinction of the native line of princes, concerning whom they wrote. We greatly doubt whether any of these particular predictions relating to the kingdoms and dynasties of antiquity look beyond their immediate accomplishment, or that they were intended to pledge, as it were, Divine Providence to remote ages; their accomplishment is to be sought, and will, we assert, invariably be found, in the history of the times. Thus with the Assyrian, or rather with the Persian conquest, the reign of the Egyptian Pharaohs, the successors of Menes and Sesostris, was for ever terminated; and though we know little of the effects of the Assyrian conquest, no conquered monarchy, probably, was ever so degraded, so reduced to be the ‘basest of kingdoms,’ as Egypt was by the mad tyranny of Cambyses. Read the account in Herodotus of the wanton insults of the Persian conqueror upon the religion,

religion, as well as his grinding tyranny over the people in Egypt, and no further illustration of the maledictions of Isaiah\* or Ezekiel will be required by the sober student of the prophetic writings.

We must conclude with the expression of our sincere regret that Mr. Beke has not applied his talents and ingenuity to some more profitable purpose : we would speak with respect of both. Though we have been compelled to give a verdict of 'not proven' against every plea which he has advanced in the work before us, we trust that in no instance we have departed from the urbanity of the scholar or the charity of the Christian. We would hope that the time is come when such questions may be debated without the slightest tinge of polemic acrimony ; and though our author must feel some natural disappointment, if he shall be convinced that he has wasted much valuable time upon an untenable hypothesis, in the end he will not be dissatisfied at our friendly and temperate admonition, which would strongly urge more mature consideration and more profound inquiry, before he ventures to publish another volume of '*Origines Biblicæ*.'

ART. XII.—*Louis Philippe et la Contre-Révolution de 1830.*

Par B. Sarrans, jeune. 2 tomes. Paris, 1834.

WE alluded to this work in our last Number as a formal bill of indictment preferred against Louis Philippe, for every species of political apostacy and of private ingratitude. We now resume a more particular consideration of the work—not with the view of entering into the *polemic* details of the squabbles between the citizen-king and his quondam friends—with which our readers are, we believe, sufficiently acquainted, and may be, we fear, somewhat tired—but for the purpose of recording some anecdotal facts concerning the new dynasty. Though we are far from giving implicit credit to all M. Sarrans's assertions—and, though we reject the whole of his doctrines and most of his reasonings, it is impossible to deny that he has made out his case of ingratitude and apostacy against Louis Philippe : but he has made one great, and in every sense, *radical* mistake—he lays the *whole* blame of this change on the king, when, in fact, the greater part of it belongs to the persons and principles which the king has been forced to repudiate.

*Ad hominem* M. Sarrans's argument is conclusive;—and the answers which the king and his friends have attempted are miserably weak, and must necessarily be so, because they have not yet

\* 'And the Egyptians will I give over into the hand of a cruel lord ; and a fierce king shall rule over them, saith the Lord, the Lord of Hosts,'—Isaiah xix. 4.

had the courage to produce their real defence—by honestly confessing ‘That they *have* abandoned the principles which they and M. Sarrans professed in 1830, because they have found, by cruel experience, that with such principles no government—no society could exist.’ Upon this truth they have had the boldness and good sense to *act*, but they have not yet the moral courage to *avow* it; and until they shall frankly make that admission, M. Sarrans and their other antagonists may urge with perfect justice the shameful inconsistency between their practice and their professions.

Before we proceed to the main object—the personal history of Louis Philippe—we think it right to notice one or two assertions made by M. Sarrans relative to England, which we can, from our ~~own~~ knowledge, pronounce to be either utter mistakes or gross misrepresentations; for instance, he says, that

‘the elevation of the Duke of Orleans to the throne of France was the favourite project of Dumouriez even to his last hour. At the moment when Louis XVIII. meditated the invasion of Spain, the old general communicated a project of this kind to Mr. Canning—*then prime minister*—who entertained it, and opened a negotiation to that purport, but it was interrupted within three weeks, by the death of Dumouriez.’—p. 106.

We do not insist on the misstatement (though of some importance) of Mr. Canning’s being at that time (1823) *prime minister*, nor on the absurdity of supposing that a negotiation for such great and prospective objects could be defeated by the death of the poor old Dumouriez, at the age of eighty-four and in the retirement of an English village. We knew General Dumouriez personally during the latter years of his life, and we can say, that we never heard him express anything like the sentiments imputed to him; and, indeed, long before the war with Spain was or could have been even *meditated*, the poor old man was totally incapable of originating or conducting either intrigue or negotiation. But, we further know, and can now, without any breach of confidence, assert, that no such proposition ever reached the British government from *any* quarter, and that, consequently, no negotiation was, or could have been opened on the subject. If our readers will take the superfluous trouble of referring to the Parliamentary Debates, they will find that Mr. Canning was, *at the time*, the object of an *exactly opposite* and contradictory charge, namely, of having in his speeches on those Spanish affairs represented England as bound by *express guarantee* to maintain the existing dynasty on the throne of France. This was as little *true* as is M. Sarrans’s contrary statement; but when Mr. Canning’s language could have given rise to such a misunderstanding, it is clear that

that he could not have volunteered an intrigue for the overthrow of that dynasty, towards which he was supposed to be *too* favourable.

On another point M. Sarrans is equally misinformed—he says,—

‘A few days after the revolution of July, Lord Stuart de Rothsay, the English ambassador, received from Lord Wellington orders to require from the new government of France a categorical answer as to its intentions relative to Algiers.’

And to this he adds the following note :—

‘To account for Lord Wellington’s *direct* intervention in a matter which was rather in the department of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, it is necessary to know that some weeks before the appearance of the *Ordonnances*, M. de Polignac had sent over a secret agent to his Grace, to communicate confidentially his intended measures, and to assure him that the expedition to Algiers had no other object than to produce a military success, which might re-act favourably on the projected *coup d’état*.’—p. 87.

We can take upon ourselves to assert, that every statement and inference in this note is *absolutely false*, and without even a colourable pretence.

All the world knows, because it has been published in the journals and in the parliamentary debates of both countries, (our readers will find it stated in the *Quarterly Review* for July, 1833, vol. xlix. p. 524,) that the Wellington cabinet, immediately on the accession of Louis Philippe, did require and obtain a categorical answer on the subject of Algiers—but the special and *direct* interference of the Duke himself on that occasion, and the *previous communication with M. de Polignac respecting the ORDONNANCES*, are absolute falsehoods. Our readers well know that, on the first burst of the events of July, some such community of councils was imputed to the Duke of Wellington and M. de Polignac by their respective enemies—and especially by that pattern of accuracy and candour, Lord Brougham—but the trial of the ex-ministry in Paris, and the declaration of the Duke of Wellington in England, had, we thought, dissipated that calumny for ever: however, as M. Sarrans has thought proper to repeat it with such special circumstances, we take upon ourselves to assert, *not only that there was no such agent, but that there was not any—even the slightest—written or verbal communication of M. de Polignac’s design made to the British government, or to any member of it.* We can further state, that so fearful was M. de Polignac of giving umbrage to his own jealous countrymen, by the appearance of any intercourse with the Duke of Wellington, that when he left England with the secret intention of accepting the place of President of the Council to Charles X., he did not even communicate



nicate his departure or its motives to the Duke, and even evaded the ordinary civility of a parting visit; and we further and finally assert—that so far, so blameably far—was this system of retrocession from English counsels carried, that the *first intimation* which the British cabinet had of any unusual design or measure was by the same *Moniteur* which had announced the *Ordonnances* to the people of Paris.

We did not expect to have ever again had occasion to refer to this topic; but when we find M. Sarrans gravely reviving such fables, we think it right, for the sake of historical truth, to repeat the contradiction. We do not suspect M. Sarrans of intentional misrepresentation; but it is really surprising how ignorant of us and all our affairs, whether recent or remote, the French, even their ~~newspaper~~ letters, are; and not merely uninformed, but utterly ignorant of matters, which they, nevertheless, venture to discuss in the boldest style. For instance, M. Sarrans, thinking it necessary, in a high constitutional disquisition, to compare the Chamber of Peers in France with our House of Lords, objects to the former as exclusively feudal, while, he says, the annals of England prove that *her* peerage was largely increased by persons connected with trade, at a time when, throughout the rest of Europe, there was no access to nobility but by the sword. This he proves by sundry instances (most of which happen to be no instances at all) from ‘Camden’s excellent work on British Commerce,’—Camden never having written any such work—and then to make all sure he subjoins—

‘The following is a chronological list of the merchants who have been ennobled by the crown *since the close of the sixteenth century*.

‘1464—Sir John Gillott, merchant and mayor of York, knight of the order of the Bath.

‘1465—Sir Ralph Josline, merchant-draper, knight of the Bath and baronet.

‘1471—Henry Weaver, sheriff of London, knight of the Bath and baronet.

‘1487—Sir William Horne, trading in salt-meat, a baronet.

‘1490—John Péreval, merchant-taylor, baronet.

‘1513—Sir Thomas More, sheriff of London, and afterwards Lord Chancellor and privy councillor to Henry VIII.

‘1583—Sir John Allen, merchant, privy councillor to Henry VII.

‘1628—Sir William Acton, knight of the Bath and baronet.

‘1646—Sir Thomas Adams, knight of the Bath and baronet.’—vol. ii. p. 244.

Could it have been believed that any man—much less a literary man—a *publiciste* by profession—volunteering to discuss a matter of history and legislation, could have, by any ingenuity of ignorance, contrived to accumulate such a mass of blunders?

Not

Not one of his examples is a case of peerage! He confounds the occasional knights of the Bath made at coronations with the modern Order of the Bath. He enumerates baronets centuries before the title was invented—and even imagines that knighthood, the baronetcy, and the privy council, confer the peerage! We wonder that of such peerages—instead of a list of *peers*, he did not enumerate nine hundred since the close of the sixteenth century, which, it seems, according to M. Sarrans's new '*Art de vérifier les Dates*,' was about 1464—a century and a half earlier than the vulgar reckoning. When M. Sarrans exhibits such serious and such ridiculous ignorance about one part of his subject, we naturally feel some suspicion as to his trustworthiness in others; and although we may presume that he knows a little more of France than he does of England, we confess, that if we had not some other evidence than his own for most of his statements, we should not have paid them much attention. But the truth is, that Sarrans derives all his importance from his connexion with Lafayette and his party,—whose views he develops—whose cause he advocates—and whose statements he records. It is not Sarrans that we trust, but Lafayette, Lafitte, Dupont, and Odillon Barrot, all of whom appear to have contributed to this, even more directly than to his former work; these volumes contain a letter from each of these persons, which, so far as they are concerned, accredit the book; and in truth all the facts of the book relate to them, or rather to Louis Philippe in his intercourse with them. M. Sarrans has also been at the pains to hunt up some old publications, and he has been furnished with some original documents, and from all these sources has collected a mass of anecdotes relative to the personal and political life of the King of the French, which are, beyond all doubt, true in substance, though the commentaries of M. Sarrans are deeply tinged with party prejudice and personal animosity. These we shall endeavour to put aside, and to exhibit to our readers the real character of Louis Philippe, which, like most other real characters, will be found to be a mixture of good and bad—of something to be approved—something to be censured—a good deal to be pitied, as the weakness of human nature—and much to be forgiven, as arising from the irresistible force of circumstances.

M. Sarrans sets out by showing that his Majesty began life as a Jacobin—his first political declaration was in the strong and homely designation of himself as '*Louis Philippe Egalité, by misfortune a French prince, but by choice a Jacobin to his fingers' ends*.' This general thesis M. Sarrans elucidates by extracts from a journal kept by the Duke de Chartres in 1790 and 1791, and which, having been lost or forgotten when he emigrated,

was

was soon after published in Paris. Our readers are aware that the celebrated Madame de Genlis, in addition to the education of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, became charged with the superintendence of the education of M. de Chartres and his two brothers, under the masculine title of *governor*; and certainly as regarded ~~there~~ education, she justified the singular confidence which was placed in her: never had any experiment a severer trial, or, we will add, a more successful result. The early education of Louis Philippe, as experience has shown, not only fitted him for the respectable and honourable maintenance of the station to which he was born, but afforded him support and consolation in deep and unexpected adversity; and now, in an equally unexpected elevation, enables him to fulfil with vigour and intelligence the most difficult and the most awful duties.

'How often,' says Madame de Genlis, in allusion to the trials and privations to which the young prince was exposed after his escape from France—'How often, since his misfortunes, have I applauded myself for the education I had given him—for having taught him the principal modern languages—for having accustomed him to wait on himself—to despise all kinds of effeminacy (*mollesse*)—to sleep habitually on a wooden bed, with no covering but a mat—to expose himself to heat, cold, and rain—to accustom himself to fatigue by daily and violent exercise, and by walking ten or fifteen miles with leaden soles to his shoes—and, finally, for having given him the taste and habit of travelling. He had lost all that he had inherited from birth and fortune—nothing remained but what he had received from nature and me!'—*Mém. de Genlis*, iv. 203.

One of the modes by which Madame de Genlis endeavoured to teach her royal pupils to examine and regulate their own mind and conduct was the keeping a journal; and it is to a portion of a journal so kept—extending from the autumn of 1790 to the summer of 1791—that M. Sarrans refers. This journal certainly affords some very piquant contrasts—the prince turned Jacobin is striking enough, but the Jacobin turned king is still more so.

M. Sarrans, of course, quotes no more than serves his own purpose—he quotes nothing that can do the king credit, and once or twice, by an omission, makes the passage look worse than it really is. We happen to possess a copy of this little work, and as it is rare, and has never, we believe, been translated, we think our readers will not be sorry to possess it *in extenso*—particularly as, amidst the deluge of French memoirs with which we have been lately inundated, this curious little piece has been carefully suppressed. Nay, in the laboured, apologetical life of Louis Philippe in that *liberal*, but most flimsy and false publication, the

*Biographie*

*Biographie des Contemporains*, it is not even alluded to. The fact is, that the *Liberals* have *hitherto* endeavoured to hush up this publication, for the same reason that they *now* quote it—namely, because they think it does no credit to him—so long their idol, and now their *bête noire*. We, on the contrary, think that, on the whole, it does him no discredit, and we wish to preserve it for the sake of justice and truth. The facts may be of little historical value; many of the details are insignificant and puerile, as may be well expected, when we remind our readers that the author was only seventeen when the journal was kept; but it affords many interesting traits of personal character, and must be, at all events, curious, as *the first chapter, written by his own hand*, of the life of a man, who, whatever be his ultimate destiny, has already secured a prominent place in the history of this most eventful age.

We must introduce this journal by a few preliminary explanations, and we shall occasionally intersperse observations on some prominent passages, and subjoin a few foot-notes.

The journal begins with the entrance of the young Duke de Chartres into the Jacobin Club—an event of considerable importance in a public view, as marking his father's adhesion to the principles of that society, and which was also the occasion of serious family dissensions. The Jacobins, we find, were so much pleased at seeing the Duke de Chartres amongst them, that they presented him a formal address, of which the first sentence is curious:—‘Sir, we congratulate ourselves! Should we not also congratulate you? You have been our prince—you are now our colleague,’ &c. Signed ‘Manuel, president; Lepage, secretary.’ (*Chronique de Paris*, 19th Nov. 1790.) But that which was a matter of congratulation to the Jacobins, was a source of deep affliction to his amiable and excellent mother, and became the immediate cause of an open rupture between her and Madame de Genlis—by whose counsels that princess believed that her son had taken this unhappy and degrading step. Madame de Genlis, in her Memoirs, attributes it solely to the Duke of Orleans himself; but it is, we think, clear that she must share the responsibility. We have the young duke's evidence, that his father only *approved* his own proposition; and we shall see, as we proceed, that this too-docile and over-affectionate pupil would never have thought of making such a proposition without Madame de Genlis's previous concurrence;—her husband, M. de Sillery, proposed him—her personal friends, and the attendants whom she had placed about him, all became members also. When, in a year or two after, she, with her niece and Pamela, accompanied Mademoiselle d'Orleans to England, they designated themselves ‘*les quatre émigrées Jacobines*.’

(Correspondance

(*Correspondance de d'Orléans*, ii. 90.) In short, it is clear that she countenanced, and probably advised her pupil's entry into the Jacobin Club—which, however, as she justly observes, had not, at this period, attained its subsequent ferocity and infamy. There is another circumstance in this affair, which corroborates the opinion that the plunges of the Duke of Orleans into the successive depths of democracy were chiefly prompted by moral cowardice—the Duke de Chartres became Jacobin at the moment of that violent excitement which followed the duel of Messrs. de Castries and Lameth; but the father himself did not become a member of the club till the commotion occasioned by the flight of the king, when, not without some demur, he was admitted. (*Journal des Jacobins*, 23d June, 1790.) Again—it was amidst the massacre of the 10th of August that he solicited the change of his name to *Egalité*. We say *moral* cowardice, for he showed more than once, and particularly at his last hour, personal firmness.

We are tempted to quote from the little-known relation of an eye-witness the account of his last hours. On the 6th of November, 1793, he was brought before the revolutionary tribunal, and, after a mock trial, condemned to death, on a series of charges, of all of which he was notoriously guiltless. He treated the dreadful mockery with contempt, and begged, as an only favour, that the sentence might be executed without delay: the bloody indulgence was granted, and he was led, at four o'clock, when the daylight was almost failing, from the court to the scaffold.

'I confess,' says the editor of the *Correspondance de d'Orléans*, 'I had the barbarous curiosity to see him go to execution; I took my station opposite his palace, that I might observe the effect which, at his last moments, these scenes of former splendour and enjoyment might have on him. The crowd was immense, and aggravated, by its reproaches and insults, the agony of the sufferer. The fatal cart advanced at so slow a pace, that it seemed as if they were endeavouring to prolong his torments. There were many other victims in the same cart; they were all bent double, pale, and stupified by horror: Orleans alone—a striking contrast—stood upright, his head elevated, his countenance full of its natural colour, with all the firmness of innocence. By a refinement of cruelty, the cart was stopped at the gate of his palace; I saw him run his eyes over the building with the tranquil air of a master, who should be examining whether it required any additional ornament or repair. This air was, no doubt, studied and put on—I, as well as everybody else, could see that it was; it was even said that he had prepared himself for it by wine; but, with all that, I was astonished—I am still astonished to think how such a man as d'Orléans could, by any means, have subdued his natural character, and worked himself up to such an appearance of courage and tranquillity.'

We return from this digression to observe, that as to the rupture between the Duchess of Orleans and Madame de Genlis; the latter, in her Memoirs, does tardy and rather reluctant, but yet complete, justice to the former.

'The cause, says she, 'of the Duchess's coldness towards me was evidently a difference of opinion on the politics of the day; and I am now ready to acknowledge that her fears which, at the time, appeared to me so exaggerated, and even so unjust, were but too well founded. She did not permit her imagination to lead her astray;—she did not abandon herself to romantic visions—her judgment, alas! was better than mine.'—*Mém de Gen.*, iv. 81.

With these preliminary observations on the state of the family, which will tend to explain some things that might be otherwise obscure, we proceed to the Journal itself.

#### JOURNAL OF LOUIS PHILIPPE, DUKE DE CHARTRES.

'23rd Oct. 1790.—I dined at Mousseaux\*—next day my father having approved my anxious wishes to become a member of the Jacobin club, M. de Sillery proposed me on Friday.

'2nd Nov.—I was yesterday admitted to the Jacobins, and much applauded—I returned thanks for the kind reception that they were so good as to give me, and I assured them that I should never deviate from the sacred duties of a good patriot and a good citizen.

'3rd Nov.—I was this morning at the National Assembly—in the evening at the Jacobins, where I was put on the Committee of Presentations, that is on the committee appointed to examine candidates. This committee meets every Thursday. I requested one of my colleagues to express my regret at not being able to attend to-morrow.

'*Château Neuf*, † 7th Nov.—Attended mass; they did not offer us incense, ‡ my grandfather insisting on exact obedience to the decrees of the National Assembly. If they had attempted to offer me the incense, I had made up my mind not to allow it. Messrs. de Gilbert, father and son, dined here to-day; the son is seventeen and a half, and very steady,—very civil and very amiable; although his father and all his family are aristocrats, he is nevertheless a great patriot, which has won my heart. . . . So my trip to *Château Neuf* is over. We shall set off to-night at eleven. Although I have been very happy to pass this time with my mother and my grandfather, I have felt great pain in separating myself from those with whom I have lived so long, and particularly my Friend [*Madame de Genlis*], whom I shall always consider as a second mother—and my brother [*the Duke de Montpensier*] from whom I had never been separated before. I have felt deeply, in the course of this little journey, how dear everything at

\* A villa of the Duke of Orleans, so close to Paris, on the north-west, as to be within the walls.

† A country seat of his grandfather, the Duke de Penthièvre.

‡ Under the old church regime, incense was presented to persons of high rank—a kind of feudal honour which was abolished in the general abolition of all feudal rights.

Bellechasse is to me, and how painful it would be to me to be long away from it.\*

Madame de Genlis, then called Madame de Sillery, is throughout the Journal designated emphatically as *my friend* (*mon amie*). She resided in a convent in the Faubourg St. Germain, called Bellechasse, where the Duke of Orleans had erected a pavilion for the residence of her and his daughter Mademoiselle Adelaide—thither the young men used to come every day to receive the instruction of their Governor. We may as well take this opportunity of observing, once for all, that the romantic attachment of Louis Philippe for Madame de Genlis, and the passionate expressions of fondness which, as we shall see by and by, he employs, might create a surmise that he felt for her more than filial affection, but there is no real ground for any such suspicion; the fact is notoriously otherwise, as might be proved, if it were necessary, by some very naïves confessions in the course of the Journal. We here see, and shall see more fully hereafter, that the young duke laments, as so much time lost, his occasional visits to his mother, who—notwithstanding his visible indifference for her and his enthusiasm for *his friend*—continued to treat him with all the affection and attention that she was *allowed* to show him. In reading, however, his extravagant expressions concerning his *friend*, it must be recollected that the Journal was intended for her future inspection, and that the youth would naturally write in a way that would be most agreeable to her. This will account, in some degree, for the excessive fondness he professes for her, and will also explain the choice of topics, &c.; but, after all, there is no doubt that he felt for her the warmest gratitude and affection.

‘7th Nov.—I forgot to say, that however happy I should have been to return with my mother, I opposed her coming back with me, as she seemed rather unwell. I should have come in the cabriolet with Gardanne; but she preferred travelling all night to return with me,—besides, she can sleep in a carriage.

‘Paris, 9th Nov.—We left Château Neuf at eleven at night, and arrived at Bellechasse at ten next day. I got on horseback at Angerville, nine leagues off; it was still dark, and I rode to Paris. In the evening I attended the Jacobins. They appointed me Censor (they do the duty of ushers). As the hall is much too small to contain the ‘Friends of the Constitution,’—[*the formal title of the Club, which derived its popular name from meeting at the convent of the Jacobins.*]—whose numbers increase daily, a committee was named to look out for another place. They were discussing the king’s household troops. M. Mathieu de Miranbal (a young man) spoke particularly well. I learned that I had been named one of a deputation to convey to the National Assembly the proposition relative to the Tennis Court.\*

‘10th

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\* A bombastic address from the Jacobins to the National Assembly, for a due commemoration

' 10th Nov.—Yesterday my father sent for me, received me most kindly, and gave me fifty louis, of which I gave my brother ten. My father desired me to call on Madame de Lamballe—I went directly; and from her to the Assembly, and from that, with my father's approbation, to dine with M. Bonne-Carrère, who had been spokesman of the deputation to the Assembly. He had invited the whole deputation and several members of the Assembly. The dinner was very gay, very patriotic, and very decent. •

' 11th Nov.—At the sitting of the Assembly M. Biazat moved that the committees of the constitution and of military affairs should unite to prepare a decree on the composition of the king's guard of honour. M. de Beauharnois proposed that the king should never command the troops in person. M. Mabuet opposed both these motions. Alexander Lameth complained that the friends of liberty were always represented as the enemies of the king. On this the Blacks [royalists] cried "Yes, yes, and 'tis true," and the Côté Gauche "No, no—the true friends of the king are those who have destroyed the *ci-devant* clergy and the parliaments—'tis they who have delivered the nation from all the tyrannies under which we had so long groaned." The Côté Gauche and the galleries applauded violently. I joined in the applause. M. de Cassigny Juigné, deputy of the Var, and M. de la Chèze, who sat near him, appealed to the President that I should be turned out for having dared to applaud. The President shrugged up his shoulders—I continued my applause, and then took up my opera-glass to see who were the two members who had noticed me. There was a cry of "Down with the opera-glass!" but I did not take it down till I had well seen and distinguished them. Thence I went to dinner at the Palais Royal, and in the evening to my committee at the Jacobins, where I announced [denounced?] to the committee that a person lately admitted by the committee, and now standing for election by the society (M. Meeke), was concerned in an aristocratic paper called *La Gazette Générale*. He was in consequence adjourned *sine die*.' •

We are afraid that this passage is one of the least creditable to the writer that the Journal contains. M. Meeke seems to have been a person attached to his education. Madame de Genlis, when inculcating on him his duty towards his attendants, says,—'You should confer on Messrs. Myris and Meeke—if he should remain with you—and your other masters and attendants, any favour in your power.'—(*Mém. de Genlis*, vol. iii. p. 284.) M. Myris was his drawing-master, who continued attached to him, and for his conduct at Jemappes was made a *chef de brigade*—of him we shall hear more hereafter; but poor M. Meeke, as Madame de Genlis suspected, seems to have quitted him—probably on account of politics—and the 'favour' which, in pursuance of Ma-

commemoration of the celebrated oath in the Tennis Court, at Versailles.—See *Moniteur*, 9th Nov. 1790.

dame



dame de Genlis's considerate advice, he seems to have conferred on him, was a *denunciation* to the Jacobins. We learn from a subsequent entry, 26th November, that Meeke appealed against the justice of this denunciation—but had it been ever so just, it was not the Duke of Chartres who should have made it.

16th Nov.—At the Jacobins—I rose to speak, and said, that I had had the honour of being admitted last year (though under age) into the Philanthropic Society. This society was in the habit of distributing 100,000 (4000*l*.) per annum, but this year the funds had fallen off by one-half, because several very affluent persons had retired under pretence that the Revolution prevents their contributing four louis a year. In this they have two objects—the first to discredit the Revolution for having destroyed so good an institution; and, secondly, to make it enemies of all the poor whose pensions should be thus stopped, by saying, “It is the Revolution deprives you of your bread.” I said I thought that it was worthy of the club to support the Philanthropic Society, and I invited all who could afford four louis a year to belong to it, and those who could not, to contribute what they could afford. I was much applauded, and, on the motion of M. Faydel, a subscription which had been raised a month ago, for a poor man who had refused it, was transferred to the Philanthropic Society.

17th Nov.—I was yesterday at the National Assembly—the question was about Avignon. I had forgotten to take paper with me which prevented my making notes.

19th Nov.—This evening at the play to see [Voltaire's] Brutus—the audience made many allusions. When Brutus says, “Give me, ye gods, death rather than slavery,” the house rang with shouts of applause—great waving of hats. It was magnificent. Another line ended with these words—“*free and without a king*.”\* Some applause was heard, in which neither I nor any one in our box joined. Then there was a cry of “God save the king;” but it being observed that this cry was unconstitutional, they substituted that triple cry, which sounds so sweet in patriot ears—“God save the nation, the law, and the king,” and *Vive la liberté*. It was clear from all that passed that the patriots had a great majority over the aristocrats; three or four of these latter would have applauded some congenial allusions, but they were reduced to silence.

20th Nov.—Last night at the Jacobins, M. Pujot, an apothecary, and an excellent patriot, had lent a friend his card of admission—he was suspended, according to a rule, which every one signs on admission, excluding members who shall lend their cards, but M. Pujot had not read it. I solicited the indulgence of the club for this patriot, and he got his card again. I missed the reading [of the *procès verbal*] because I could not come till nine o'clock, having been detained

\* M. Sarrans has rather uncandidly suppressed all the rest of this article. It is evident that he wishes to leave an impression as if Louis Philippe had applauded “*free and without a king*”; but as he expressly states that neither he nor his company did so, Sarrans is guilty of a misrepresentation.

at the National Assembly by the politeness of M. Grouvelle, who was to read an address at the bar, and requested me to stop to hear it—the address seemed to me fine, but rather long. I wish he had said something of religion.\* This morning, at seven o'clock, I attended at the hospital of the Hôtel Dieu, to see the patients dressed and to learn to dress. I returned at a quarter past eight. I dined at the Palais Royal with my father.

‘24th Nov.—Another delightful day at Bellechasse. This morning we attended at the Hôtel Dieu; I visited and bled some patients.’

We find in the French papers that Louis Philippe has had recent occasion to exercise this very useful but unusual accomplishment of being able to bleed. When he was lately travelling in Normandy, one of his postilions had a very severe fall, and was senseless. The king, to the great astonishment of his attendants and the spectators, jumped from the carriage, pulled out a lancet, and bled the poor fellow with skill and success. This was one of Madame de Genlis’s practical items of education.

‘25th Nov.—After dinner to the Jacobins—I was the first who arrived. They gave me some letters from the country to abstract—for, except the letters be very interesting, they only read abstracts. One of the abstracts (not one of mine) was in these terms: “A letter from the society at Foix inclosed a copy of an address to the king, and states a fact against M. Lambert, the comptroller-general.” The address itself was now called for, and found to be in the form of the old regime—“*your kingdom—your faithful subjects, who would shed their blood for your sacred person.*” This was received with murmurs, in which I took no part. A member of the National Assembly for Foix endeavoured to justify M. Lambert, and said that we should excuse the old-fashioned style of his countrymen, who were so remote, that public spirit had not yet made its way amongst them, but that they loved and blessed the constitution. On my proposition, supported by some other members, the club passed to the order of the day. I got to Bellechasse at a few minutes past eight.

‘26th Nov.—I went this morning to the Hôtel Dieu—the next time I shall dress the patients myself. Yesterday I was to have dined at Villoni’s, No. 17, Place des Victoires, at nine livres a head; Messrs. Barnave, Lameth, Noailles, Mirabeau, Sillery, &c., who were to have been of the party, did not go, because M. Brissot, who had so grossly calumniated M. Barnave, and called him “a tool of tyranny,” was to be there. Instead, therefore, of that, I went to dine at Mousseaux, where were Madame de Buffon, and another lady, and Messieurs Valkiers, St. Fare, Belsunce, d’Henencourt, and Sheldon. After dinner they began to play cards, on which I went away to the Jacobins—I called the attention of the club to the letter which M. Meeke [see ante, 11th Nov.] had published in “Carra and Mercier’s Journal.” I

\* It does not appear what this address was—probably about the civil constitution of the clergy, which was at that time under discussion.

was asked if I answered for the truth of his statements; I said no. I returned to Bellechasse at three-quarters after eight.

'27th Nov.—I was last night at the Assembly—there was an enormous crowd. M. Voidel made a speech on the obstacles which the bishops, the chapters, and some of the parochial clergy throw in the way of the execution of the decrees on the civil constitution of the clergy, by their protests and declarations. He stated amongst others the conduct of a parish priest near Peronne, who, not satisfied with exciting the people to refuse the payment of taxes, excited them to massacre the tax-gatherers. I had taken notes of the whole discussion to write it out here, but, as I am three days in arrear, it is impossible.

'1st Dec. 1790.—I dined yesterday with my grandfather [*the Duke de Penthièvre*] at the Hôtel de Toulouse; my mother dined there too; I returned to Bellechasse at a quarter past four. Though I am delighted at dining frequently with my mother, yet all does not go as I had hoped. I had hoped to be able to continue my studies almost without interruption, but I was mistaken, and I am sincerely grieved at it: of the seven days of the week, I can give but three to my beloved Bellechasse—this distresses me very much.'

Here we see the Duke does not lament the days spent at the Jacobins, nor the dinners at the Palais Royal, or the Place Vendôme, but is greatly distressed at the loss of two hours in dining with *his mother*.

'2nd Dec.—I went yesterday morning to the Hôtel Dieu—I dressed two patients, and gave one six and the other three livres. Dined at Bellechasse, and went early to the Jacobins; we had to elect a president and secretary. I voted for MM. de Mirabeau and Beauharnais, who had the majority of votes. M. Barnave spoke exceedingly well on the club which calls itself the representatives of the National Guards of France—M. de Lafayette had granted them the right of sending two of their members everyday to attend the king—they solicited the same indulgence at the National Assembly. M. Barnave showed how impolitic it would be to allow the National Guards to become a body apart, and that the soldiers should not be separated from the citizens, &c. I was named *Censor*.

'3rd Dec.—I dined yesterday at the Palais Royal, and afterwards attended the committee of presentations at the Jacobins. I endorsed the proposals of M. Lecouppéy,\* Conad, and Alyon. I also endorsed those of Messrs. Henezet and Issonrah. I had inquired about the first, and the result was favourable to him. The second was recommended to me by M. Myris, who answers for his patriotism. M. Bonne-Carrère read from a committee the project of ~~the~~ regulation for the proceedings of the club. One article was, that no one should be admitted under the age of twenty-one, except

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\* 'To teach my pupils Greek, I have attached to their establishment of education M. Lecouppéy, an excellent Grecian.'—*Mém. de Gen.* iii. 324. M. Conad appears to have been his medical attendant.

under particular circumstances. I proposed eighteen—saying, that at eighteen one was quite equal to understand our discussions—that the club, having no legal character, should be looked upon as a school, where young men should learn betimes to overcome their natural timidity, and fit themselves for one day defending the sacred rights of the nation from the tribune of the National Assembly. My reasons were not convincing, and my amendment was rejected. I then said that I had had a kind of personal interest in the amendment, because my brother—[*M. de Montpensier was now but fifteen*—desired ardently to enter the club, and that this rule would postpone him for a long time. *M. Collot d'Herbois* told me that it should not affect him—that when one had received an education like ours, he fell into the provided case of exception.\* I returned to Bellechasse at three-quarters past eight. This morning I have been to the Hôtel Dieu and dressed patients.

‘6th Dec.—I dined to-day at the Palais Royal with my brother and sister.† After dinner *M. de Cubières* showed some experiments in optics; during this time I went out with Edward,‡ and went to the house of one Bailly, a bookseller. I told him and his wife that I greatly protected Topin, that I could answer for his good conduct and good principles; that he had been for six years in love with their daughter, and that I hoped they would consent to the match. To which there being no difficulty, I gave Topin the key of the room [*to let himself in*], and got back at the end of a quarter of an hour to *M. de Cubière's* optics. We returned to Bellechasse at six o'clock; we found there Messrs. Voidel and Volney, who remained till nine; 'tis impossible to be more agreeable. This morning I have been to the Hôtel-Dieu, and dressed.

‘8th Dec. 1790.—Another entire day at Bellechasse. These days will profit me, and they do me a good that I cannot tell. I was this morning at the Hôtel-Dieu, and dressed.

‘15th Dec.—Yesterday I took *M. Saiffert* to the *Panthéon*, to show it to him, as he was looking out for a place for the Jacobins. Thence I went to the Assembly to procure a box-ticket for my friend; afterwards I rode.

‘18th Dec.—Yesterday I dined at the Palais Royal, where were Mesdames De Lacharce and St. Simon, and Messrs. De Lacharce, De Menou (the gambler), De Tiars, De Resching, &c. All the talk was about play, mixed with some pleasantries disgustingly aristocratical. After dinner they played swisk [*whist*], when I went away. All these gamblers came to dinner by mistake; they were to have

\* *M. de Montpensier* was soon after admitted, for we find him on the 21st of June proposing the admission of his father.

† *Mademoiselle Adelaide*, who is supposed to be the wife by secret, but not illegitimate nuptials of General Athelin, her brother's first aide-de-camp. Within these few days we learn this lady has taken the title of *Madame*, to the great scandal of the Liberals, who look on it as a symptom of feudality.

‡ This *Edward* seems to be the same person mentioned afterwards as *Topin*, who appears to have had some office about the Duke de Chartres.

dined here on Sunday, and played at hazard. That was the account given by my mother, of whom I could not help asking the reason of this shower of gamblers. I then went to the Jacobins, and afterwards to Bellechasse.

We must here pause to observe a curious contrast. The reader has just seen the goodnature with which the Prince contributed to young Topin's marriage, and we find that Madame de Genlis placed Madame Topin about Mademoiselle Adelaide as sub-governess; and when she was about, as she thought, to resign her own situation as governess, she wrote to the princess—'I flatter myself that you will always be kind to Madame Topin, who is so good and so estimable, and has so sincere a friendship for me.'—*Mém. de Genl.*, iv. 78. The reader will also have observed the slighting way in which Madame de Lacharce has been mentioned, as one of a '*disgustingly aristocratic shower of gamblers*.' Now, mark;—when, in consequence of Dumouriez's defection, the Duké de Chartres, Mademoiselle Adelaide and Madame de Genlis were forced to emigrate—this same 'estimable and friendly' Madame Topin hastened voluntarily to that execrable inquisition the *Commune* of Paris, and denounced the emigration of her benefactors, and endeavoured to make their conduct still more odious by malignantly adding, that at a certain conversation at which she happened to be present—'the said Madame de Sillery (Genlis) had emphatically applauded the language used by the said Dumouriez, with the double purpose of completing the corruption of the mind and opinions of the said eldest son of *Egalité*, who was corrupted, on the one hand, in politics by the said Dumouriez, and on the other, by the said Madame de Sillery in religion.'—(*Déclaration de la Citoyenne Topin, Jeudi, 18 Août, 1793. Brit. Mus. No. 261.*) Now let us turn to the *disgusting aristocrate*, Madame de Lacharce. When, after the execution of *Egalité*, his two younger sons, Montpensier and Beaujolais, were imprisoned in a dungeon at Marseilles, under circumstances of the most wanton and atrocious barbarity—this same Madame de Lacharce quitted Paris, proceeded to Marseilles, took up her abode in an obscure inn near the prison, with the sole object of communicating with the poor children, and of alleviating their sufferings; and she continued for above six months to brave every kind of privation and danger in their behalf, even to the conclusion of their long and cruel confinement.—(See *Mém. de Montpensier*.) The contrast is striking, and not much to the credit of the *Citoyenne*.\*

\* We observe, in Citoyenne Topin's declaration, that she gives her maiden name as *La Corne*, while the young person in whose marriage the Duke interested himself is mentioned in the *Journal*—entry of the 6th of December—as the daughter of M. and Mad. Bailley. The girl had, no doubt, been the offspring of Mad. Bailley by a previous marriage to a M. *La Corne*.

' 20th Dec.—Passed the whole of yesterday at my dear little Bellechasse. We had the same deputies as usual, Messrs. Vödel, Silbery, Barrère, and Volney. I went afterwards to the Hôtel Dieu.

' 22d Dec.—Yesterday I was at the Assembly. They had decreed the day before that the *ci-devant* princes who had territorial endowments should have, instead, annual allowances of a million of francs each, divisible amongst their sons to the exclusion of daughters. Yesterday they granted to each of the king's brothers a life annuity of a million, and to my father a million for twenty years, to be employed in paying his debts. I dined at Bellechasse. At half-past six I came to the Palais Royal with my friend to a concert given by M. Myris.\* As his room was too small, we adjourned to my apartment. It is the first time that there has been any company there. I am glad that it was on the occasion of a wedding. It was in honour of Topin's marriage. God send that it may be a good omen for me, for I long very impatiently for my own wedding.

' 24th Dec.—I was last night at the committee of presentations. M. Carra said that it was reported that they were going to blow us [the Jacobins] up by gunpowder in the cellar. I said "that it was absurd—they dared not." But others insisted that the cellars should be examined. I said that I saw no objection to that, but that it was useless. We named a committee of three—Messrs. Fevelat, Carra, and myself. We visited the cellar, where we found a great deal of wine, but nothing to create any uneasiness. I indorsed the certificate of M. Potocki.†

' 25th Dec.—I went yesterday morning to confession. I dined at the Palais Royal, and then went to the Philanthropic Society, whence I could not get away till eight o'clock. There was music at half-past nine. Intending to dedicate myself to devout preparation for the holy ceremonies of the next [Christmas] day at Bellechasse, and to stay there till midnight, I waited for half an hour, that I might not arrive at Bellechasse till my brother should be gone. All this happened, as I had foreseen; but my friend would not permit me to stay,‡ and so I came back on foot to the Palais Royal at half-past ten. I found them all at supper, and made the best excuses I could for my absence. After supper, having retired to my own room to pray, Edward brought me a note from my friend, in which,

\* Myris was, as before said, a draughtsman and engraver, and drawing-master to the young D'Orléans. He accompanied Louis Philippe to the army, and there distinguished himself, but did not emigrate. He passed through the Reign of Terror by the patronage of Barrère, with whom he probably got acquainted at Bellechasse, and was afterwards employed as an engraver by the government. He survived the restoration.

† Probably Count John Potocki, a friend of Madame de Genlis.—*Mém. de Gen.* iii. 204.

‡ It is evident that Madame de Genlis disapproved of, and very prudently disappointed, this little stratagem to pass the evening alone with her; but, as we shall see, allowed him to come when there should be company. This observation will explain some subsequent allusions.

to console me for having been sent away to-night from Bellechasse, she promised me that she would keep me in her room when there was company, and that I should not go next day to the Hôtel Dieu. These promises, and the affectionate expressions of her note, overwhelmed me with joy. I went to midnight mass at St. Eustache, returned at two in the morning, and got to bed at half-past two. I performed my devotions at this mass.

Whatever may have been Madame de Genlis' political errors—and they were errors which, in the beginning of the Revolution, were shared by many of the wise and good—she wisely and piously endeavoured to develop sentiments of religion in the heart of her pupils. And there are several passages in the Journal which seem to attest her success; but if, as we hope and believe, Louis Philippe still feels such sentiments, what must be his disgust and horror at the blasphemy which now raises such an audacious voice in France? We a little wonder that M. Sarrans has not extracted some of these evidences of Louis Philippe's piety. We hardly know any imputation which, in the present state of the public mind in France, would more tend to render the king contemptible and odious to the party which placed him on the throne.

\* 26th Dec.—I spent the whole of yesterday at Bellechasse. I was perfectly happy. In the evening I did not dare to go into *my friend's* room, although she had treated me with great kindness all day, and that Madame de Valence was with her. I was afraid that through her excessive kindness to me, she might put herself to inconvenience, in order to allow me the pleasure of being with her.

\* 1st Jan. 1791.—Dined yesterday at Bellechasse. At night, after supper, I went to *my friend's* apartment. I stayed there till a few minutes past twelve, and had the happiness to be the first to wish her a *happy new year*. It is impossible to be happier than I am with her; and, in truth, I cannot conceive what will become of me when I shall be no longer with her.

\* 2d Jan.—I was yesterday morning at the Tuilleries in the dress of the Order [*du St. Esprit*]. Thanks to my father, they have done away with the aristocratic list of princes, dukes, peers, &c., and called us in order of seniority, with the exception of *Monsieur* and M. d'Artois, who were not so called. *Monsieur* took the same rank as *when he was a prince*. The Cardinal de la Rochefoucault took the place of the cardinals, and did not answer to the call. They gave incense to the Bishop of Senlis, who officiated. The Queen spoke to my father and my brother, but not to me. Nobody, indeed, said a word to me—neither the King nor Monsieur—nor, in short, anybody.

The peculiar Jacobinism of this entry about the 'Order' is explainable by the fact, that, much as he seems to despise it, the young duke was deeply offended by not having received it the  
very

very day at which, by special indulgence, princes of the blood were admissible. The king, dissatisfied with the conduct of his father, had postponed the reception for a year—*inde iræ*. When the young prince was so loud against the aristocratical forms of what is, in its essence, only an aristocratical form, he should have recollected that it was only by an aristocratical favour that he was admitted at all—for the statutes required that the knights should be at least thirty years of age. His recent zeal in attending the Jacobin Club was probably the reason of his being treated so coolly by the king and queen.

' At half-past two I went to Bellechasse, dined at the Palais Royal, and in the evening received visits till half-past nine; supped, went home, and stayed with my friend till half-past twelve. There is nothing in the world so amiable as she.

' 5th Jan.—Yesterday I was at the Assembly. They were discussing the question of juries. M. Duport was of opinion that evidence should not be taken in writing. Messrs. Robespierre and Goupil insisted that it should. The matter was not decided. At two o'clock they went upon the oath of the bishops and clergy who are members of the Assembly. They decreed that the president (M. Emery) should call upon them to take it. They refused. The Assembly then decreed, after a long debate, that the president should attend the king to request him to cause the decree against the members of the Assembly who have not taken the oath to be put into execution. I did not leave it till half-past four, when I hastened to Bellechasse to tell my friend the news. At half-past five we went to the Théâtre Français—the first night of "*Despotism Overthrown*," by M. Harney. It is the revolution dramatized—the taking of the Bastille, &c.: it succeeded completely. The author was called for, and crowned on the stage. This morning I have been to call on M. Harney, but he was not at home.

' 7th Jan.—I went this morning to the Hôtel Dieu in a hackney coach, as my carriage was not come, and it rained hard. I dressed the patients and bled three women. In returning, I called again at M. Harney's, and met him at last. I embraced him, and expressed to him as well as I could the pleasure his play had given me—my visit seemed to give him great pleasure.

' 8th Jan.—In the morning to the Assembly—at six in the evening to the Jacobins. M. de Noailles presented a work on the Revolution, by Mr. Joseph Towers, in answer to Mr. Burke. He praised it highly, and proposed that I should be appointed to translate it. This proposition was adopted with great applause—I, like a blockhead, consented, but expressing my fear that I should not fulfil their expectations. I returned home at a quarter-past seven. At night my father told me that he did not approve of it, and that I must excuse myself to the Jacobins on Sunday.

' 10th Jan.—I dined yesterday at Bellechasse, with the usual depu-  
ties,



ties,\* and M. de la Touche in addition. In the evening I went to the Jacobins, with Messieurs de Sillery and Voidel: I said (by my father's order) that, not being capable of making a work, I could only undertake for a literal translation, and that M. Pierret would put it in order, and prefix his own name to it. This was agreed to.

'12th Jan.—I passed all day at Bellechasse, busy with my translation.

'28th Jan.—Dined on Thursday at Mousseaux. It was terribly hot, occasioned by the tubes for heating the house. I had a bad headache. On going out to go to the Jacobins I was struck by the cold. I endorsed Messrs. Galand, Topin, and Gaspard-Fontaine, of whose patriotism I was certified by M. Lebrun. Thence I went to Bellechasse, where, in spite of my headache and though I had a good deal of fever, I wished to stay late, but *my friend* sent me away, reminding me that I was to be at the Hôtel Dieu in the morning. On getting home I sent for M. Conad, who pronounced that I had a good deal of fever—I perspired all next day—I got up for a short time about half-past nine in the evening, put my feet in water, and went to bed again at half-past ten. My mother came to see me several times; *my friend* wrote me two delightful letters, which did me more good than all the apothecary's medicines.† Next day rose at noon—as soon as I had said my prayers and the office‡ of the day, I hastened to write to *my friend*. My father came to see me and stayed half-an-hour—I then ate a roasted apple, and read some of Paul and Virginia. At a quarter past seven *my friend* came to see me—I gave tea, ices, creams, &c. This visit gave me the greatest pleasure. I afterwards had Messieurs Myris and Giroud to supper. During supper my mother and Madame de Lamballe came to see me.

'7th Feb.—All yesterday at Bellechasse: where dined Messieurs Voidel, Sillery, Barrère, and Volney. *My friend* and M. Barrère at last signed the contract and donation. Barrère was guardian of Mademoiselle Pamela.'

This, and a former notice of Barrère, are a little inconsistent with the account which Madame de Genlis gives of her relations with Barrère, and, we must confess, tend to throw a little doubt over the candour of her Memoirs. She gives an amiable account of the little she saw of this man's character, and adds,—'Such he at that time appeared to me, and such no doubt he was. Cowardice alone made him the sanguinary monster he afterwards was. But, after all, I never was intimate with him. I saw him only once a-week, Sunday—when I received

\* He means Messrs. Voidel, Barrère, and Volney, who, with her husband, now called M. de Sillery, formed Madame de Genlis's usual dinner-parties.

† Probably M. Pieyre. See the entry of the 16th June, 1791.

‡ How differently does he appreciate the *personal visits* of his mother and the letters of his friend!

§ *Mes prières et mon office.*—The office was a stated service for a particular person or day, over and above the usual private prayers.

everybody. I never wrote to him but once in my life to ask a literary question, to which he replied, and he subsequently wrote another letter (in allusion to the first), to which I made no answer; and I never had any other correspondence with him.'—*Mém. de Genlis*, vol. iv. p. 98. Now, certainly, this is not reconcileable either with the Prince's frequent evidence that Barrère was one of those persons who were so exclusively frequent at Madame de Genlis's as to be called the *usual deputies*, or with his being on terms of such peculiar intimacy as to be chosen the guardian and trustee of the mysterious Pamela. The truth is, that Madame de Genlis, as well as every one else connected with the House of Orleans, favoured and fostered the revolutionists and the revolution, until, like Saturn, it began to devour its own children—they then became anxious to forget and disclaim the share they undoubtedly had had in its earlier stages.

'8th Feb.—Yesterday for a moment at the Assembly—then to M. de Rochambeau, to ask him how I could have my regiment ordered to his army. He told me that he was now asking M. Duportail [*the minister at war*] for cavalry, which he was in great want of, and that I had only to ask to be quartered at Bethune. Thence to Bellechasse—then dined at the Palais Royal, and afterwards to the Jacobins, and returned to Bellechasse. After supper went to my friend's apartment, and remained alone with her—she treated me with infinite goodness, and I came away the happiest of men.'

The regiment mentioned in the foregoing extract was the 14th dragoons, at this time quartered at Vendôme, of which the duke had been colonel ever since he was ten years old; but honorary colonelcies being now abolished by a decree of the Assembly, he was obliged, though only seventeen, to join and take the command. The young Jacobin, who is so '*disgusted*' with *aristocracy* in others, feels no kind of objection to thus jumping over the heads of all the officers of the army.

'9th Jan.—Yesterday I went to a new club, Hotel des Etats Généraux, Rue de Richelieu, of which I am the founder, to sign the engagement which we take not to play at any game of chance. Thence to M. Duportail, who answered that it was difficult, but that he would do what he could.

'15th Feb.—Yesterday at eleven to the National Assembly: the question was concerning the growth of tobacco in France; or, in plain terms, whether you shall be master of your own field—yes or no:—for what can be more unjust than to say to a man—"This field is your property, but you shall not grow in it this or that particular crop; besides, I am to have the power of going when and as often as I will into your garden and your house, to see that you have not planted tobacco in the one or concealed it in the other." No Frenchman, as M. Roederer very justly said—will submit to such an inquisition;

tion; he will appeal to the *Declaration of Rights*, and will finally exercise the *right of insurrection*, &c. M. Rœderer's speech was to my mind admirable and unanswerable. The free culture of tobacco was carried, on a division, by a majority of 12.'

Here we pause to observe, that we were at first surprised that M. Sarrans, in his bitter animosity against Louis Philippe, had not quoted this passage: it is one of the most curious of the whole journal, when we see how ardent and how fixed was the writer's opinion that the monopoly of tobacco would justify insurrection, and recollect that this very monopoly is one of the most prominent *ways and means* of Louis Philippe's *budgets*; but here, as in many other instances, M. Sarrans is obliged to spare Louis Philippe, because he could not expose him without also exposing many graver delinquents, and even the Revolution itself—which, after clamouring at the outset against numerous abuses, vexations, and oppressions, and procuring decrees for their abolition, was obliged to re-enact, and often with additional severity, these alleged abuses and vexations. But we return to the diary.

'17th Feb.—I was appointed one of a committee of the Jacobins, to examine a plan of public education by M. Leonard Bourdon—citévant Lacronière. I arrived at five o'clock at the place of meeting, M. Bourdon began to explain his plan to us, which lasted till eight o'clock.

'27th Feb.—Yesterday morning at ten went to M. Millin, editor of the *Chronique*, to beg him to insert in his journal an article on the residence of public functionaries, which he promised.

'10th March.—To the Jacobins; at first I stopped half an hour in the *Société Fraternelle*; then I went up. They were unwilling to make a report to the National Assembly on the affair of the priest of *Issy-l'Evêque*, alleging that there had been a legal decision, and that the Assembly could not annul it. Nevertheless M. Merle made the report to the club; and then added, that on the 25th the High Court at Orleans would be in operation, and would take cognizance of the affair. After that I rose and said, that there was a decree of the National Assembly, that the High National Court at Orleans could only try those whom the Assembly should have impeached, and that therefore the affair should be referred to the Assembly to decide whether the accusations against the priest of *Issy-l'Evêque* were of a nature to be sent to the National Court, or to be left to the ordinary tribunals; and then, whether there were grounds of impeachment. M. Merle answered, that what I stated was the law for future, but not for cases pending. I answered, that it seemed to me that the Court at Orleans had a very great power, since it was to decide, first, whether a case was within its jurisdiction; then whether there were grounds to put the person on his trial; then whether he was guilty; and, finally, what punishment should be inflicted: that it  
was

was for the legislative body to decide previously whether there were or were not grounds of trial, and that I insisted that the reports should be made to the Assembly. The club decided that M. Merle should move the Committee of Reports to authorize him to carry the affair to the National Assembly.'

This again is not very amiable. The Prince seems to have been willing to outrun the most thorough-paced Jacobins in persecuting this unfortunate priest.

'25th March.—As the weather is now fine, and as we are about to resume our excursions, I have apprized my mother that I could hereafter dine with her only twice a week. She expressed herself satisfied; and added, that whatever suited me should always suit her, and that she was very sure that I would dine with her as often as I could, but that she would not have me inconvenience myself.'

These excursions were part of Madame de Genlis' system of education. She says: 'All our drives and airings were instructive. We only went out to visit cabinets of pictures, of natural history, physics, curiosities, or manufactures; and when we had exhausted those of Paris, we used to visit those in the neighbourhood, and even in distant towns.' (*Mém. de Gen.*, iii. 159.) But it is to be feared that, at this particular moment, these excursions were only an excuse to separate the children still more effectually from their mother: they at least seem to have had that effect, and they brought matters to a crisis. The two next entries refer to the unhappy discussions that were at this time going on between the duke, the duchess, and Madame de Genlis; and to a fit of illness into which Mademoiselle either fell, or pretended to fall, at the prospect of being separated from Madame de Genlis.

'2nd April.—Yesterday I had a long conversation with my father and my friend. I shall write the subject of it by and bye.\* . . . .

'22nd May.—The misfortunes we have suffered for these six weeks—my attention to my poor sister—my business—my establishment in my new apartments, &c.—have occasioned a suspension of my journal. I now resume it, and shall give an account of all my actions, and even of all my sentiments. In reading this, you will read my soul—nothing shall be omitted, be it good, be it bad. For the last year, I have felt constant temptations incident to my youth—I have suffered a great deal; but this pain has no bitterness: on the contrary, it leads me to anticipate future happiness. I think of the happiness I shall enjoy when I shall possess an amiable and pretty wife, who will be a legitimate object of the passion which now consumes me. I am well aware that this is still distant, but it will come at last—that idea supports me—but for it I should sink, no doubt, into the same irregularities as other young men. O my mother

\* 'This he does not seem to have done, unless it was upon two leaves which appear here to have been cut out of the Journal.' (*Orig. Ed.*)

[*Madame de Genlis*], how I bless you for having preserved me from all those vices and misfortunes, by inspiring me with that sense of religion which has been my whole support! If I did formerly believe in another life, and if I did not know that my falling into any fault of that kind would kill her . . . .’

This curious passage ends thus abruptly. It would prove, if there were no other evidence, that the duke’s affection for *Madame de Genlis* was purely filial. We have already seen that *Madame de Genlis* endeavoured to check this extravagant fondness; and we find in her works, under the head of ‘*Reprimand to M. de Chartres*,’ an additional proof of her desire to correct this excessive attachment:—

‘I am pleased with you all,’ says she, addressing her pupils; ‘the Duke of Chartres has been a little more attentive to general society, and has not pinned himself so closely to my petticoat as he usually does. He knows how I appreciate his friendship for me; but it is mine for him which forces me to treat him unkindly when he neglects his duty and attentions to others to follow me—to place himself next to me—in short, to attend to nobody but me, which gives him the silly air of a little boy who does not dare to quit his governess for a minute.’—*Leçons d’une Gouvernante*, *Mém.* iii. 283.

The Duke now proceeded to take the command of his regiment at Vendôme, and, considering his youth, will appear, we think, to have conducted himself with premature good sense and decision. It must, however, be observed that he was accompanied by his sub-governor, M. Pieyre, by whose opinions and advice he was, no doubt, guided in all essential matters; but still it is a good trait in so young a man, in such a position, to listen to advice. Alexander Pieyre (called in the original edition, by an error of the transcriber, *Sieyre*) was a literary man—the author of one successful play, the *Ecole des Pères*, and a number of small occasional works of little merit. He was alive not long since.

‘*Vendôme, 15th June, 1791.*—Yesterday I left Paris at half past eleven with M. Pieyre. I went to bid adieu once again to dear Bellechasse and its inhabitants. I visited the aqueduct at Maintenon—the arches are of a fine proportion—there are about forty-five of them—I don’t exactly know their height. Louis XV. ruined them, [*‘les a abîmés’*—a vulgarism, begging his highness’s pardon] in removing their facing of hewn stone, with which he built the Château of Cressy, for *Madame de Pompadour*. These aqueducts, then, were built for one woman and ruined for another.’

Here we must observe that his Highness, in order to make an epigram, misstates his facts, and shows a very strange ignorance of the history of this aqueduct of Maintenon; which was no more built for *Madame de Maintenon* than the bridge of Orleans was built

built for the Duke of Orleans, or Westminster Abbey for the Marquis of Westminster. It was part of a plan for conveying water to Versailles, which happened to pass near the town of Maintenon, whence it, as well as Madame de Maintenon, took its title. As little correct is he in stating that it was demolished for Madame de Pompadour. It was discovered, before Madame de Pompadour was born, that the original engineers had been mistaken in their levels, and the aqueduct was abandoned only because to finish it would have been useless.

'I saw the Cathedral of Chartres. It is finished and very fine. The group of the Assumption seemed to me finer than when I saw it last on my return from Brittany. It is by M. Bridau, and of one block of marble. Slept at Bonneval at the *Poste*, an indifferent inn. Next day I left Bonneval at eight o'clock, and stopped at Chateaudun, where I wrote to my friend and my brother. I breakfasted and arrived here at a quarter past two. Some time after, M. de Lagondie, first lieutenant-colonel, waited on me, and soon after the other officers. Their manner was very cold. The lieutenant-colonel's was very well. I dined at the inn. He assisted at my dinner, and invited us to dine with him to-morrow. Our afternoon was spent in thinking where we [*the Duke and his suite*] should establish ourselves, this house being horribly dear. We pretended to leave the house and to go lodge at the inn; but 'twas all in vain. We were obliged to consent to their own terms, and escaped with the trouble of a change of lodging which lasted near four hours. We could not find another house, and were forced to return to M. de Perrignat's. After dinner I went to return the visit of all the officers, but I found only M. de Lagondie at home. To-morrow I shall wait on the mayor, the president of the district, &c.'

On the foregoing extract we must make two remarks—the first on the phrase, 'assisted at my dinner,' which seems to us ultra-aristocratic. A lieutenant-colonel, it seems, did not dine with young *Equality*, he only assisted at his dinner. Some less honourable guests than M. de Lagondie have been lately in the habit of doing something more than assisting at the dinners of Louis Philippe.

The second is on the virtue of economy, which appeared, it seems, quite as early as any of the other great qualities of Louis Philippe. Let us not, however, be understood as depreciating this most valuable disposition, which, whether in prince or private man, is the surest foundation for the comfort of life and respectability of character. Madame de Genlis justly thought it of so great importance, that she strictly inculcated it on her pupils, and, in her administration of the domestic arrangements of Belle-chasse, gave them practical examples of this useful quality; but the lesson has been, in Louis Philippe's case, attended with a degree

degree of success beyond what, *we have reason to suspect*, Madame de Genlis herself approved.

' 16th June, 8 o'clock.—Yesterday, after supper, I went to bed at a quarter past nine, and rose this morning at a quarter to five, and went to all the stables with the lieutenant-colonels—returned at half past seven—breakfasted—wrote to my father—and began to make my arrangements; I unpacked all my baggage, and am now quite established. At ten o'clock came M. de Lagondie, and at eleven I accompanied him to the parade—the officers formed a circle, the colours in the centre. M. de Lagondie notified to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, that they were to receive me as their colonel—the colours and regimental chest were then taken to my quarters. The officers then came in a body to visit me, and I afterwards dined with them at the inn. They were very civil, and drank my health; I drank theirs, and that of the regiment. I then paid visits to the president and attorney of the district, to the mayor and attorney of the municipality, to the commandant of the national guard, the president of the court of justice, and the king's commissary. On my return I wrote this journal, and set out for the "*Friends of the Constitution*," [*the branch Jacobin Club*], where I was received with much applause. The president addressed me on the *good example* which I gave, and on the pleasure that the society felt at seeing me amongst its members. I answered (without preparation) that I should do my best to justify the favourable reception which the society had had the kindness to give me—that my whole life should be consecrated to the service of my country, and that I hoped that the 14th regiment, which I had the honour to command, would be always in the same high order in which I received it, and would continue to be an example of subordination, discipline, and patriotism. Returned home soon after seven, wrote to my mother and *my friend*—supped, said my prayers (*office et prières*), and went to bed at half past nine.'

Here again we must pause a moment to remark upon this early visit to the Branch Jacobin Club, because it is clear from the sequel that it had an effect which the young prince probably neither intended nor perceived. Habituated, as we see he had been at Paris, to consider the *Jacobin Club* as the centre of patriotism, and acting, no doubt, by the example and instruction of his father, he saw no harm, but, on the contrary, great merit in this early visit to the Branch. But to the officers of the regiment, who knew and felt that the mother club and all the branch clubs were, both in form and principle, subversive of the royal authority, and were bent on overthrowing all existing order and particularly all military discipline, it could not but appear equally offensive and alarming that their young colonel should, *on the very day of his taking the command*, hasten with such precipitate zeal to unite himself with those local demagogues; and when he followed this up by what, in other circumstances, would have been  
a laudable

a laudable attention to the details of his duties, they feared that his object was to pervert the minds of the soldiers, and they endeavoured to neutralize what they thought his dangerous designs by dissuading him from entering so ostentatiously into the details of regimental duty, for which his youth and utter inexperience rendered him really unfit, while his personal rank and authority could not but tend to seduce his troopers to the opinions of the Jacobins. It would have been equally contrary to good manners and good discipline to have avowed to their colonel their suspicions of his ultimate object, and they endeavoured, as we shall see, under some injudicious pretexts, to restrain his personal interference. We dare say the young man had no bad intention, but, in the then state of affairs, it will be seen that there were many circumstances which tended to increase the suspicions which were naturally entertained of—*his father's son*.

17th June.—I went early this morning to the stables—there were no officers there, though there should always be one. In returning, I went to inspect the recruits and the second class men, who were at drill in the riding-house. At ten I came home and breakfasted—after breakfast Messrs. Dubois and De Gase came to see me. Then I wrote to *my friend*, and after went to the parade. Came home with M. de Lagondie, and dined at one with him and M. de Rouillon—at three o'clock a committee of accounts—they gave me the key of the regimental chest. Thence I went and inspected all the barrack-rooms—they are very clean, and have no bad smell, but are dispersed. The privates showed by their countenances that they are well-pleased with me. I feel a great liking for this regiment—I love it already. In the evening I wrote again to *my friend*. The mayor waited on me. I requested him to address himself *direct to me* in all matters that might regard the public tranquillity, and in all communications between the regiment and the civil power. Supped at half past eight, and went to bed.

18th June.—This morning to the stables at six—all the officers were at their posts. I visited the hospitals—saw the venereal patients—they were ashamed, and hid themselves under the bed-clothes. I told them that I hoped their present sufferings would render them more correct in future—there are now seven of them. On my return, I wrote this journal. *The band came and immediately played "Ça ira," without my having desired them—I gave them two louis.* I then took a short walk with M. Pieyre. At one dined with Messrs. Damonville, Ducastaign, and Roussel: *one can't get them to talk of public affairs.* M. Damonville seems clever, but *I endeavour in vain to make him talk—I can get nothing out of him.* I called on the mayor, he was not at home. On my return I went into the Club. One of the second lieutenants (M. Petrin) asked leave to accompany me, which gave me the greatest pleasure. I found there the two adjutants of the regiment, my own quarter-masters, and *a great many more dragoons than there were the first time.*



Our readers will here observe some circumstances which could not but add to the suspicions which his officers originally felt of M. de Chartres' intentions. It must be recollected that the public mind was at this period in a state of the greatest excitement, and that even trifles became important. Hence M. Sarrans quotes as an instance of peculiar Jacobinism the rewarding the band of the regiment for its breach of discipline in coming without orders, and regaling their colonel with a tune that all the other officers must have considered as a signal of revolt. His endeavours, also, to draw some of the officers into political discussions, and his vexation at failing in the laudable attempt of debauching their principles—and, above all, the increased number of dragoons at the Jacobin club—must have created in the minds of the senior officers the liveliest alarm.

19th June.—At six o'clock to the stables—M. de Giffard was not at his post—M. Perrin was. I went to the Club; the regular presidents were not yet arrived: I was called to the chair *ad interim*. I made many objections—that I could not stay long—that I had letters to write—that it was post-day for Paris—all in vain—I was obliged to take the chair, and so I did—but at the end of half an hour I said that I really had business, and must retire. I have forgotten to say, that I went yesterday to the mayor to represent to him that it was absolutely indispensable that he should send out of the town all the girls that infected our regiment. He promised me to neglect nothing to get them all out of the town; but he observed to me that he could not drive them out by force, except they should disturb the public peace. The officers were talking and laughing during divine service. I ordered them to keep silence, and to behave decorously on such occasions. I decided, also, that an officer under arrest should be at liberty for the purpose of attending mass.

20th June.—This morning at six to stables. It rained heavily. On coming out of one of M. Mastin's stables I met M. de Lagondie who said—"How, Sir; you come to the stables in such weather?"—"Sir," I replied, "nothing can prevent me doing my duty." "But, Sir, you should not make yourself so common; it would be better that the men did not see you so frequently."—"I do not see any reason for that." "The men may lose the respect with which they are inspired by your blue ribbon and your being a Bourbon. It may be dangerous to destroy those impressions."—"Far from believing that it would be dangerous, I am very desirous that their respect should be to my person and not to those other nonsenses" [*ces balivernes—blue ribbons and Bourbons!*]. "It is, however, with such nonsenses that men must be managed; if I might have ventured to advise you about the Club, I would not, in your situation, have refused the separate seat which they offered you by way of distinction, for it seems to me imminently dangerous that you should be seated on the same bench, and side-by-side with one of your private soldiers; that must give him the habit of

of looking upon you as his equal."—"I should sooner have eaten this chair than have received any distinction whatever. I hate them all, and can never believe that they can be necessary to the discipline of a regiment. I declare to you, that as much as I respect an old officer who wears the mark of the service he has done his country, so much do I despise him who passes his life at court in pursuit of a blue ribbon; that's *my* opinion about honorary distinctions—you have *yours*. I can't alter mine; let us change the subject." "I have but a single observation to add: inferiors sometimes get tired with seeing too constantly the face of their superiors, and if you go every day to stables, the men may at last be weary of seeing you, and your constant presence may even become disagreeable."—"I am infinitely obliged to you, but you will allow me to believe that I shall not make myself disagreeable towards the men by showing a great deal of zeal and assiduity in fulfilling my duties and in being always the first at my post; but even if it were so, it would not prevent my fulfilling my duties; and if I were to yield so such considerations I might indeed be well accused of weakness." Afterwards I went to the riding-house, wrote, and settled the accounts of Boulange, and Leval, whom I am sending back to Paris, because they are deficient in the order and economy that suit me.

While all this was going on at Vendôme—while the Duke de Chartres was sneering at '*blue ribbons*,' of which he had a few months before been so greedy, and descanting on the claims of '*old officers*,' over whose heads he had so gladly jumped—while he was thus disgusting and undermining his officers, and fraternizing with his men in the Jacobin Club, the news arrived that the unhappy king, attacked in his person—in his authority—in his conscience—had endeavoured to escape from his persecutors by the celebrated flight to Varennes, and had been brought back, under every circumstance of insult and danger, to a worse captivity: we regret to find that even this deplorable catastrophe produces no expression of regret or sympathy from M. de Chartres. But he was soon called upon to take a more active part in the events of the day, and he did so with—for such a youth and so violent a Jacobin—surprising firmness and prudence.

'27th June.—The great events which have occurred since Wednesday (22d) have prevented my continuing this Journal. Thursday, the 23rd, I attended, at the head of the regiment, the procession of the Holy Sacrament.\* I had been required by the municipality "to double the guard, to stop all carriages, and to employ the best energies of

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\* The procession of the Holy Sacrament, which used to be an object of religious veneration, was now become, from the anti-religious fanaticism of the mob, the cause or excuse of the most violent outrages. On this occasion it seems that the procession was led by a priest who had taken the oaths, and the danger was that the mob might attack those who, on that account, would not attend. Hence we shall see that M. de Chartres' attendance was agreeable to the mob.

the brave patriots that I command to maintain the public peace." At noon I had brought back the regiment, but with orders not to unboot or unsaddle. I asked Messrs. Dubois, d'Albis, Jacquemin, and Philippe to dinner. They brought us word that the people had collected in a mob and were about to hang two priests. I ran immediately to the place, followed by Messrs. Peyre, Dubois, and d'Albis. I came to the door of a tavern, where I found ten or twelve National Guards, the mayor, the town-clerk, and a great affluence of people, crying, "*They have violated the law; they must be hanged—à la lanterne!*" I asked the mayor what all this meant, and what it was all about. He replied, "It is an old priest—[i. e. a priest who had not taken the new oaths]—and his father, who have escaped into this house; the people pretend that they have insulted M. Buisson, a priest, who has taken the civic oath, and who was carrying the Holy Sacrament, and I can no longer restrain them. I have sent for a carriage to convey them away. Have the goodness to send for two dragoons to escort them." I did so immediately. There was the mayor motionless before the door, and not opening his mouth. I therefore addressed some of the hottest of the mob, and endeavoured to explain "how horrible it would be to hang men without trial; that moreover they would be doing the work of the executioner which they considered infamous; that there were judges, whose duty it was to deal with these men." The mob answered that the judges were aristocrats, and that they did not punish the guilty. I replied, "That's your own fault, as they are elected by yourselves; but you must not take the law into your own hands." Upon this there was a great confusion; at last one voice cried—"We will spare them for the sake of M. de Chartres."—"Yes, yes, yes," cried the people; "he is a good patriot; he edified us all this morning—[by having attended the procession of the constitutional priest].—Bring them out, we shall do them no harm." I said, "Do you promise me?"—"Yes, yes; we shall do them no harm." I went up to the room where the unhappy men were, and asked them if they would trust themselves to me,—they said yes. I preceded them down stairs, and exhorted the people not to forget what they had promised. They cried out again, "Be easy, they shall receive no harm." I called to the driver to bring up the carriage; upon which the crowd cried out, "No carriage,—on foot, on foot, that we may have the pleasure of hooting them, and expelling them ignominiously from the town." "Well," I said, "on foot, be it so, 'tis the same thing to me, for you are too honest fellows to forfeit your word." We set out amidst hisses and a torrent of abuse. I gave my arm to one of the men, and the mayor was on the other side. The priest walked between Messrs. Dubois and d'Albis. Not thinking at the moment, I unluckily took the direction towards Paris. All the people followed, singing the song of the Champ de Mars, and making a dreadful uproar. One man ran up crying "*à la lanterne with the rascals!*" He narrowly escaped being hoisted up himself for saying

saying so, "Because," said the people, "we have promised M. de Chartres, and we will keep our word." The mayor asked one of the men where he would wish to go,—he answered, "To Blois." It was directly the contrary way from that which we were taking. The mayor wished to return, and to pass across the whole town. I opposed this, and we changed our direction, but without going back through the town. We passed a little wooden bridge of a few planks without rails; there the mob cried to throw them into the river, and endeavoured, by putting sticks across, to trip them up into the water. I again reminded them of their promise, and they became quiet. When we were about a mile out of the town some of the country people came funning down the hill and precipitated themselves upon us, calling out "Hang or drown the two scoundrels!" One of them seized one of the poor wretches by the coat, and the crowd rushing in forced away the mayor and M. d'Albis. I remained alone with M. Dubois, and we endeavoured to make the peasant loose his hold. I held one of the men by one hand, and by the other endeavoured to free the coat. At last, one of the National Guard arrived to our assistance, and by force cleared the man. The crowd was still increasing. It is but justice to the people of Vendôme to say that they kept their word, and tried to induce the peasants to do no violence to the men. Seeing, however, that if I had continued my march some misfortune must inevitably occur, I cried, we must take them to prison, and then all the people cried, "To prison! to prison!" Some voices cried, "They must ask pardon of God, and thank M. de Chartres for their lives." That was soon done, and we set out for the prison. As we went along, one man came forward with a gun, and said to us, "Stand out of the way while I fire on them." Believing that he was really about to fire, I rushed forward in front of my two men, saying, "You shall kill me first." As the man was well dressed, M. Pieyre said to him,—“But how can you act so?”—“I was only joking,” says the man; “my gun is not charged.” We again continued our way. On arriving at the prison, there was a great crowd assembled. The dragoons were mounted by M. de Lagondie's orders. I ordered them to dismount, saying, that the people had promised me, and that I needed no help but their word.

The two men were lodged in the prison. When they were there, the people wanted to attack the *Oratoire* [a religious house], the superior of which has not taken the oath, and whose church was the resort of the refractory [those who did not approve the new constitution of the clergy], and those whose children had not attended the procession—in short, of the aristocrats. I observed that that was not the way to proceed; that they ought to request the mayor to suggest to the superior of the *Oratoire* that they were displeased at seeing his church filled with the refractory. They answered—"A fig for the mayor—you must do it." I answered that I was ready to accompany the mayor. I did so. The superior was very obstinate: he would

not yield at that time, but he went off next morning. After dinner I went to the municipality, and stayed while they were drawing up the *procès verbal* of what had happened. I went again next day, and signed it.\*

1st July, 1791.—The length of the foregoing recital having prevented my continuing my journal regularly, I shall only say that the day after my affair, the company of gardeners came to congratulate me. I gave them twenty-six bottles of wine, which was only one glass to each.\* I was three times in the course of the day at the municipality. Several of those who, the day before, had been the most savage, came with tears to ask my pardon, and to thank me for having saved them from the commission of a crime. One of them, however, asked me when all the priests were to be driven out of the town. I said they ought not to be driven out, but, on the contrary, left quiet. "But, sir," said he, "there is a decree for driving them out of the town within twenty-four hours, and I come to ask you when it is to be carried into effect." I answered, that there was no such decree; that it was a horrible imposture, and that even if there were such a one, they were not the proper persons to execute it; that they should trust that to the care of those whom they had appointed for that purpose. "Then we must leave them there?" I replied, "Yes." "But my comrades will never believe me when I tell them this; you must give it in writing." I consented, and gave him the note following:—"The two men whom we have lodged in prison have been denounced to the public accuser, and their trial is about to take place. There is no decree which orders the exile of non-juring priests, and they ought not to be molested." As I wished to guard against anything being attributed to me more than I had written, I went immediately and deposited a copy of my note at the municipality, and declared that I disavowed any other. Of this I got a certificate.

2nd July.—I have just received the decree imposing the oath on military officers. I immediately forwarded it to M. de Lagondie. To-morrow, on parade, I am to have an answer.

This new oath imposed on the military was a Jacobin device to release the army from its special dependance on and allegiance to the king, and was the immediate cause of the resignation and emigration of the great body of the officers.

4th July.—I had postponed to yesterday evening the declaration with regard to the oath, because there happened to be a great procession of reliques which had brought a vast crowd of peasants into town, and I feared that the refusal of the oath on the part of any of the officers might have occasioned some commotion. After dinner,

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\* Let our English readers should think that the prince had been here betrayed into an uncharacteristic liberality, we think it right to observe that this largesse to the company of gardeners was equivalent in quantity and value to about six gallons of small beer in England.

Messrs. de Lagondie, Rouillon, Damonville, and Montureux, informed me that they could not take the oath, but requested me to keep this secret, lest, as they said, it might occasion some disturbance in the regiment. One of these gentlemen I regret very much—M. de Montureux—this refusal, however, diminishes very much the favourable opinion I had conceived of him; for I do not love a man who prefers *quelqu'un* [some one—i. e., the king] to his country. The municipality inquired if I should not oppose their departure. I answered no. That evening, at half-past eight, Bessard, the adjutant, came into my room to say that the company of Montureux was very much affected by the departure of their captain, and that he feared there would be some disturbance. I told him to apprise me of the slightest thing. Messrs. Perrin and Ducastaing came to tell me that they would take the oath, as well as Messrs. Jacquemin, Roussel, and the two adjutants. M. Dubois (to whom I had given 500 livres [20*l.*] the day before yesterday) declared that he would not take it.

We must state that this last parenthesis adds considerably to the doubts of the sincerity and loyalty of the young prince, which some other expressions had led us to conceive. Hitherto his Jacobinism might be attributed to inexperience and example, and appears to have been tempered by more moderation and good sense than might have been expected from so young a man in such difficult circumstances; but his *unwonted* liberality to M. Dubois at this critical time, and the implied expectation that this favour would have induced him to take the oath, leads us to suspect that the young colonel was not quite a passive instrument in the hands of the revolutionists, but was exerting himself to seduce his regiment from its allegiance to '*quelqu'un*.'

'We\* remained assembled till half-past one in the morning, but nothing happened—all was quiet. We did not go to bed till we knew that all these gentlemen were gone. As there are no officers remaining of Mastin's company, I have given M. Perrin temporary orders to command it. At half-past two I was called up by a deputation from Montoize [a small town, the first stage to the westward of Verdôme], which would not grant passports to the [non-juring] officers without my permission. I answered that I could not give those gentlemen passports as they considered themselves as no longer officers, nor could I oppose their departure, having no authority to do so. On this answer they gave the passports. This morning all is quiet. All the dragoons are at their post, as well as the officers who have taken the oath. At half-past ten we assembled on the terrace of the abbey. I said† . . . . . I then read the decree, and the official letter annexed to it. I pro-

\* We probably means those of the officers who took the oath.

† Here he had left a blank, probably for the purpose of afterwards writing in his speech, but he did not do so. (Orig. Edit.)

nounced the oath, and that instant all the helmets were raised on the points of the swords, with cries of "*We swear*," and then, on one side, "*Vive la nation!*" and on the other, "*Vivent les dragons!*" Although the weather was execrable, there was a crowd of spectators. We returned amidst the applause of the whole people. I gave a general invitation to dinner. After dinner I went to Montoire with M. Roussel. I administered the oath to the detachment there in like manner: there was the same enthusiasm as at Vendôme, the same shouts, and the same applause.

5th July.—I wrote to our detachments at Caen, Sillé-le-guillaume, and Mamers, to apprise them of the decree as to the oath, and that they should conform thereto. I am overwhelmed with letters, which I must answer—that takes up a great deal of time. I am, moreover, the only superior officer left, and I have consequently a great deal more duty than before. If I wish to read or walk ever so little, I have no longer time to write my journal—this throws me into arrear, so that, instead of my date of the 5th, I am actually writing on the 25th. The municipality apprized me some days since that it was about to require me to take, on the 14th of July, the same oath as last year: I answered that I could not possibly do so; that the Assembly had, by its decree of the 22d of June, changed the form of the oath; that if it were allowable to take last year's oath, all the refractory officers would immediately return and offer to take it. Notwithstanding this, the municipality has written to the committee on the constitution, but the answer is not yet come. They had also written to the department, which replied in accordance with my opinion. The municipality also sent to consult me as to what I thought they should do relative to [administering, on the approaching celebration of the 14th of July, the oath to] the National Guards. I replied, that I saw no difficulty; that I thought they would be fulfilling the views of the National Assembly by administering the oaths to the National Guards; and that certainly, if they were not invited to that ceremony, they would cry out against the municipality, and probably attend in spite of them. They wrote, besides, to the municipality of Blois to know what they would do. The 18th of July, at six in the evening, the municipality issued orders for the attendance of the National Guard—they had already begun to complain, and they thought that this order came rather late—they had wished to have given an entertainment, a dinner, &c. &c. to the dragons, but it has been postponed.

At eleven, on the 14th of July, we marched to the *Place de la Fédération*; cries of "*Bravo! vivent les dragons*," accompanied us. When we came on the ground, we were saluted by a discharge of artillery. Each company of National Guards took the oath, which the municipality went round to administer; then we, with our helmets on the points of our swords, shouting with all our might, "*Vive la nation! Vive la Garde Nationale! Vivent les Vendômois! Vivent les Dames de Vendôme*," &c.

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This inauguration of a constitution to the cry of '*Hurra for the Ladies*' is droll enough of itself, but is peculiarly so when we recollect that the ladies whom the honest dragoons were thinking of had so narrowly and so recently escaped the *rigour beyond the law* of the colonel (see entry of 19th June); but it is still more important to observe, as indicative of the total annihilation of all appearance of respect towards the royal authority, that the king's name is nowhere joined in these shouts of applause.

'I had forgotten to say that the day after the first oath, I, accompanied by all the officers who had taken it, went in a body to the Club, where we were received with immense applause.

'26th July.—The day before yesterday we assembled on the mall—all the National Guards assembled. Each of us took two National Guards under our arms, and we proceeded in that order to the front of the abbey. They presented me a match to fire the cannon, which was to be the signal of the *fête*\*—I fired the gun. They then sat down to table—I among the rest, and I found myself seated next to a drunken man. They sang some verses in honour of me, &c. After dinner the grenadiers, in spite not only of my intreaties, but of my resistance, lifted me up and carried me on their shoulders round the tables, and insisted on placing me on a kind of elevated platform, where were the colours [*of the National Guard*] and our standards. I endeavoured to escape, but in vain—they succeeded in placing me there, but they did not keep me long, for I immediately threw myself over on my back; they raised me up again, when I rushed forward upon them, being determined at all risks not to remain on that platform. They then began dancing: they pressed and stifled me so violently, that I was obliged to change my shirt.

'27th July.—I went yesterday to the municipality to be recognized as military commandant. I read the essay on voluntary servitude of La Boétie,† and made some extracts. I read also some German, Italian, and English. In the evening I read some of Mably and Emile.

'1st August, 1790.—A delightful day. *Vivent les dragons!* there is not such another regiment in France. With such men we shall give a good reception to any scoundrels (*gueux*) who may have the audacity to enter France, and our country shall be free, or we shall perish with her.'

It is instructive to recollect that, within little more than two years, this patriot-prince was but too happy to save his own head by deserting to the army of those '*gueux* who had had the audacity to enter France;' and that twenty years after, he returned

\* The postponed *fête* before alluded to, given by the National Guard of Vendôme to the dragoons—part of the general system at that time played in seducing the army from the king.

† A 'seditious declamation,' as it is somewhere called, by a counsellor of the Parliament of Bordeaux, 1550.



to his country in the train of those same *gueux*, and was by their bayonets restored to his rank and property.

' We have had a sham fight to-day—I was one of the first taken prisoner.

' 3d August.—Happy day ! I have saved a man's life, or rather have contributed to save it. This evening, after having read a little of Pope, Metastasio, and Emile, I went to bathe. Edward and I were dressing ourselves when I heard cries of "*Help, help, I am drowning!*" I ran immediately to the cry, as did Edward, who was farther. I came first, and could only see the tops of the person's fingers ; I laid hold of that hand, which seized mine with indescribable strength, and by the way in which he held me would have drowned me, if Edward had not come up and seized one of his legs, which deprived him of the power of jumping on me. We then got him ashore. He could scarcely speak, but he nevertheless expressed great gratitude to me as well as to Edward. I think with pleasure on the effect this will produce at Bellechasse. *I am born under a happy star ! Opportunities offer themselves in every way : I have only to avail myself of them !* The man we saved is one M. Siret, an inhabitant of Vendôme, sub-engineer in the office of roads and bridges. I go to bed happy !

' 4th August.—This morning I read the papers and some English. I wrote to *my friend* that I was happy in thinking of the pleasure with which she would read my letter. M. Siret came to pay me a visit ; he is very much affected, and very grateful. I read some Latin, and wrote to *my friend* and to my father. I went to the Club, where I read a speech on the abolition of orders.\* The Club ordered it to be printed. M. Siret gave an account of what had happened yesterday. The president pronounced a panegyric upon me with many compliments, *extempore*, but very well expressed. They directed the journalists to be written to.

' 5th August.—Yesterday morning at exercise. On returning, I undressed, and read some of Hénault, Julius Cæsar, Sternheim, and Mably. Dined, and after dinner read some of Ipsipyle, Metastasio, Heloise, and Pope. At five, to the riding-house, and afterwards read Emile.

' 8th August.—Did business with M. Jacquemin for filling up the vacant commissions in the regiment. We have at last received orders to march. We are going to Valenciennes, and set out on Friday the 12th instant. We are at last certain of serving our country, and shall not miss the opportunity of using our swords. I shall also soon re-visit Bellechasse.

' 11th August.—Another happy day. I had been invited yesterday to attend at the Town-House with some non-commissioned officers and privates. I went to-day, and was received with an address ; there was then read a letter from M. Siret, who proposed that the

\* The Assembly had lately abolished orders of knighthood ; we should be curious to see the essay of his Royal Highness, so many years Knight du St. Esprit, and now Grand Master of the Legion of Honour.

municipal body should decree that a civic crown should be given to any citizen who should save the life of a fellow-creature, and that, in course, one should be presented to me. The municipal body adopted the proposition, and I received a crown amidst the applause of a numerous assembly of spectators. I was very much ashamed. I nevertheless expressed my gratitude as well as I could. I then went to the Club. They expressed great good-will and much regret [*at the approaching departure*]. I replied, that I should feel the liveliest regrets at leaving them, if it were not that I was going to the post most desirable to the friends of liberty—that in which one could serve his country—and that, if I could ever need any spur to excite me to employ in the defence of my country all the zeal and ardour of which I was capable, this [reception] would be a very powerful one with me.

Here the Journal concludes. There are in it many puerile passages, and a few which, even under all attenuating circumstances, may be called blameable. Nor can M. Sarrans, or any other enemy of Louis Philippe, have any difficulty in finding in it striking contrasts and gross contradictions to the present position and professions of the new king. But we think it must be agreed that, on the whole, it is creditable to his good sense, and even to his goodnature. Let it be recollected that it was written at the age of seventeen,—that his mind, ever since it was capable of receiving a political idea, had been imbued with revolutionary doctrines by the precepts of his instructors, the authority and example of a father, and a general popular enthusiasm, which had not yet assumed the mad and bloody aspect which it soon after bore,—and we think we may truly assert that few young men of that period,—if their conduct were reported with equal fidelity and minuteness,—would appear in so favourable a light as Louis Philippe does in this Journal.

But M. Sarrans proceeds to give us some subsequent anecdotes with the same object,—that of depreciating the king, and with (we think *generally*—there are some exceptions) the same result, that of raising him in our estimation,—not certainly as a hero of high mind, generous spirit, or of brilliant talents, but a man of good sense, energy, and courage, who, (waiving the consideration of the means by which he was placed on the throne) has executed a difficult task with great ability, and been, as we believe, the main stay of anything like order and government in France.

We can join M. Sarrans in wondering at the ignominy and duplicity of the heroes of July, who were induced to accept Louis Philippe as king, because he was *not a Bourbon*,—but, somehow, we think that this is more to the discredit of those enlightened patriots and of the glorious revolution itself than of Louis Philippe.

That bold experiment on the historical and constitutional intelligence

ligence of the Parisian public seems to have been the device of M. Thiers,—then a journalist and creature of Lafitte,—now, or lately, the favourite minister of the king. The following proclamation was probably from his pen, it at least executes his idea :—

‘Citizens!—Louis Philippe d’Orléans, proclaimed by the nation, Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, does not belong to the perfidious family of the Capets, but to that of Valois which so long governed France, &c. Down with the Capets! Long live Louis Philippe of Orleans! *Vive la Charte! Vive la Liberté!*’—vol. i, p. 29.

This impudent falsehood is hardly more wonderful than that the adversaries of Louis Philippe should have thought it necessary to meet it by a counter-proclamation :—

‘To the People.—Louis Philippe of Orleans, proclaimed Lieutenant-General of France,—*is a Bourbon*; though of the second branch,—the son of *Egalité*; who was the son of Louis Philippe, who died in 1785; who was the son of Louis, who died in 1753; who was the son of the Regent, who was the son of the younger brother of Louis XIV.;—and yet they have had the audacity to publish that he is *not a Bourbon*! Capet and Bourbon he notoriously is.’—p. 33.

Another plea on which his partisans recommended the Duke of Orleans was, that he had not only fought for the Revolution in its earlier days, but never, even in his exile, had thought of drawing his sword against his country. This pretence M. Sarrans destroys by historical facts and documents—for instance he produces a letter of the 28th July, 1804, from the duke, then at Twickenham, to the late Bishop of Llandaff, on the occasion of ‘*the murder of his cousin*,’ the Duke d’Enghien,—in which, amongst many *anti-national* sentiments, the duke expressly says—

‘I quitted my native land so early that I have *hardly the habits or manners of a Frenchman*, and I can say with truth, that I am attached to England, not only by gratitude, but by taste and inclination. In the sincerity of my heart do I pray that I may never leave this hospitable soil. But it is not from individual feeling only that I take so much interest in the welfare, the prosperity, and the *success* of England,—it is also as a man. The safety of Europe, of the world itself, the happiness and independence of the human race, depend upon the *safety and independence of England*; and *that is the honourable cause of the hatred with which we are pursued by the CONSCIOUS USURPER*. May Providence *defeat his atrocious designs*, and preserve England prosperous and happy!’ &c.—p. 94.

Such sentiments can, in our opinion, do no discredit to Louis Philippe, but they may a little surprise the heroes of the Three Days, whose chief complaint against the *Restoration* was, that it was accomplished by the *success* of England, for which Louis Philippe thus earnestly prayed. But did this remarkable passage never recur to the memory of Louis Philippe during that day, when,

when, for ten mortal hours, he assisted at the re-establishment of the statue of the '*Corsican usurper*' in the Place Vendôme, and stood *bareheaded* before the brazen effigy of 'the murderer of his cousin.' Of that and other acts of humiliation, and we must say of meanness, M. Sarrans does not complain, for they are, no doubt, in his opinion, consistent with the character of a Citizen-King,—his bile is only stirred when he has to reproach Louis Philippe with acts which we think becoming a sovereign responsible for the tranquillity and security of a great, but giddy and tumultuous people. We have no desire to dwell on these unhappy frailties; but there is one of them, of no very deep dye, which we must again notice, on account of a very curious *rapprochement*—we mean the pusillanimous abandonment of his coat-of-arms. Now we find that in the year 1791, when it was proposed to the miserable *Egalité* to propitiate the blatant beast of democracy by erasing his arms from some domestic object, he had enough of pride and courage left to refuse,—'*il me serable,*' said he, '*une indigne lâcheté,*' (*Mém. de Genlis*, vol. iii.)—but, alas! that slight exertion of spirit was still selfish, and when, soon after, he foresaw that he was personally in jeopardy, he did not scruple to endeavour to postpone his own danger by the execrable *lâcheté*—(for such we really believe it was)—of voting the death of his innocent cousin and sovereign. We must proceed, however, with M. Sarrans' anecdotes of Louis Philippe.

In additional refutation of his pretended resolution never to draw his sword against France, M. Sarrans produces proofs that he made two or three several attempts at Tarragona, Cadiz, and Gibraltar, in 1808, 9, and 10, to obtain a command in the Spanish armies then acting against those of France; and although the Spaniards declined his assistance,—fearing he might have a design to place himself on *the throne of his cousin*,—his own intentions and wishes are not the less certain.

Another curious *rapprochement* which M. Sarrans revives is the declaration which the Duke of Orleans and his brothers made, signed, and deposited in the hands of Louis XVIII., at Hartwell, in 1803.

'We repeat our sacred and solemn oath to live and die faithful to our *legitimate sovereign*; and if (which God forbid) the unjust exercise of an overwhelming force should place on the throne of France *de facto*—for it never can be *de jure*—ANY OTHER than our legitimate sovereign, we declare that we shall follow with fidelity and confidence the voice of honour and duty, &c.'—vol. i. p. 100.

And in another declaration, dated 1816, there occurs this passage:—

'The

'The irrevocable principle of legitimacy is now the only guarantee for the peace of France and of Europe—the revolutions we have suffered have only given additional proof of its force and importance.'

But here it is only justice to repeat, what we have before observed, that we see strong reason to doubt that Louis Philippe had any direct share in preparing or effecting the overthrow of the elder branch. His evident want of preparation—his conversation with M. de Mortemart—and his original reluctance (whether it was the reluctance of loyalty or of prudence) to assume the crown, leave us little doubt on this point; but we were not aware, till we found it in these volumes, that soon after the Revolution he took occasion to deny publicly that he had had any share in bringing it about, and appealed to Lafayette for the truth of the statement. Lafayette corroborated the assertion, and added, that the duke's '*negative opposition*' had frequently vexed him, Lafayette. This expression perhaps leads us to the real truth. The duke did not directly encourage the designs against Charles X., but he knew something about them and gave them only a '*negative opposition*.' When the explosion came, he still endeavoured to maintain the same position of balance and neutrality. He would have been contented with the comparatively safe and inoffensive station of regent and guardian to Henry V., and only accepted the throne in his own right when he found that, if he did ~~not~~ do so, there would be no throne at all, and that at no distant day he must expect to be forced to undergo the privations and dangers of a new emigration.

We therefore cannot agree with M. Sarrans in finding indications of the basest treachery in the following lively account of the manners of the Duke of Orleans at the court of Louis XVIII. :—

'When the Duke of Orleans came to court, he exhibited the most profound politeness to all the attendants—even to the lowest servants and sentinels—it was a profusion of civility in the most affable gestures and expressions. It really was a sight to see him at a royal banquet: at every toast to the health of the King, of *Madame*, of the Dukes of Angoulême and Berry, he would press his hand to his heart; and, several times during the dinner, as if impelled by an irresistible affection which could not await the tardy course of *etiquette*, he would himself burst out into cries of *Vive le Roi!*'—*Histoire de la Restauration*, vol. i. p. 113.

To the same effect is the evidence of the Abbé de Montesquiou.

'I remember,' says he, 'that I had the honour of negotiating with Louis XVIII. the affair of the restoration to the duke of his patrimonial property. I succeeded in that object. With what warmth and energy

energy did his highness not express himself against the Revolution, and what he called his errors (*égaremens*) of 1789 and 1792! Next morning I met him in the king's closet, where he was expressing the deepest gratitude to his majesty, who heard his professions with kindness. The Duke of Orleans was, in a state of emotion difficult to describe.—vol. i. p. 114.

There is another anecdote of the same class. The Duke of Orleans,—forgetting his early contempt of adventitious honours,—was extremely anxious to merge his title of Serene Highness in that of *Royal Highness*. Louis XVIII. would never consent to this innovation—he remembered, and used to quote with pleasantry, the anecdote of a chancellor of France who, when Louis XIV. consulted him about conferring by patent the title of *Royal Highness* on one of his natural children, cut the design short by saying quaintly, ‘To make *Royal Highnesses*, your Majesty must have the assistance not of the *Chancellor*, but of the *Queen*.’ Charles X. was not so punctilious—he granted the Orleans family this favour, touched it is said by the affectionate zeal which the duke had exhibited at his coronation,—where, when he approached to offer his allegiance, he electrified the assembly with a supererogative exclamation of ‘*Vive à jamais Charles X !*’ (vol. i. p. 145.) The ‘*à jamais*’ of the French from 1789 to the present hour have been of marvellous brevity!

M. Sarrans introduces a *mot* of M. de Talleyrand’s which we never before heard, but which is so characteristic of the style of that eminent *diseur* that we have no doubt of its authenticity. In a select society one evening at Lafitte’s, they were talking of *revolutions*, and, we suppose, of the English revolution, which had called the Prince of Orange to the throne. ‘Now,’ said Berenger, ‘if we had *somebody*,—the Duke of Orleans, for instance’—‘The Duke of Orleans?’ interrupted M. de Talleyrand; ‘Ah, that would be—not *somebody*, but *something*!’

In proof of the ingratitude of Louis Philippe to Lafayette, Sarrans quotes the following statement of M. Odillon Barrot—a most competent witness, because an important actor in the affair:—

‘I declare, on my honour and conscience, that General Lafayette held in his hands the result of the Revolution. It would have been much easier to have joined the cry of the people—“*No more Bourbons!*” than to endeavour to persuade them that the Duke of Orleans was not a Bourbon. The Duke, no doubt, took a step at once able and bold when he went to the Hôtel de Ville; the moment was decisive, and it was there, no doubt, that he received the crown; but, beyond all doubt, he would not have gone had he not ascertained beforehand that Lafayette had adopted him; and if he had gone without Lafayette’s concurrence, he would not have come out King of the French.’—vol. i. p. 199.

‘Not

'Not come out *King of the French*?' exclaims Sarrans—'he would not have come out *alive*!' and he gives good reason for his opinion—the duke was certainly in danger from some of the republican fanatics. The following account of the procession of the new royalty to the Hôtel de Ville is graphic:—

'Who will ever forget the burlesque march of the candidate monarch? What eye that saw will ever cease to remember M. Lafitte in a sedan chair [*Lafitte had a sore leg*], following as close as possible the white horse of the citizen-king, or rather the royal horse measuring complacently his managed steps so as not to outstrip the chairmen who carried the future prime-minister? Who could forbear to smile at the picturesque scene of Messrs. Méchin and Viennet [*two leading deputies*] puffing, sweating, and squabbling with the chairmen to maintain their position between the tail of the white horse and the poles of M. Lafitte's hand-barrow, and screaming "*Vive le Duc d'Orléans!*" in a tone that would have shaken a church? And then, the acclamations tolerably loud in the Court of the Palais Royal, but dying away as the procession receded from the domestic focus of Orleanist popularity! And then, the hero of Jemappe, endeavouring every now and then to revive, by his gestures and his voice, the flagging enthusiasm—turning round every minute to the sedan-chair to express to the people his devotion to M. Lafitte—making signs of confidence to General Gerard—smiling on M. Viennet—nodding to M. Méchin—and exhibiting his hat with tri-coloured feathers to the dull and contemptuous eyes of the crowd! In the rear of all this followed a tail consisting of one reeling drummer, four doorkeepers, eighty members of the chamber of deputies, and a crowd of mute spectators. Who can ever forget that farcical close of the three glorious days?'—p. 202.

At the Hôtel de Ville, however, the crowd was no longer mute; they were loud and violent against the Duke of Orleans, and for a republic. The Duke professed that he was himself 'all for the republic.' He had in the morning told M. Lafitte, 'How happy should I think myself to be a shopkeeper in the Rue St. Denis under the republic!' and he now more emphatically declared that his reign would be 'but a bridge to arrive at the republic' (p. 203). In short, without having a single voice in his favour, except that of the lame gentleman in the sedan chair, Louis Philippe was proclaimed king. M. Lafitte himself gives us in a few words a picture of the state of the minds of some of the leading men on this point.

'Let us,' said he, 'take the younger branch instead of the elder, and the country is saved! Gerard says yes. Lobau does not say no. Perrier says nothing; Mauguin does not care about the person.'—p. 207.

Amongst the deputies, the great majority, including the *doctrinaires*, would rather have had Henry V., but accepted Louis Philippe as the least departure, since departure there must be, from

from the line of succession. The people were against any king, and only submitted—with a very bad grace—to the influence of Lafayette, who—himself influenced by timidity and reluctance to take on his own head all the responsibilities of the revolution,—was glad to devolve them on the firmer temper and more masculine understanding of the Duke of Orleans. One additional anecdote belonging to this period is worth preserving.

When at the Hôtel de Ville the founders of the new dynasty were discussing their '*bill of rights*,' and some one insisted that the trials of libels—*délits de la presse*—should be by jury, Louis Philippe exclaimed,—‘Why talk of employing juries in the trial of libels? *there shall be no more trials for libels!*’—(*il n’y aura plus de délits de la presse.*)—vol. i. p. 66. The rashness of this over-liberal promise, M. Sarrans proves statistically, by a catalogue of four hundred and eleven indictments for libels within the three first years of the reign, the great majority of which were, still more unluckily, for attacks on the king personally; and this number, we learn, has been increased since the publication of M. Sarrans’ work to near *six hundred*.

We are now arrived at some cabinet anecdotes; and when we remind our readers, that since July, 1830, there have been twenty essential changes in the French Cabinet—*six* being of prime-ministers—they will appreciate the difficulty of Louis Philippe’s position, who endeavours to steer between the two antagonist principles of monarchy and revolution, and is therefore obliged to appeal alternately to one and the other, and to be in turns a citizen king and a legitimate sovereign,—

‘Je suis oiseau, voyez mes ailes—  
Je suis souris, vivent les rats!’

In Louis Philippe’s first ministry was an old republican—one Dupont, called *De l’Eure* because he was deputy of that department. As this man was the representative of the republican party, it was of great importance in the first days of the new reign to have him in office. Dupont was reluctant, but the king flattered—Lafayette advised,—Lafitte insisted, and Dupont yielded; but in a few months the king discovered that he could not go on with him; he found him so full, as a royal apologist tells us, of ‘*susceptibilités démocratiques*,’—so democratically impracticable, that it became absolutely necessary to get rid of him. Dupont is offended, and in these days—when there is, it seems, no impropriety in revealing cabinet secrets—has had no scruple in furnishing Sarrans with some anecdotes of his intercourse with the king, in order to show that his alleged crime of *susceptibilités démocratiques* was no more than an honest adherence to the principles originally professed by the king



king himself. The differences began early, and, as usual, on trifles. Louis Philippe, observing that his minister did not wear the ribbon of the Légion of Honour,\* said, 'How, M. Dupont, you have not the cross? I give it you, and here's my own,' taking it from his button-hole. 'Forgive me, Sir, I have long been an officer of the order.' 'In that case I promote you to be a commander.' 'I thank your majesty, but I cannot accept that favour.' M. Sarrans a little diminishes the value of this sturdy self-denial, by letting out that M. Dupont would not have been so obdurate, had he been offered, as was expected and almost promised, either a pension or a place of chief judge in one of the superior courts, which would have been a permanent provision for the patriot minister!—(vol. ii. p. 61.)

The next occasion of dissent was the appointment of Talleyrand to the embassy of London; this Dupont vehemently opposed, but in vain. Some days after, the minister of justice—that was, Dupont's department—presented for the king's signature the appointment of twenty new justices of the peace, for the single department of the Lower Seine. His majesty read a little way and then stopped at the name of one Aynard, saying, 'I never will sign this list; here is a man whom I never will appoint to any public office.' 'Allow me, Sir, to ask why; and if there be the slightest taint on his integrity or patriotism, I withdraw him.' 'That fellow,' said the king, 'went to law with me.' 'Pardon, Sir, but that would be a reason only if his suit was founded in fraud; but in that case you, no doubt, would have gained your cause.' 'No; I lost it.\* It was not till after a month of delay and discussion that the list was signed and the man appointed. (p. 64.) Again; a few days after this the first presidency of the Cour Royale of Caen became vacant. Dupont proposed M. Le Menuet,

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\* It has been of late the fashion to say that France is indifferent about liberty, but that the whole national passion is for equality—an absurd sophism, which is refuted by the universal rage for every species of personal distinction which the Revolution has left—the peerage—all degrees of official rank—and, above all, the *Légion of Honour*, which has been lavished to the greatest and most ridiculous extent—

—'On ne porte plus qu'étoiles,

On les prodigue par boisseaux,

Aux pékins comme aux généraux,\*

Jusqu'aux marchands de toiles!'

In fact, not to be decorated is the distinction. This reminds us of a pleasant observation of Prince Metternich's on the mania of decorations with which Bonaparte had infected continental Europe, and which, at the time we speak of, had not reached good old England. At the first meeting of the Congress of Vienna, all the ministers appeared in stars and ribbons, except Lord Castlereagh, who had not yet had the Garter. One of the brilliant company saw this with surprise, and whispered Metternich—'Voyez donc, M. le Ministre d'Angleterre n'a pas de décoration.' 'Comment?' replied Metternich, with affected surprise; and, after looking for a moment at the fine figure and plain attire of Lord Castlereagh, he added, 'Pas de décoration?—Ma foi! c'est très distingué!'

a patriot

a patriot magistrate, who had been removed from that very seat during the Restoration. The king made several futile objections; he was too old, &c. At last he was driven to tell the real reason—‘this man had been employed as leading counsel against him.’ Dupont, after a long squabble, reminded him, *that the King of France should forget the quarrels of the Duke of Orleans*, and Le Menuet was appointed. Such is M. Sarrans’ statement, who boldly gives the names and details, and evidently writes with the authority of Dupont himself—yet, we confess, these two cases seem to us incredible. It is incredible that the king should feel such unreasonable rancour—more incredible that he should avow it—and, most of all, avow it to the austere and troublesome Dupont. There is, moreover, one little circumstance which leads us to hope and believe that the king is misrepresented. M. Sarrans, after this last story, goes on to say, that such scenes were *frequent*, and that hardly did Dupont ever present a list of new appointments that the king would not exclaim, ‘Shall we never have done with this *St. Barthélemi* of the public servants?’ The king *may* from his private lawsuits have learned something of the characters of Aynard and Le Menuet; they may be republicans and agitators, or otherwise bad subjects, and he *may* have demurred to them individually on that account; but there seems reason to believe that his chief and general objection was to the ‘*St. Barthélemi*’—the *massacre*—the sweeping disorganization of the public service—which Dupont, to satisfy his own political fanaticism and the expectations of the radical party, was endeavouring to effect.

When the budget was proposed in cabinet, a sum of 25,000 francs (1000*l.*) was appropriated to each minister by way of *outfit*. Dupont refused to accept it; he said he had found the official house fully supplied, and had not laid out a farthing. ‘You refuse, then, M. Dupont,’ said the king, ‘your allowance for outfit?’ ‘Yes, Sir.’ ‘But that is casting a reflection on your colleagues.’ ‘Sir, I blame no one; I only obey my own conscience.’ ‘As you please, Sir; but allow me to say, that there is such a thing as a wantonness of delicacy! Let us talk of something else.’ A few days after another *brusquerie republicaine* of Dupont was near causing an open rupture. The cabinet was in deliberation; General Athalin, the king’s aide-de-camp, came to tell him a second time that a deputation from La Ferté-sous-Jouarre was waiting to present an address. ‘Well,’ said the king, rising and turning to his ministers, ‘I must go and *let off* [*lâcher*, a vulgar and hardly decent term] a little speech to them.’ The king was probably not out of hearing when Dupont exclaimed with indignation, ‘*Let off* a little speech!... What’s that he says? *Let off!*’ This very speech, however, which his majesty treated so flippantly, made a most patriotic

patriotic figure in the *Moniteur*. We preserve it as a curious specimen of the mode in which 'The King of the French' plays the part of a Liberal.

'I thank you for this excellent address—it expresses my own sentiments. I have always maintained the rights of the nation, and will always maintain them. I identify myself with the people. Tell your constituents so. I am a Citizen-King.'—vol. ii. p. 70.

On another occasion the *Doctrinaire* party in the cabinet had prepared a restrictive law against clubs and associations, and the king supported it. Dupont was astonished.—'What!' he cried, 'the *men of July* are to be forbidden to assemble, without special licence, if they exceed twenty? It is absurd—impossible!' 'But, M. Dupont,' replied the king, 'the government must defend itself.'—'The government needs no defence if it will follow the principles of July, and walk in the ways of the Revolution which has created it.' 'I hope,' said the king, 'we all mean the same thing.'—'Perhaps so; but it seems not in the same way. Your majesty may think that your ministry is popular; you are under a great mistake—I warn you'—'But, M. Dupont'—interrupted the king. 'Even as to you, Sire,' continued Dupont, 'you, yourself—it is no longer what it was at first, and if you do not take care'—The king again endeavoured to appease him, but he left the room. (p. 77.)

These cabinet scenes, though less surprising to the English public than they would have been before the Brougham-Durham controversy—are still curious enough to justify us, we hope, for offering some more specimens.

Dupont and Thiers had been charged by the cabinet to draw up a manifesto on the relations of France and Belgium, according to certain principles previously agreed on. When the draught was submitted to the king, he thought some of the expressions might be offensive to foreign powers, and made considerable alterations with his own hand. At the sight of these 'mutilations,' as he called them, Dupont exclaimed, in allusion to a phrase in one of Molière's plays—'What a cursed boat I have embarked in!'—'Ah, yes!'—said the king, good humouredly—'it is a cursed boat, indeed; but you have the good luck to be only a passenger—I am in it for life.' 'For life?' replied Dupont. 'Faith, at the rate you are going I am not sure of that; at all events, this may suit you, Sire, but it does not, I boldly tell you, agree either with the principles of July or with me!' 'I hope, M. Dupont, you do not want to pick a quarrel with me.' 'Me pick a quarrel? ah, you little know me—I promised to remain in office till after the trial of the ex-ministers, and I generally keep my promises—but if you wish that I should go sooner'—'I am very far, M. Dupont'—  
Oh

'Oh, come, Sire, speak your mind.' 'I should be very sorry, M. Dupont'—'As you please, Sire, but pray do not embarrass yourself on my account.'—p. 78. This may be patriotism, but it is hardly good manners, even on M. Sarrans's own showing. The following must have been still more agreeable.

M. Odillon Barrot, who was prefect of police, had, in a public proclamation, talked disrespectfully of the measures of the government. The majority of the Cabinet were for removing him, but Lafayette and Dupont threatened to resign if Barrot should be dismissed. The king was obliged personally to interfere to endeavour to arrange the matter. 'I have spoken,' said he to Dupont, 'with M. de Lafayette on the subject. M. Barrot's dismissal is very disagreeable to him, but he at length sees that it is absolutely necessary, and will consent to it provided he is not to appear in the business.' Dupont, who had just heard, as he said, from Lafayette that he "*never would consent to it*," replied, warmly, 'You are mistaken, Sire, Lafayette never said so.' 'What, Sir,' cried the king, '*do you give me the lie?*' 'I do not give you the lie, but I repeat that M. de Lafayette neither did nor could say what your majesty has repeated, for, not two hours ago, he told me the direct contrary, and M. de Lafayette is not a man to wheel round in that way.' 'M. Dupont de l'Eure,' replied the king, with gravity, '*you again give me the lie.*' 'No, Sire, but I maintain the truth; but let us have done with it—I resign.' 'Then, M. Dupont, I shall let the world know *why* you resign. I shall state that it is because you have insulted me.' 'And I shall state the contrary.' '*I shall give you the lie.*' 'Do so,' rejoined Dupont; '*and see which of the two the world will believe!*' And this scene occurred not between two porters in a cellar of *La Place Maubert*, but between a king and the head of the law, in the constitutional Cabinet of the Tuileries!

We shall conclude these strange revelations by a still more curious anecdote.

Pending the proceedings against the ex-ministers, when, as Sarrans superintendingly observes, Louis Philippe and his cabinet were seized with a sudden fit of humanity, a general order was issued to suspend all capital punishments throughout France. It happened that a murder had been committed in a distant department by a mother and daughter on their husband and father, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity: they had been condemned, and were now in prison awaiting punishment. The local authorities, says Sarrans, pressed the execution, stating that there was so much exasperation against the malefactors, that, if the sentence were not promptly executed, they could not be responsible for the public peace. Dupont brought the case before the cabinet, who agreed

unanimously on the necessity of making an example. Dupont then stated the case to the king, and finding him adverse, insisted on his hearing the matter debated before him in cabinet. He asked a week's delay, to prepare himself to hear them. During that week, the king, pale, feeble, and with a trembling voice, had never ceased repeating that he would rather resign his crown in all its newness, than sign a sentence of death. 'Really,' said M. Lafitte, 'I pity the king. I think I am myself as goodnatured as another; but I cannot comprehend his extreme uneasiness.' At last the day for the discussion arrived. The king came with haggard eyes, trembling hands, and a feeble voice, and said, 'I am ready to hear you.' The Duke of Broglie spoke first, and left nothing for his colleagues to add; they were unanimous—the laws must be executed. After some minutes of melancholy silence the king said, 'I know my duty,—you are unanimous—I submit.' M. Dupont then gently moved the warrant towards him for signature,—the king uttered a cry of horror, and pushed the paper away. 'Sire,' said Dupont, 'my heart is as tender as yours, but I am responsible for the execution of the laws, and we must finish this affair; besides, it is in some degree a kind of commutation of punishment that you are about to sign, for we propose that you should remit to one of the parties the mutilation with which the law aggravates the punishment of a parricide. Let us have done with delays, Sire, for justice has its necessities.' We do not think that this speech showed either a very tender heart or logical head—it failed at all events to subdue the king. He again requested a further delay of forty-eight hours. At last he signed. The day after, Lafitte, then prime minister, went into the closet,—the king had not closed his eyes all night,—he attempted to excuse what he called his weakness, but he could not articulate three words; his emotions increased,—he lost his voice,—he burst into tears, and threw himself into the arms of M. Lafitte, exclaiming,—'My father—my father—died on the scaffold!'

M. Sarrans treats this 'new-born humanity in the king of the barricades,—the king of the *mitraille* of St. Merŷ,—the king of the legal massacres of La Vendée,'—as a base hypocrisy, put on for the purpose of ultimately saving the lives of the ex-ministers. We believe no such thing—but might not this insinuation on the part of Sarrans justify a suspicion that Dupont insisted so vehemently for the execution of those wretched women with the view of forcing on the king a precedent for a capital execution? It would be very natural and very reasonable that the king should on this occasion have contemplated the possibility of his being soon called upon to exercise his authority in the case of M. de Polignac and his colleagues—persons whom he individually knew, and

and whose errors he, with every other rational man, must have thought undeserving of death; but this contemplation would only serve to bring to his mind the case of his unhappy father, who, great as his crimes had been, undoubtedly was innocent of the facts for which he was condemned, and who perished—as M. de Polignac was in danger of doing—a victim to the blind fury of the populace. The association of ideas was therefore not merely natural, but inevitable; and even admitting M. Sarraus's suspicion that Louis Philippe was actuated by the desire to save the ex-ministers, we see no reason—but the contrary—to suspect that he was not additionally influenced by the recollection of the fate of his unhappy father.

But we must conclude; the long extract from the journal has already carried us far beyond the limits which we should otherwise have assigned to this subject. M. Sarraus's work, though written with great partiality and bitterness, and occasional malignity, contains a mass of undeniable facts and reasoning exceedingly important to the history of the July Revolution. M. Sarraus accumulates evidence against Louis Philippe personally of inconsistency in his principles, and ingratitude towards his partisans, and he proves that the reign of the Citizen-king has been, and continues to be, more convulsed, more bloody, more despotic, than any similar period in the whole half century of revolution, the Reign of Terror hardly excepted; but he has not shaken our opinion that it is highly unjust to throw, as he and his party do, all the blame of these errors, misfortunes, and crimes, upon the king and his government. The real source of the evil is the *Three Glorious Days* and the principles which they brought into fashion. Louis Philippe has had all along but one alternative—either to abandon the government to the anarchists, or to repress the anarchists with the strong hand of power. We do not lament, and we do most sincerely lament, the deplorable scenes of which France has been and is the theatre—the prosecutions, persecutions, imprisonments, massacres, which have desolated her principal cities, and particularly Paris; but—*tu l'as voulu, George Dandin*—it is the just price and inevitable punishment of rash revolt and blind innovation. Louis Philippe's only error as king was his *first*—the acceptance of the crown. We do not retract our former opinion, that for that step there may have been some cogent and even laudable motives—the imminent danger of a bloody anarchy on one side, and, on the other, the hope of preserving the crown in the house of Bourbon; but we fear the day will—if it has not already—come, when Louis Philippe and his family will deplore that he should have been, by any circumstances, induced to deviate from the straight road of honour and duty, and to forget the allegiance which he had

so often and so solemnly sworn to the heads of his family. We can well believe that he would now, to repeat his own phrase, gladly exchange his citizen royalty to be 'a citizen shopkeeper in the Rue St. Honoré under the republic;' but how much more gladly would he find himself again Duke of Orleans under the light and indulgent authority of the legitimate sovereign! We believe him, in spite of M. Sarrans's sneers, to be a man of humanity; what then must he not feel for all the blood shed in those monthly revolts which ensanguine his country?

Occupied and alarmed with our own internal difficulties and dangers, we pay too little attention to the state of France. Does the English public know that there are at this moment more gaols and more prisoners in France than at any period of her history, except the short reign of Robespierre? Does the English public know that there now are, and have been for above six months, *many hundreds of state prisoners*, incarcerated under circumstances of illegality and severity which the annals of the old Bastille cannot exceed, and that these unhappy persons are, by every means which can evade the rigour of their gaolers, imploring, but hitherto in vain, to be brought to trial? Does the English public know that—since the publication of M. Sarrans's work—in consequence of an *émeute* in last April, a massacre was perpetrated in Paris by the troops of the line under the special excitement of their officers, which was, under all its frightful circumstances, as horrible as the *massacres of the Abbaye*? Does the English public know that in one house only—No. 12 of the Rue Transnonain—*twelve* persons—paralytic old men—young children—women in their night-clothes—and men rising half dressed from their beds—and all, we need hardly add, as innocent as sleep—were *murdered* outright by *la force publique* with every aggravation of brutality—one old man's corpse having *FIFTY-ONE ball and bayonet wounds*—that these dreadful scenes took place on the night of the 13th of April, and that now, in the month of November, there has been neither justification for innocence, nor punishment for guilt, nor vengeance for blood? And the city of Paris—so inured has it become to such samples of '*liberty and order*'—seems to think as little about it as the city of London. But the king, in whose name, and in whose supposed defence these dreadful deeds were done—ought his heart to be more at ease, his eye less haggard, his nights less sleepless, than when he had to sanction the legal execution of a parricide? We are well aware that such scenes sometimes occur in war, by marauders and plunderers, and in towns taken by storm, and we know that, when the fury of a soldiery is once excited, it is difficult to restrain it; but when did it ever before happen that a great capital

was

was placed by its own government in a state of *siege*—stormed by its own garrison—and men, women, and children put to the sword, naked or in their beds, by the police of the city? We really wonder that a humane and enlightened man like Louis Philippe does not abdicate *at all risks* a crown which he finds can only be maintained by such a series of horrors—horrors, for which he may not be personally blameable, but of which he is, ostensibly, the cause: for they are the fruits—the inevitable consequences of the struggle between the *principles* on which his authority is founded and the *authority* itself. In vain has he tried—by fifteen or sixteen changes of ministry, in which he has employed men of all shades, from the Republican Dupont, to the Carlist Argout—to form a consistent and coherent cabinet; equally vain will be his recent combination of a dozen third-rate lawyers under the *experienced mediocrity* of the Duke of Bassano! M. de Bassano may be, for aught we know, personally a respectable man; but even in his best days—under his earliest masters, the Directory and Buonaparte—his chief merit was diligence in business, and moderation of character. He has not probably become, by increase of years, bolder, firmer, or more capable of holding the helm of the state in such a stormy crisis. His administration, therefore, gives us no hopes; it must be feeble, and it will be short,—and may, we fear, tend rather to aggravate than lessen the difficulties of Louis Philippe, unless, indeed, its extreme weakness should be another step in the unconstitutional system (which he has all along partially followed) of *governing by himself*, and relying on, not his ministers, but his army. But in their present anomalous and conflicting state, matters cannot remain. France must again pass through a despotism—a republic—or a restoration,—and probably all these—before she can settle down into a constitution which shall command the undivided respect and rational obedience of the nation. Neither the *sovereignty of the people*, nor the *power of the sword*, can ever be the basis of a permanent government!

POSTSCRIPT. Nov. 19.

Before our prophecy of the brevity of the Duke of Bassano's administration could reach our readers, it was already fulfilled:—after *Three inglorious Days* the new ministry expired, without apparent cause or effect, and with no other result than the having heaped on Louis Philippe and his system additional contempt and odium, and increased difficulty and danger. But all our interest in these affairs has been absorbed by the simultaneous dissolution of our own ministry—a dissolution which every one foresaw



foresaw must have taken place, when they should have attempted to prepare the king's speech, and arrange the other measures of the approaching session, but which the death of Lord Spencer accelerated by a few weeks. It would be a great mistake to imagine that the Cabinet was dissolved by the removal of Lord Althorp from the House of Commons; the Cabinet has been dissolved by its own internal and irreconcilable dissensions; and Lord Spencer's death has only effected in November, that which the most sanguine of the Cabinet hoped to have postponed to January. When, by this event, they were obliged to proceed to the selection of a new Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons, it became inevitable that the future line of conduct and policy of the government should be also arranged; and it was soon evident that no such arrangement could be agreed on. We do not affect to have access to the secrets of the Cabinet or the Closet, but we believe that the following statement of the circumstances of the dissolution of the ministry will be found substantially correct; for minor details we do not pretend to vouch—but of the leading facts we have been assured by the concurrent testimony of well-informed persons.

There were two parties in the Cabinet: one—the majority, we fear—thought that they could not meet Parliament without announcing some strong measures of what they called *Church Reform*, or, to speak more truly and plainly, *Church Spoliation*;—the other (to which section Lord Melbourne himself is said to have inclined) were reluctant to pledge themselves to this extent, and declared that they must resign if such measures were to be proposed. In this dilemma Lord Melbourne waited on the King to inform him how the matter stood, and proceeded to offer a series of arrangements and alternatives for *remodelling* the Cabinet; one of which has been—we presume because it looks like a joke—allowed to transpire; Lord John Russell was the first person proposed as leader of the House of Commons! Such a nomination was no very potent pledge either of the strength and respectability of the government in public estimation, or of discipline or good understanding amongst the ministers themselves; and Lord Melbourne is said to have candidly informed His Majesty that his propositions, even if agreed to, would not have the effect of establishing unanimity:—on the great and vital question of the *Church*, the two sections of the Cabinet would be still irreconcilable; and it followed, as a matter of course, that whenever that question should be brought into discussion, the dissolution of the Cabinet must ensue.

In this state of things, His Majesty, with equal frankness and good sense, suggested that—if the proposal then submitted to him

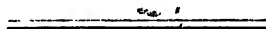
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was avowedly to settle nothing, but, on the contrary, to render another and early crisis inevitable, there could be no use in patching up a provisional expedient; and that it would be better to do at once that which was admitted to be unavoidable at last—namely, to dissolve the incoherent and distracted Cabinet. In this rational and indeed unanswerable suggestion, we have heard that Lord Melbourne freely acquiesced—the Cabinet was dissolved,—and the late premier conveyed to the Duke of Wellington His Majesty's letter, summoning his Grace to Brighton.

In all this there was not—and could not be—any concert, much less any intrigue, between the King and the Conservative Party; and we believe we may assert that the retiring ministers confess that His Majesty was not acting under any other influence, or with any other views, than those which were naturally and obviously suggested by his communications with Lord Melbourne himself, and by his lordship's own statement of the difficulties of the case. If His Majesty had been less frank, less gracious, less straightforward, he might have rendered his own share in this affair more easy and less liable to any possibility of misconstruction—by allowing his discordant ministry to have squabbled on a few weeks or days longer, when they must have exploded with all the scandal and odium of internecinal hostility; but His Majesty, though he could not be insensible to the indignity with which he had been treated by one leading member of the Cabinet, disdained taking any such retaliating advantage, and with the honour of a British gentleman, and the sound policy of a British King, suggested the course of proceeding which, though least convenient to himself personally, was most indulgent to his resigning servants, and most creditable to the general character of monarchical government. His Majesty has already reaped some of the fruits of such upright conduct in the full admission, as we have heard, of various members of the late Cabinet, that they have nothing to complain of, and that His Majesty's conduct was in every respect candid and gracious; and we are satisfied that his people at large will show that they see in all this affair additional motives of respect, loyalty, and affection.

The Duke of Wellington, too, has not been wanting to his noble character. With a magnanimity unparalleled, we believe, in political history, he has assumed all the difficulties and responsibilities, while he declines the personal honours and advantages, naturally belonging to the circumstances in which he was placed. He has advised his Majesty to make Sir Robert Peel *First Minister*, and has generously undertaken to carry on the routine of government till the Right Honourable Baronet's return from Italy. Until that event, no permanent appointments will

will take place—no more will be done than is necessary to secure ‘*ne quid detrimenti respublica capiat.*’ The Duke of Wellington will exercise his temporary authority with equal firmness and moderation, he will maintain the honour and interests of the country abroad and its tranquillity at home—and, in a truly constitutional spirit, will have preserved to the new prime minister, a full, free, and unfettered power, to select the persons and policy by which he may find it expedient to conduct the affairs of the empire.



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